

**Stalking the Wild Bikini • Gramercy Park's White-Glove War
Michael Wolff on the Psychology of the Web Wipeout**

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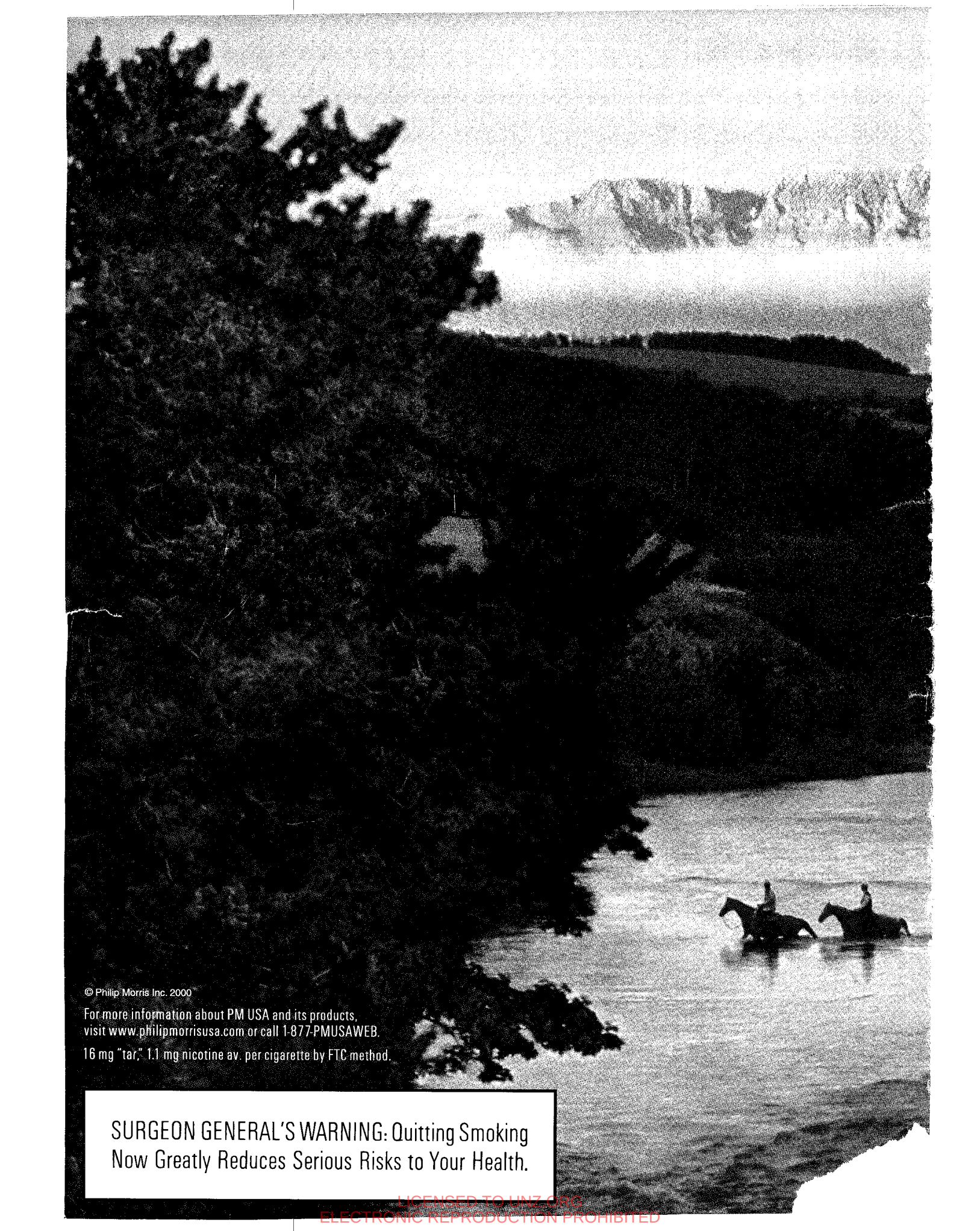
Don't kid yourself. For the
New Economy, it really was a crash.

By James J. Cramer

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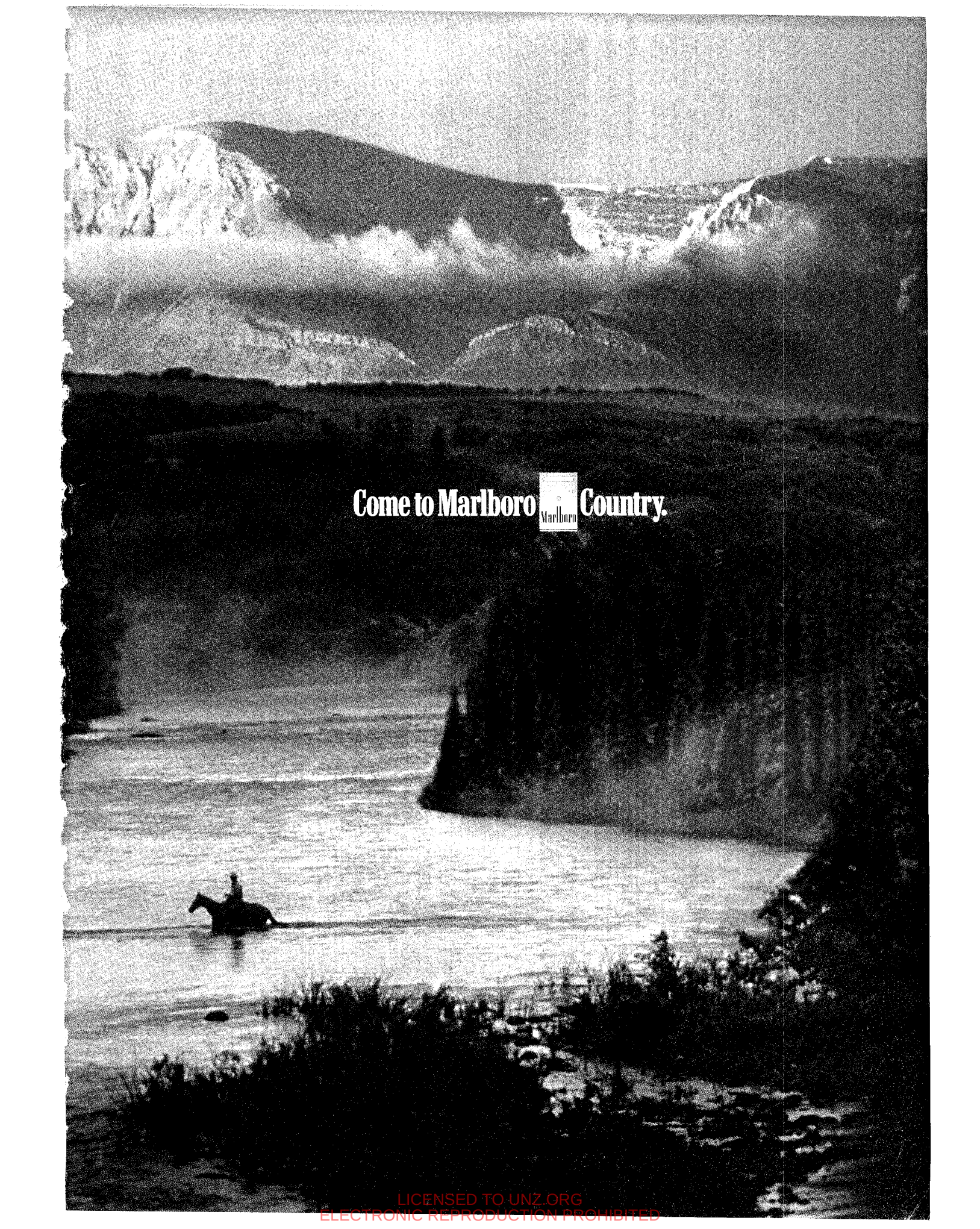
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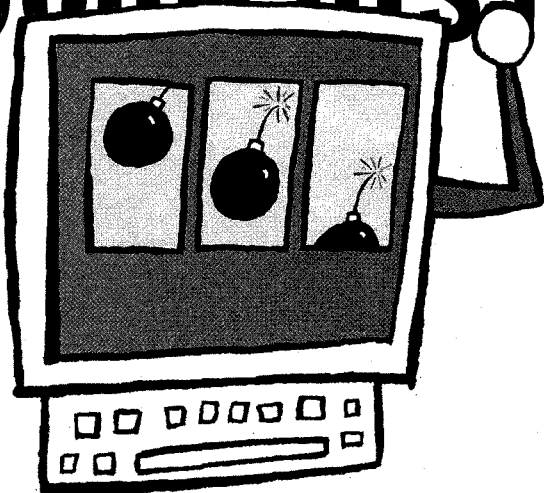
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Contents May 1, 2000



"The dot-com gold rush is over. It was just this moment, this crazy wild moment..."

JAMES J. CRAMER, PAGE 30

30 Pileup on the Road to El Dorado

By James J. Cramer

So maybe it wasn't Armageddon, but for many new companies (and newly minted millionaires), the April 14 market smackdown spelled the beginning of the end. Suddenly the irresistible dot-com suffix has morphed into a Don't Buy call. Just ask the founder of TheStreet.com.

35 Trickle-Down Theory

By David D. Kirkpatrick

Think the city is less hooked on Wall Street than in '87? Think again. We're far more dependent, with the Street pulling in 19 percent of city earnings.

38 Hit Man

By Ethan Brown

At age 22, producer Rodney Jerkins already has four No. 1 singles. Now he's been dispatched to bring Michael Jackson back to the studio.

40 When He Was Good

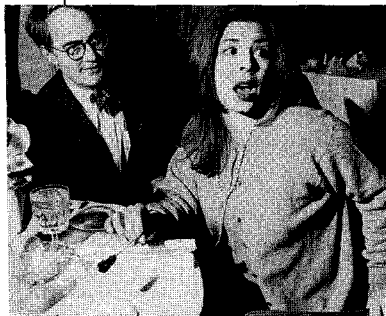
By Jennifer Senior

Not long ago, Philip Roth seemed to have passed his peak. But at 60, he suddenly began churning out one great novel after another, winning new readers and new respectability. His latest, *The Human Stain*, is due out in two weeks. Is there a Nobel in his future?

44 Trouble in Paradise

By Vanessa Grigoriadis

Sharen Benenson wants to keep Gramercy Park private and tidily pruned. Her nemesis, National Arts Club president O. Aldon James Jr. (pictured), wants to free the trees—and open it to the public. This is not your garden-variety feud.



Gotham

13 Should Rudy be holding the keys to the city's liquor cabinet?

16 Gotham Real Estate

Personal liability could change the way co-op boards do business

22 Gotham Style

NoLiTa, the brand; gold hoopla

Departments

9 Intelligencer

Beth Landman Keil
With Ian Spiegelman

24 The City Politic

Michael Tomasky

If the Liberal Party backs Giuliani, will Gore take a pass?

26 Media

Michael Wolff

The real "market event" was a *Baron's* article that first hit in March

Marketplace

50 Best Bets

Corky Pollan

Nicole Farhi's blooming plates

52 Smart City

Suzanne D'Amato

Bathing beauties: The best suits

54 Sales & Bargains

Shyama Patel

Cover story: Shopping for slipcovers, premade and custom

55 Beauty

Beth Landman Keil

Hair today, gone tomorrow

The Critics

56 Movies

Peter Rainer

Remember those great old World War II action movies? *U-571* does

58 Theater

John Simon

Stoppard's *The Real Thing* brings some brains to Broadway

85 Classical Music

Peter G. Davis

Things get ugly when Rameau's *Platée* arrives at City Opera

87 Architecture

Joseph Giovannini

Frank Gehry's Bilbao vision for the Battery

89 Television

John Leonard

Arabian Nights: Listen up

93 Restaurants

Hal Rubenstein

Big-flavored, rustic dishes can be found at... shhh, it's a secret

96 Pop Music

Robert Levine

For Neil Young, past is prolific

Cue

97 Smashing Pumpkins; Craig Bierko; Stanley Kubrick

Misc.

Letters.....6
Guardian Crossword.....144
'Cue' Crossword
by Maura B. Jacobson.....144
Classified.....130
Strictly Personals.....137

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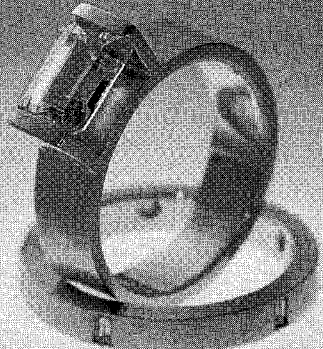
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War stories from the front lines of the real-estate market; if you can't take the heat, move to Forest Hills; e-publishing and children's books—system error?

WE JUST SOLD OUR APARTMENT ON the East Side for one on the Upper West Side, and based on our experience, your "Real Estate 2000" [April 10] issue was on target. However, the horror stories in the articles don't begin to describe the problems prospective buyers in the Manhattan market face these days. My advice: Work with a knowledgeable, persistent broker who's really interested in satisfying your requirements, arrange for financing as early as possible, meet or beat the asking price when you find what you want, and insist on signing a contract within 48 hours of an agreement.

David J. Kahn
MANHATTAN

I HAVE LIVED IN THIS CITY FOR ELEVEN years, and for the past five, I have been telling myself that this is the year that I will buy an apartment. Well, that year never came, thanks to escalating prices. I make close to \$100,000 per year, which I think is a good salary. In any other city, I could afford to be a homeowner. In New York City, I'm forced to continue renting.

Tim Baros
MANHATTAN

WHILE READING YOUR RECENT REAL-ESTATE issue, I felt ill: \$800,000 two-bedrooms with no light, in Brooklyn, going in a heartbeat? Three million dollars doesn't buy you what it used to? New York is expensive and for the most part a pain in the neck, but it's the best city in the world, and I love it here. Is it really necessary to devote an entire issue to tout-ing the fact that normal people can't afford to live here anymore? Why not write about the people who make this city worth living in? You'd better hurry before they all move to Hoboken.

David Krauss
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@primediamags.com. Please include a daytime phone number.

AT NO POINT DO YOU PLACE ANY BLAME FOR the overheated real-estate market on City Hall. Mayor Giuliani's job is to represent the citizens of New York and enhance their quality of life. Yet the main complaint when he entered office in '94 was *not* crime but the cost of living here—a terror that affects many more people than crime ever did. He has done nothing to attack this problem, and in fact has made matters worse. Cutting the budget for new affordable housing, for instance, while spending \$30 million on a renovation of City Hall Park, or \$70 million for a minor-league stadium on Staten Island. When are you going to give Rudy some blame for the problems that are tearing apart people's lives every day in this city? My landlord has raised my rent about 60 percent in just over two years, and I've lived here for nine years! I'm screwed.

Christopher X. Brodeur
MANHATTAN

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU LEFT OUT FOREST Hills. Only twenty minutes from Manhattan, Forest Hills is to Queens what Brooklyn Heights is to Brooklyn. We bought a fabulous prewar co-op in a doorman building for an incredible price and are only a quick train ride from the city, two minutes from the Long Island Expressway, and within fifteen minutes of both major airports. Though it's getting tougher, you can still buy a wonderful apartment for a reasonable price, as opposed to the insane numbers your article named for Manhattan.

Amy Rabinowitz
QUEENS

"REAL ESTATE 2000" OVERLOOKED AN increasingly popular option: Jersey City. While I realize this is *New York Magazine*, Jersey City is home to many corporate offices, including Merrill Lynch, American Express, Goldman Sachs, and Paine Webber; has a large community of professionals and artists; and is ethnically diverse. Historic "Downtown" is five to ten minutes from Manhattan by subway or ferry. (And as more corporations relocate here, you may not need to commute at all.) The public schools are on par with New York's, but a variety of charter, specialized public, and parochial schools exist. With such easy ac-

cess to Manhattan, charming neighborhood restaurants, an artists' district, and tax-free shopping, it's an attractive alternative.

Shaun Witten
JERSEY CITY, N.J.

Pixel Dust

MICHAEL WOLFF OVERLOOKED A LARGE segment of the publishing industry in his April 17 column ["Media: Bullet Train"]. I'm curious how Mr. Wolff, so confident that adult books will be transformed by electronic publishing, plans to reproduce children's stories, picture-heavy books bought not just for the quality of the story but for the beauty of the art as well. Will consumers dish out thousands of dollars for an e-book or computer monitor that can accommodate an eight-by-ten-inch picture book? To suggest, as your illustration does, that parents will sit with a laptop on their child's bed is absurd.

Jason M. Wells
MANHATTAN

Tricky Rudy?

WE HAVE BECOME FAMILIAR WITH THE mayor's tactic of using official powers to advance his political agenda—from banning the public from the steps of City Hall to the bullying of a museum to garner political support. Now, in the latest police shooting, he "unseals" the juvenile court record of police-shooting victim Patrick Dorismond, and he and Police Commissioner Howard Safir are stunned that anyone could object, since they have done so before ["The City Politic: Rudy's Rap Sheet," by Michael Tomasky, April 24]. This is an example of the Richard Nixon syndrome—when a public official violates the law, it is somehow not illegal.

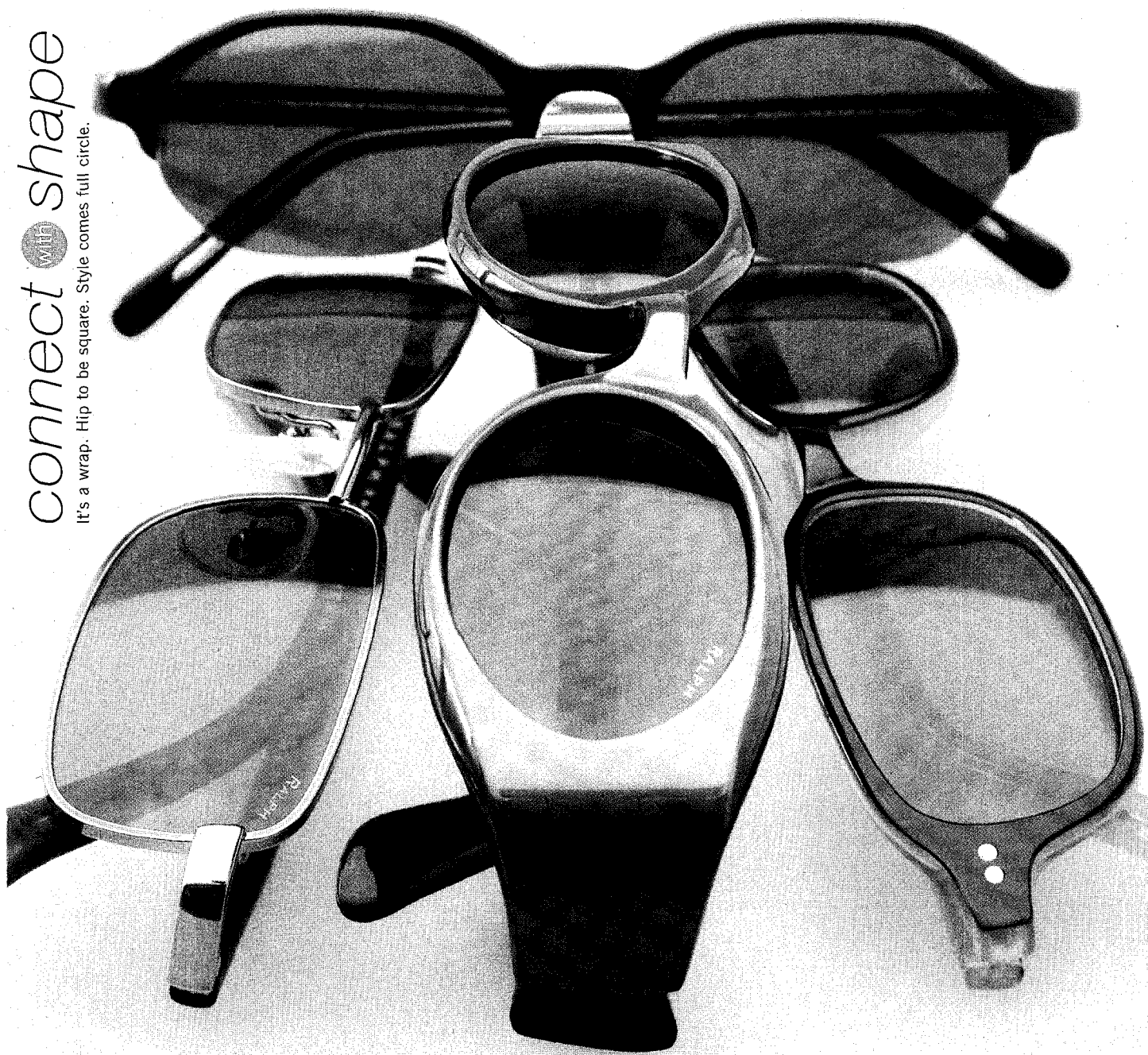
John Tomasin
WEST NEW YORK, N.J.

Hit Return

CONGRATULATIONS ON BRINGING BACK JIM Cramer ["The Bottom Line: Power to the People," April 10]. No other writer in the financial field compares.

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KEVIN BACON

Actor, Musician

MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT

My kids - a boy age 9 and a girl age 6

GREAT MOMENT

The day I stopped waiting tables

FAVORITE PASTIME

Playing guitar and candlelit family dinners - just the four of us

FAVORITE CHARITY

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FAVORITE WORKOUT

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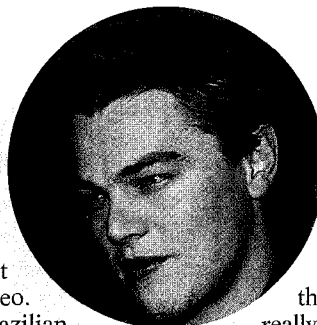
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL WITH IAN SPIEGELMAN

INTELLIGENCER



LEONARDO DICAPRIO: MODEL CITIZEN

Leonardo DiCaprio's recent real-life role as a White House reporter may not have been one he was born to play (at least **Sam Donaldson** didn't think so), but there's one character he can always fall back on: Romeo. He has been spending a lot of quality time with Brazilian beauty **Gisele Bündchen**. Barely a week after the *Post* spotted them together at a New York watering hole, they arrived as a pair at the opening night of the Las Palmas nightclub in L.A. "There was a lot of drinking, a lot of smoking, and a lot of touching," says an eyewitness, who also saw the two exit the club together. Another spy reports, "They were in a corner in the back totally making out with each other. Leo looked very happy." A rep for Gisele says her client is just friends with the actor and that her appearance in L.A. was strictly for a *Vogue* photo shoot. Okay, but why was she with Leo in New York as well? "Leo is friends with all the models," explains the rep. "He's a model guy." Oh, now we get it.



blyman, who has long been a vocal critic of Mrs. Clinton—as recently as this month, Hikind said he "may not have a choice" but to vote for **Rudy Giuliani**, though he now insists, "I really have not made a decision." Hikind pledges he'll hear the First Lady out but won't be swayed by her recent overture. "I will trust her up to a certain extent, like any politician before election time," he says.

HALO CAN YOU GO?

Los Angeles is such a fun city that its best nightlife has to be imported from New York. Halo owner **Karim Amatullah** has had his attorney fire off a cease-and-desist notice to some Los Angelenos who've been hosting a "Halo" night at a place called Chasen's. "They're pillaging," says Amatullah, who also says that they seem to be ignoring his lawyer's missive. "I called up pretending to be someone else and they told me, 'We're affiliated with Halo in New York but the guys over there don't have as much pull.'" A Halo spokesman fumes, "They ripped off the name, the

TIME TO GO HOLLYWOOD

Vikram Chatwal often hosts Hollywood stars at his edgy Time hotel—and now he's looking to put some of them to work. The busy hotelier and co-owner of celebrity hot spot Joe's Pub has jumped into the movie business. He's the associate producer, along with **Andrew Tilberis** (widower of Liz), of a fashion-industry feature entitled *Perfume*, which stars **Jeff Goldblum** and **Amber Valetta**. Chatwal has also recently formed a production company, 5K Films, with New Age guru **Deepak Chopra's** son **Gotham**. The two are co-producing a movie with **Guy Ritchie** collaborator **Angad Paul** (an executive producer of *Lock, Stock & Two Smoking*

Barrels) and another with film-loving fashionista **Diane von Furstenberg**. Chatwal acknowledges he's getting into a tough business. "I feel somewhat like a virgin, but hopefully I won't get screwed too badly," he says, gamely. In case he does, he still has his growing hotel empire to fall back on—Chatwal has hired British hotelier and designer **Anouska Hempel** to pretty up his latest purchase, midtown's historic Lambs Club.



HILLARY'S FENCE-MENDING CAMPAIGN

Could **Hillary Clinton's** effort to reach out to influential assemblyman **Dov Hikind**—she visited him at home last week to pay her respects after his father died—actually lead to an endorsement? The conservative Jewish leader says it's possible. "I'm delighted she's interested in having a dialogue," he remarks, referring to another planned meeting after Passover. "My relationship with Hillary is developing." It's a change of tone for the outspoken assem-

HIDE-HATING HYNDE COWS THE GAP

Looks like **Chrissie Hynde** won't be on the chain gang after all. The Gap has informed the Manhattan District Attorney's office that it will not seek restitution from the singer for her participation in a PETA protest in a midtown store last month. The Pretender was arrested along with three PETA pals for ripping apart leather pants and jackets to protest the Gap's sale of skins from India, where, the animal-rights group says, cows are cruelly treated before slaughter. "We're not interested in pressing charges, but if the D.A. does, we'll cooperate as required," says a Gap spokesperson. The ruffled retailer, which recently announced it will stop selling leather goods made in India, has told PETA attorneys that it will not send any employees as witnesses, but the case hasn't yet been dismissed. "I just hope the D.A.'s office doesn't have a leather fetish," quips Hynde.

IAN SCHRAGER'S STOLEN IDENTITY

It sounds like an episode of *The Twilight Zone*: First **Jason Rubell**, nephew of the late Studio 54 impresario Steve Rubell, opened the Albion hotel down the street from the Delano, the boutique hotel owned by his uncle's old partner **Ian Schrager**. And as if that weren't close enough, one of Schrager's Web-surfing employees recently discovered that the domain name *ianschragerhotels.com* is owned by—you guessed it—Rubell Hotels. When he heard that the fellow hotelier owned his digital identity, a spooked Schrager had his lawyers fire off a letter to Rubell informing him that both "Ian Schrager Hotels" and "Ian Schrager" are licensed trademarks that he was quite close to infringing upon. Schrager and his lawyers have not yet heard back. While Rubell failed to return numerous messages we left on his voice mail, Schrager was happy to comment on the situation: "I don't really know what to make of this," he said warily, before displaying a more lighthearted take on the situation: "It's definitely funny." We definitely agree.

spelling, even our font!" Chasen's did not return calls. Meanwhile, L.A. will soon get another of our city's popular hangouts: Moomba owner **Jeff Gossett** is scouting locations in the City of Angels. "I think it would be a great place for a Moomba expansion," he says, "but I haven't found the right space." Just make sure you don't use Halo's font.

PLIMPTON FLIRTS WITH A KILLER

George Plimpton recently missed out on a shot at another great adventure. The *Paris Review* editor was heading to San Diego to speak at Point Loma College when he was offered a rare opportunity. "A friend of mine told me, 'I've arranged for you to swim with the killer whales at Sea World,'" Plimpton tells us. "I said, 'Wow.' I'd done that sort of thing before with porpoises, but this was a step up, to say the least." But when the scribe arrived in California, he was informed that the whales' trainer had broken his arm, thereby dashing Plimpton's hopes for a wet



Hilary Swank: Semel-ated gems

and wild time. But if the chance to bathe with the toothy sea mammals comes up again, will Plimpton jump at it? "No," he says, "no, no. I have no wish to." We'll take that as a no.

IVANA DOLLING; BLAINE'S ICE

LOOKING SWANK: It didn't take long for the antique diamond choker **Hilary Swank** sported on Oscar night to find a buyer. A Hollywood source reports that the \$250,000 worth of shimmering gems, lent to Swank by celeb jeweler Edward Asprey, were recently snatched up by **Terry Semel**, former Warner Bros. co-chairman turned Windsor Media, Inc., head. The happy recipient? His wife **Jane**. When asked for comment, neither Asprey nor Semel was as vocal as Swank was in her acceptance speech—they didn't say a thing.

MAGIC MONEY: Magician **David Blaine** will pay you to prove that he's no Houdini. Blaine plans to encase himself in a block of ice for a few days this fall, but so many people are still dubious about his last stunt—in which he supposedly lived in an underground "cof-

fin" for a week—that he'll offer \$1 million to anyone who can debunk the upcoming feat. His agent promises, "If anyone can prove that he's not really in there, he'll give it to them on the spot."

The real trick would be explaining where **David Blaine** got his hands on a million bucks.

IVANA BE A DOLL: Finally, an **Ivana Trump** that never ages. The Madame Alexander Doll Company is releasing a sixteen-inch version of the famous first wife—complete with opera gloves (pictured above). The toy Ivana will be unveiled at the real Ivana's second annual AIDS benefit auction at Lucky Cheng's on May 1st, where the two Ms. T's will be swathed in matching sarongs by **Marc Bouwer**. Designers **Jean-Paul Gaultier**, **Tommy Hilfiger**, and **Richard Tyler** have also donated original duds for the auction, which will benefit LIFEbeat: The Music Industry Fights AIDS. No word yet if they're planning a **Donald Trump** action figure and an army of little divorce lawyers.

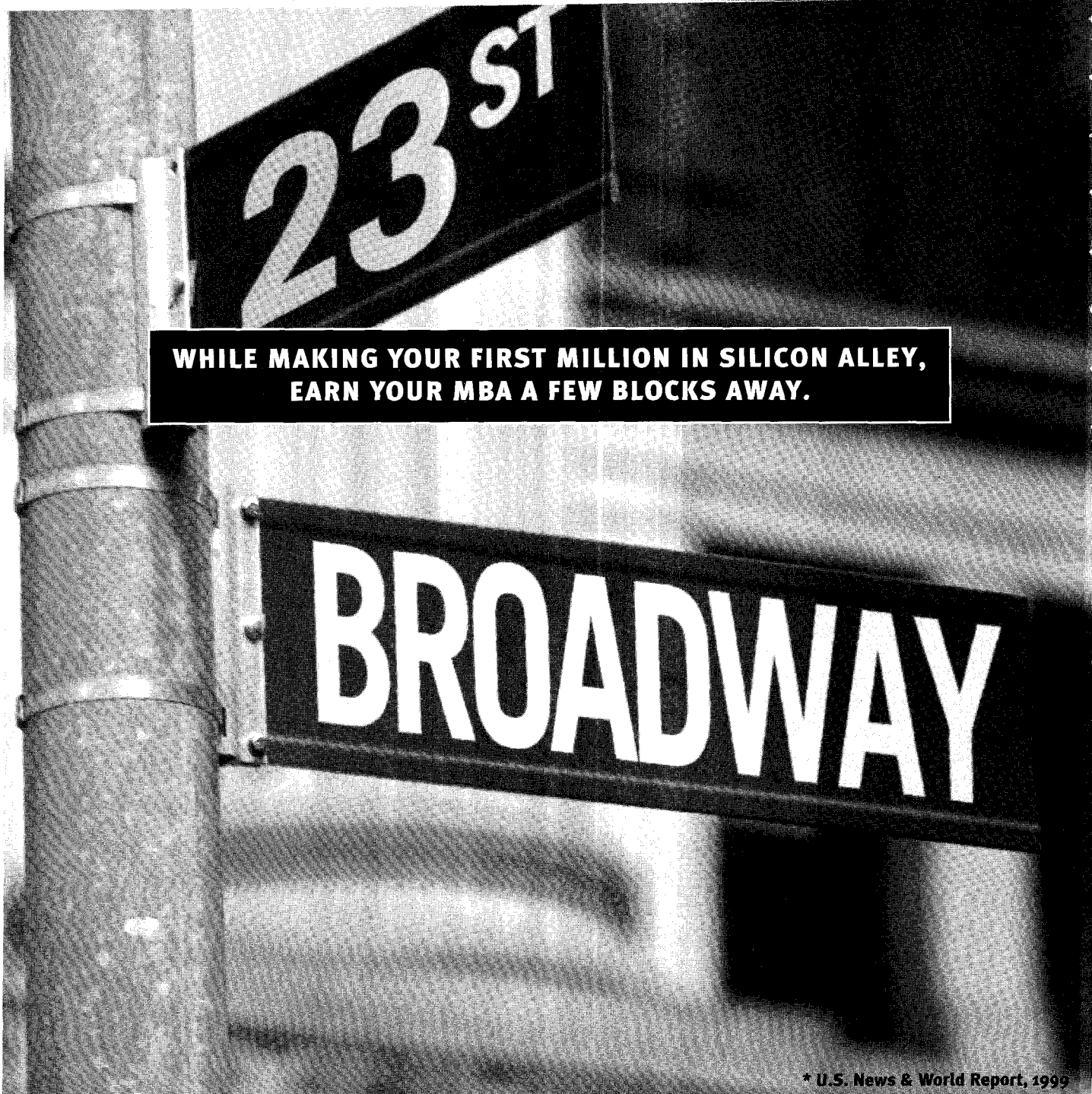
Additional reporting by David Amsden and Suny Sehgal.

KLEIN DECLINES JFK JR. TELL-ALL

Author **Edward Klein** seems to have gotten over his Kennedy fetish. The former *New York Times Magazine* editor—who has already written two best-sellers about Camelot-related high jinks—has dropped his plans to write a biography of John F. Kennedy Jr. "I pondered it for a long time," he says, "and did a couple of interviews. I discussed it very seriously with my agent, and we decided jointly that we weren't going to do it." Klein was a longtime friend of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and published all the gooey details of her marriage to JFK in 1996's *All Too Human*. Two years later, he exposed Jackie's

post-Kennedy private life in *Just Jackie*. So why the reluctance this time around? "There is a whole variety of reasons that I don't really want to get into," he says. Perhaps he got scared off by the sure-to-be-riveting array of personal Kennedy details to be revealed by **Richard Blow**, the ex-*George* editor who unleashed his wrath on writers who dared discuss JFK Jr.'s memory in public—and is now working on a book about his relationship with the ill-fated editor-in-chief. Well, we all know the biographer's credo: Ask not what you can do for the Kennedys—ask what a Kennedy book can do for you.

L'original



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* U.S. News & World Report, 1999

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GOTHAM

Bar Codes

In their war on nightlife, Giuliani and the city have found a new foe: the state.

CABARET LICENSES HAVE become as scarce as affordable apartments, security at nightclubs is tighter than at JFK's international terminal, and the city's Social Club Task Force sometimes makes multiple visits to clubs on a single night. Yet even at this stage of Mayor Giuliani's quality-of-life crackdown, some people still think nightclubs have it a little too easy. And one of them is Queens borough president Claire Shulman, who wants to take control of regulating New York City's bars and nightclubs away from the State Liquor Authority (SLA) and give it to a proposed agency that would be called the City Liquor Authority (CLA).

Needless to say, Giuliani loves the idea of the CLA, which would answer directly to the mayor's office.

In a copy of the proposed legislation provided to *New York*, Shulman blasts the SLA for issuing liquor licenses without community input and failing to "effectively monitor and enforce the alcoholic beverage control law." The SLA "does not seem to function in

New York City," Shulman says. "Right now, there is little or no enforcement."

Nightclub owners think there's plenty. "The SLA *does* come by," says Steven Lewis, creative consultant to the new club SPA, "and they come by in force." "The SLA has been overly responsive," agrees attorney Robert Bookman, who helps club owners navigate the city's liquor- and

cabaret-licensing process. The agency may be understaffed, Bookman says, but that's because the Pataki administration reduced its budget. "If Giuliani has an issue with the SLA," he says, "he should take it up with the governor."

Several city agencies already help regulate nightlife. There's the Social Club Task Force (which makes inspections and can consist of members of both the Buildings and Health Departments as well as a fire marshal and the NYPD), the Department of Buildings (which issues the all-important certificate of occupancy), and the Department of Consumer Affairs (which issues cabaret licenses permitting dancing). Then there's the Nuisance Abatement Law, which the NYPD used to padlock the Tunnel last year when undercover officers made drug buys at



POLITICS Campaign-Traffic Report



Rudy does budget: Tax cuts, more cops, and a lot more social spending. Whoever said "The era of big government is over" (hint: Rudy's running against the guy's wife) didn't say it in an election year! ●

Two weeks after courts free City Hall, Rudester announces new rules on protests, saying building is under "immediate threat." And that would be from... ●

Hill returns \$22,000 from Brooklyn woman linked to Florida drug dealer. Turns out, though, that the "link" took place before the man was arrested, and the woman may be clean. Quick, call her back! ○

Pays shiva call on Hikind family. Puts in heavy quality time with Dov and his mother, while Rudy merely faxes condolence note. No endorsement yet, but good Jewish sons listen to their mothers. ●



the West Chelsea club. And that's not counting the community boards, which have grown more aggressive about using their power to block cabaret licenses.

"It's almost impossible to open a new nightclub now," says Lewis with a sigh. So would-be impresarios are converting existing spaces that come with the necessary licensing, which is why most "new" clubs aren't really new at all: Tramps became Centro-Fly; the Bank became Chaos. "That results in certain neighborhoods being consistently saturated with nightclubs," argues New York Nightlife Association president Andrew Rasiej.

In previous decades, those neighborhoods were on the edges of habitable Manhattan, but the roaring real-estate market and the erosion of zoning laws that separated commercial and residential districts have created situations in which "people are literally living on top of nightclubs," says Bookman. "We're a hindrance," says a club manager, "because we're taking up valuable real estate."

The CLA could make it even harder to operate clubs in such neighborhoods, but owners might not have to worry. The agency could be created only if the State Legislature approves a measure that would cede a state agency's authority to the city. "It has two chances," Bookman says with a laugh. "Slim and none."

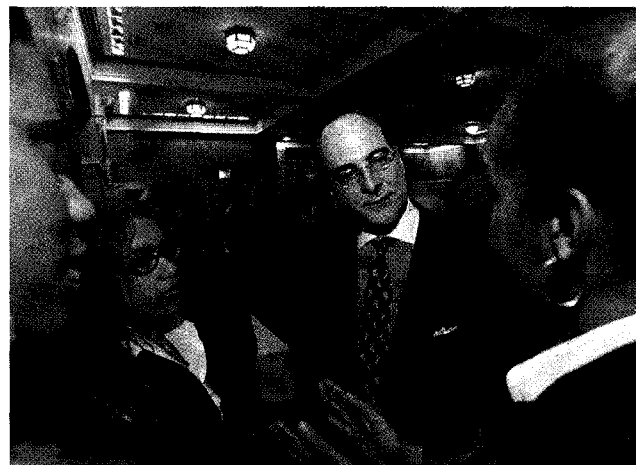
Still, even the slimmest prospect of Giuliani grabbing additional power has bar and club owners envisioning something of an apocalypse—the end of nightlife as we know it! If the legislation does pass, "no one would get a liquor license," predicts Rasiej. "Starting a nightclub would be like trying to open a homeless shelter."

ETHAN BROWN

SCHOOLS Ed Poet Society

Once-and-future chancellor Harold Levy has a way with words.

HAROLD LEVY HAS THE BIGGEST PUBLIC school system in the nation at his disposal and he still can't find someone to tell him who first used the phrase *the better angels of our nature*. "I think it's Eliot, and then Stevens pivots on it," the interim schools chancellor muses in the back of his Town Car. "But it was biblical first, right?"



The charcoal suit with pinstripes, the white hankie, the gold-rimmed spectacles, the blue shirt with red tie and white collar all make Levy look like a banker—which he was until last fall, when he left his job as head of global compliance for Citigroup to join the Board of Ed. Levy is zigzagging through traffic to glad-hand at as many public schools as possible: April 13 is the annual Principal for a Day program, and at 5 P.M. he'll address a thousand of the city's more civic-minded executives. The speech is the per-

fect coming-out party—timed just after he asked the board to make him chancellor permanently *and* after the mayor made some nice public remarks about him for the first time—and Levy would like the "better angels" line to explain why he's decided to enter this hornet's nest of a school system. "Rudy Crew warned me that I would never realize how broad that saddle is until I was sitting in it," he says. "There are such false dichotomies. Vouchers and 'governance'—they've got nothing to do with teaching and learning. You're not looking at a bottom line here; you're looking to perform a social function."

In the elevator of La Guardia High School, Levy, still puzzling over that quote, encounters an English teacher—an authority at last!—but she says it's been years since she read Eliot. Upstairs, he shakes hands with Jerry Seinfeld, the performing-arts school's honorary principal for a day—but

doesn't bother bringing up poetry.

Back in the car, Levy's phone rings: It's the English teacher, along with her department head this time—but neither of them knows the quote. "You're entitled to a lifeline," Levy says. Finally, an hour later, the teacher calls again: It's from Abraham Lincoln. At 5 P.M., Levy makes his speech without fear of a Quayle-scale error. "I never thought I'd enjoy a job this much," he tells the crowd. "Abraham Lincoln was right."

ROBERT KOLKER

WEATHER NY1's Fifteen Degrees of Separation

NO WONDER PEOPLE GO TO CONEY ISLAND IN THE SUMMER: Brooklyn, it appears, is a good ten or fifteen degrees colder than the rest of the city.

We were surprised—this isn't San Francisco,

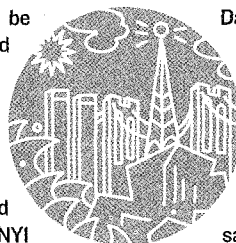
after all, where two or three blocks can be the difference between a rainforest and the Arctic Circle—but a look at NY1 every half-hour, when the network shows all five boroughs' temperatures at once, tells the chilling tale. One recent afternoon, Manhattan was 62 degrees and the other boroughs were hovering around 60, while Brooklyn clocked in at only 47. NY1

meteorologist John Davitt says the borough's ocean exposure can make for cooler temperatures—but the real problem, it turns out, is that NY1's Brooklyn weather station is located in an unusually

chilly spot: at the base of a Time Warner Cable antenna on Conover Street in Red Hook. "Wind coming off the ocean can cool off that area considerably, sometimes by as much as 15 or 20 degrees," he admits.

Davitt, who rarely appears onscreen except during big storms—"If you see my face, you're probably not going to like what I'm saying"—says NY1's four other weather stations are all located in more representative areas of their boroughs. Do NY1 viewers ever complain? "Oh yeah, all the time," says Davitt. "People call and say, 'What's going on, how come your readings don't match what I heard on the radio, or on the Weather Channel?' Basically, New Yorkers are a bit weather-obsessed, I'd say. But that's fine—it keeps me in business."

PAUL LUKAS



SPORTS

Names of the Game

Nobody likes to recite a lineup more than the Yankees' Bob Sheppard.

GOOD AF-TER-NOON [PAUSE] LADIES [SHORT pause] and gen-tle-men [long pause]. Welcome [short pause] to Yankee Stadium.

Bob Sheppard has been the announcer at Yankee Stadium since 1951, Joe DiMaggio's last season and Mickey Mantle's first. "We don't discuss age," he says, though a good guess would put him well into his eighties. Every Yankees fan knows his elegantly cool, utterly low-key, and very, very deliberate vocal pattern. A speech teacher and semipro quarterback in the 1940s, he took a football announcing job after college, which led to a temporary gig in the Bronx (he does Giants games in the Meadowlands, too). And fifty Opening Days later, he's still behind the mike.

Please rise [pause] . . . for our nation's [short pause] anthem.

A Yankees executive, Lonn Trost, pops into the booth, and Sheppard asks about the pronunciation of his name. "Is it Trohst? Trust? Trawst?" They confer; the matter is complicated because the executive has a pronounced New York accent. They settle on *Trohst*, because it takes nicely to enunciation. Says Sheppard, "Names are important to me. I like to say

[pause] Alfonso Soriano. Salome Barojas. José Valdivielso." Every syllable hangs in the air like a piece of ripe fruit. "There isn't much beauty in the name *Chuck Knoblauch*. And what can you do with *Steve Sax*?"

The center fielder [pause] No. 51 [pause] Bernie [short pause] Williams.

The pauses aren't there to accommodate the stadium's echoes, as many think. "I talk slowly all the time," he says, slowly. "I don't change my manner of speaking doing public announcing, talking with my family, or speaking with you. Once in a while, people getting married will get in touch with my agent and ask me to tape the names of the wedding party as they march in."

The catcher [pause] No. 20 [pause] Jor-ge [short pause] Posada.

Has anyone ever tried to steal Sheppard away? "I was offered a very lucrative contract to do the Mets as well as the Yankees. They said, 'They don't conflict in the schedule.' I said, 'I'm very happy doing 81 games—162 would be *work*.' It's recreation for me—it's an honor. Thousands of men all over New York would love to have this job."

CHRISTOPHER BONANOS



BRAND X

Smoke Signals

CAMPAIGN: "The Truth" AGENCY: Arnold Communications (Boston) and Crispin Porter & Bogusky (Miami) CREATIVE DIRECTORS: various

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU ENDURED yet another preachy public-service announcement and thought, *Oh, shut the hell up?* The American Legacy Foundation takes earnestness fatigue to heart with its new series of low-key TV spots and companion print ads. In "The Truth," kids hold up Jenny Holzer-style LED signboards displaying numbers surrounded by superimposed sentences: EVERY 8 SECONDS, BIG TOBACCO LOSES ANOTHER CUSTOMER. THEY DIE. The teens never utter a word, and you hear nothing but ambient sound, like the creak and roar of a nearby roller coaster. Legacy, created in 1998 through a massive settlement between 46 states and tobacco companies, used to be a lot noisier about "The Truth." Earlier spots used a-bit-too-familiar ad parodies—think *Saturday Night Live*—to drive home the deadliness of smoking. Now, by draining all the hu-

MEDIA Tina Brown's Double Play

April 24 is Vicky Ward's first day working with Tina Brown as *Talk*'s executive editor—which, according to colleagues at the *Post*, where she was news features editor, means she's finally boarded her psychic mother ship. "We used to joke that one of these days she'd grab the back of her neck and pull off her face and reveal that she's really Tina Brown," says one reporter. Ward herself admits that "my husband did say, 'Perhaps you should get a haircut before you go, otherwise you'll look like Tina's Mini-Me.'" But how about her professional style? Several sources say the environment Ward created since arriving in the office eighteen months ago gave her section the nickname "the Mental Ward." She yelled ("bloodcurdling," recounts a reporter). She rewrote—including quotes, says one former writer. She overassigned: When one story didn't run, she told the writer, "Well, that's the way Tina Brown does it." When Liz Garbus, who did an as-told-to story in the *Post* about her adventures in L.A. after being nominated for a Best Documentary Oscar, was unhappy with the piece, her dad, First Amend-

ment lawyer Martin Garbus, rattled his saber, and Ward was heard shrieking, "Why didn't anyone tell me that Liz Garbus isn't just a nobody?" She forced her assistant and her photo editor to wear walkie-talkie headsets. ("My assistant was behind a wall," says Ward. "I couldn't see her.") She was spotted in the middle of the day trying on Dolce & Gabbana outfits for a party. In other words, says one reporter, "basic prima-donna behavior that doesn't go over well here—it's a *newspaper*." Sean Elder, the *Salon.com* media columnist, was working on a piece comparing Brown and Ward, scheduled to run April 19. It didn't. As it happens, *Salon* chairman and editor-in-chief David Talbot has had discussions with Brown about possible online alliances with *Talk*. "We felt the story wasn't complete yet," Talbot told *New York*, denying any connection and suggesting that the story might be too "inside baseball." Hours later, Talbot said he'd changed his mind, and was going with the story. As for Ward, she takes the comparison easily: "Who doesn't admire Tina Brown?" she asks. "She's the best there is." CARL SWANSON



mor and affect out of the campaign, "The Truth" has gained an unsettling edge. In magazines like *Rolling Stone* and *Spin*, its grainy, snapshot quality stands out among all the glossy, overstyled ads. And even if you're only half-watching, the eerily wordless TV spots cause you to suddenly look up to see what all the quiet is about. Kids may not be able to handle "The Truth," but this time around they can't ignore it. SIMON DUMENCO

Careful, Co-ops!

Boards may have to back off a bit.

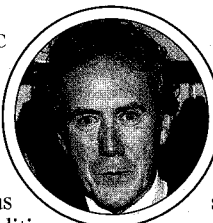
In mid-April, brokers say, the co-op board at 2 East 67th Street turned down yet another buyer for the 6,500-square-foot, \$14.5 million apartment there that's been for sale since 1997. "That makes seven," declares one broker. It's an especially picky building, though the unchecked power of boards to handpick their neighbors has always been part of the real-estate game. But the rules may be changing: On April 11, in a case involving an interracial couple, the New York State Court of Appeals ruled that individual board members could be held liable in the event of discrimination. Suddenly, everyone's getting more careful. "I represent a dozen or so co-ops, and I've had meetings with them about how careful they have to be in the things they say or do," says real-estate lawyer Eric Gonchar, who has delivered the same spiel to Brown Harris Stevens. "It's important that the brokers don't go back [to prospective buyers] and say, 'Oh, they don't let Jews in the building.' You've got to be very careful about this kind of stuff." At the top co-ops, "they think they can do whatever they want," says another broker, because "most of the fancy buildings' reaction is that they're not doing it on the basis of race or color or sexual preference but on the basis of who's going to fit in." Lawsuits are unlikely because high-level buyers "don't want anyone to know they've been rejected," as another broker put it. Besides, "the \$3 million-and-up boards don't care because they have tons of lawyers." Which doesn't mean Realtors won't try to make the court's decision work for them. The board of 271 Central Park West has been sitting on a buyer's package for a \$7 million apartment for months, refusing to rule. So the broker sent them a copy of the decision. C.S.

GOTHAM REALESTATE

Unfashionable Strings Attached

Designer Richard Tyler's living requirements nix building sale.

RICHARD TYLER'S ECCENTRIC demands apparently made a buyer pass over his house last week. Brokers were buzzing that he'd found a taker for his \$18 million townhouse at 19 Gramercy Park South. The house was built in 1845 by a prominent Whig politician, who sold it to the Stuyvesant Fish family. This century, it was owned by P.R. guy Ben Sonnenberg, who combined the old house (which has been erroneously labeled a Stanford



White structure—even in the Douglas Elliman brochure for it) with the six-story apartment house behind it. Today, it weighs in at 37 rooms. Tyler paid \$3.5 million for it in 1995, then put it up for sale back in February. A suitably rich buyer showed up this month. Brokers say the deal fell through because Tyler wanted all but \$2 million up front—and for the buyer to move in only after the designer had found a new place. Not surprisingly, the buyer balked. CARL SWANSON

BIG DEALS

Upper East Side

781 Fifth Avenue

Two-bedroom, three-bath, 2,300-square-foot prewar co-op. Asking: \$1.3 million. Selling: \$1.2 million. Maintenance: \$6,600. Time on market: three months.

IF YOU LIVED IN THE SHERRY-Netherland, you might feel like Eloise—or maybe the Eloise knockoff in *New York Stories*, what with twice-a-day maid service and transient neighbors like Francis Ford Coppola. Some of the co-ops serve as hotel suites when their owners are out of town, but this place isn't one of them. It's a tenth-floor apartment overlooking the Plaza and the park, but it took a while to sell: The bathrooms need work, the kitchen is old, and the maintenance is \$6,600 per month. The buyer, says bro-

ker Joanna Simon of Fox Residential Group, was a Sherry resident who wanted a better view and put in a bid after another applicant failed to clear the board. (The co-broker was Jarmel Sloane of Sloane Square.) Three other purchasers were interested, but the winner offered to pay cash.

SoHo

158 Mercer Street

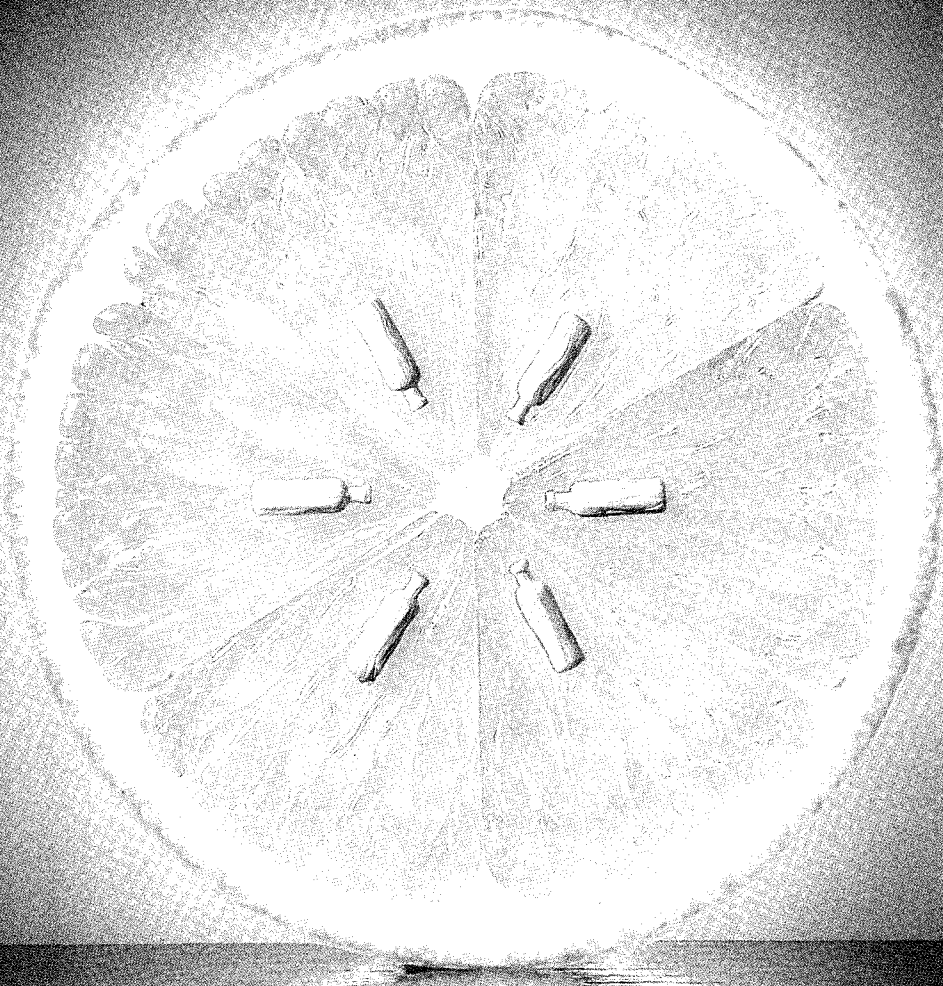
Four-bedroom, three-bath, 4,600-square-foot loft. Asking: \$3.5 million. Selling: \$4.8 million. Charges and taxes: \$1,644 and \$2,083. Time on market: five days.

THE NEW MUSEUM IS FEATURING A show called "Picturing the Modern Amazon," about female body builders, and the condo lofts that take up the rest of its

1895 building are having their own 'roid rages. Take this place: The sellers paid \$1.2 million two years ago. After one prospective buyer met their \$3.5 million asking price the day it went on sale, a bidding duel raised the price to \$4 million. When a contract was drawn up, a third bidder offered \$100,000 more. Finally, their lawyer, Eric Gonchar, had all three send in signed contracts with certified checks for their offered down payment. The first bidder won, for \$4.8 million. (The seller's broker was Farrah Kleiner of Sloane Square; the buyer's was Harriet Kaufman of Ashforth Warburg.) Elapsed time: one week. Says Gonchar: "It was better than watching *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire*." CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

Lofty increase At 158 Mercer, a 37 percent price jump—in five days.





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ED KOCH VS. AL D'AMATO I'M RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG

New York's prickly pundits on Gay Republicans, a Clinton pardon, and the IQ of George W. Bush.

Maer Roshan: During the primaries, George W. Bush refused to meet with gay Republican groups because he felt he didn't have anything in common with them. Now that we're in the general election, he's in bed with every gay donor in the party. Why should anyone trust him?

Ed Koch: They shouldn't.

Al D'Amato: Maybe he's seen the error of his ways.

E.K.: It's a bumbling attempt to display political courage.

M.R.: Wouldn't it have been more courageous if he had done this during the primaries, when it mattered?

A.D.: I think we can always hope for the finer things in people, but in politics that's asking a lot.

E.K.: The fact is, Bush has been really cautious. He didn't meet with the Log Cabin Republicans. He met just with supporters. And then he comes out with that cockamamie statement that he's a better person today because of the meeting ... give me a break!

A.D.: Bush is coming to his senses. But it's true that many conservatives still miss the point about gay rights. It's invincible ignorance. Take gays in the military. In my opinion, it's a conservative proposition that people should be judged only on their ability. Conservatives are against quotas, and if you're against quotas, then how could you deny a person a job or promotion because

they may be gay? I've never heard of anything so stupid in my life.

E.K.: Let me say *this* about Bush: He may be an intelligent

panic when Buchanan deserted the Republicans, but *I* was happy. He is a reprehensible human being. Sure, he'll end up taking votes from Bush, maybe 3 percent. But now that Nader is in, it's *Gore* who has to watch his flank. He's going to *torture* the Dem-

A.D.: The protesters are more right than wrong. They have no real leadership, so their positions are not articulated very well, but it's a real travesty: Every year, the World Bank antes up billions of dollars that never go to the poor. Instead, the dictators just siphon all the money off. It's the most mismanaged, corrupt loan program in history.

E.K.: You know, there is something hopeful and exciting about these protesters. You look at the people arrested, and they're mostly college-age kids who are taken by the idealism of this. In this age of materialism, that's not such a bad thing.

M.R.: Speaking of hopefulness, there is talk on Capitol Hill of pardoning Clinton to preclude an ugly trial when he steps down in January. Do you think that's a good idea?

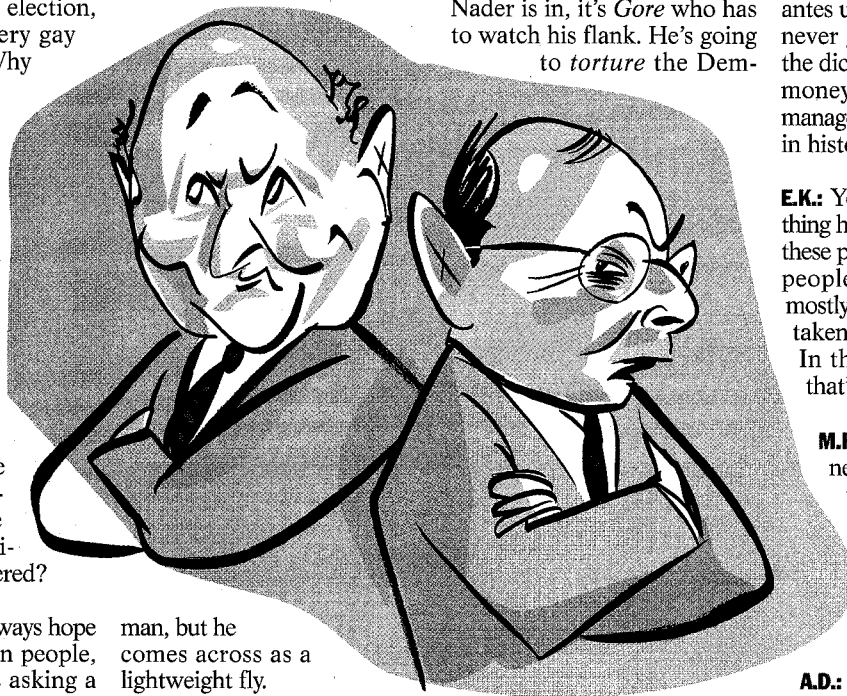
A.D.: Absolutely, unequivocally yes. Whether it's Clinton or Nixon, the country doesn't deserve a wrenching experience when a president leaves office. Clinton has already *been* pardoned by the American people. A criminal trial will just tear this country apart.

M.R.: The president says he doesn't *want* a pardon.

A.D.: That's what he says. But what Clinton wants doesn't really matter. Everyone knows he didn't tell the truth.

E.K.: Well, Al, if *that's* the criterion, maybe we should arrange a pardon for Reagan too [laughs].

Al D'Amato is a columnist at George. Ed Koch is a partner at Robinson Silverman.



man, but he comes across as a lightweight fly.

A.D.: That's Democratic propaganda, Ed!

E.K.: His answers are so shallow and so glib and passionless that ... look, I have problems with Gore, particularly with his willingness to sacrifice his integrity on the Elián case for a few votes. But compared to Bush, Gore looks like a moral and intellectual giant!

A.D.: Remember that Al Gore has been preparing to run for president since he was a boy, Ed. Don't worry, we'll get our guy up to speed! Actually, the most significant thing in this race has been the rise of Ralph Nader! His decision to run with the Green Party will shake up the whole race. You know, there was this great

ocrats! Nader could be Bush's secret weapon.

M.R.: The long-postponed parley between Bush and John McCain is finally scheduled for next month ...

A.D.: The sooner it happens the better. If he wants to win, Bush not only has to reach out to McCain, he has to actively embrace him! It's imperative.

M.R.: If Bush actively embraces McCain, he might even win back a few Log Cabin votes ... [laughter] I wanted to get your opinion on the turmoil in D.C., where 1,000 people were arrested protesting the IMF and the World Bank. Why has this struck such a chord?

LADY CARON

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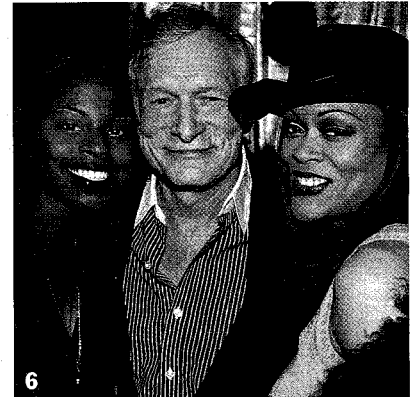
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O Positive

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

THE GRANDES DAMES AND DIVAS OF MEDIA ASSEMBLED AT THE Metropolitan Pavilion on April 17 to celebrate the premiere issue of *O: The Oprah Magazine* and toast the talk-show titan on her first foray into print. While the platinum-haired powers-that-be Diane Sawyer, Barbara Walters, and Martha Stewart chatted in a circle beneath the enormous rose-covered entrance, the editorial staff, relieved to have its first issue on the stand, descended upon an endless supply of shrimp and oysters. Despite her champagne-colored chignon, Ivana Trump seemed slightly out of place in the high-wattage hall, and a teenage Lothario who sensed her vulnerability swooped down to kiss her hand and chat up the dumb-struck Trump. Back at the red carpet, a crush of suits elbowed for a good spot to watch the arrivals of Winfrey, Luther Vandross, Eartha Kitt, Foxy Brown, and Tina Turner, who would provide the night's entertainment. "Oh, my God!" an account manager shrieked, pointing to Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson: "It's Peaches and Herb!" The commotion and the camera flashes erupted once again as another staff member shrieked: "Diana Ross is coming. I can see her hair!" MAURA EGAN



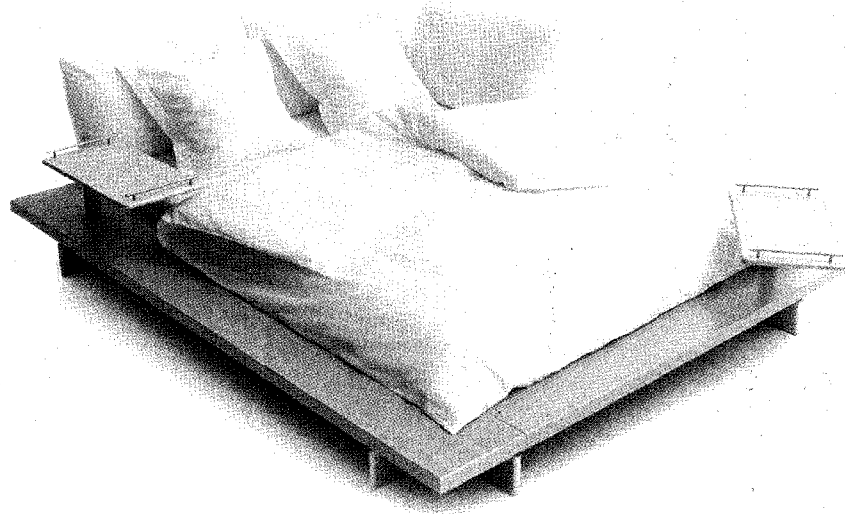
1. Martha Stewart, Rosie O'Donnell, and Oprah Winfrey at the launch of *O* magazine. 2. Trudie Styler and Sting at the party for Revlon's Rainforest Foundation benefit concert at the Pierre. 3. Jenna Elfman and Matthew McConaughey at Pastis celebrating VH1's "Divas" and "Men Strike Back" concerts. 4. Ute Lemper at the release party for her new album, *Punishing Kiss*, at Lot 61. 5. Bret Easton Ellis, Christian Bale, and Julian Cerruti at the Cerruti Boutique's after-party for the premiere of *American Psycho*. 6. Foxy Brown, Hugh Hefner, and Robin Givens at the Playboy Lounge to celebrate the magazine's May issue. 7. Sandra Bernhard at the Emporio Armani party for *Flaunt* magazine's April issue. 8. Amy Irving and Eric Stoltz at a screening of *Bossa Nova* at the Sony Screening Room. 9. Georgiana Bronfman, interior designer John Hobbs, and Laura Steinberg at Steinberg's home to welcome Hobbs to New York.



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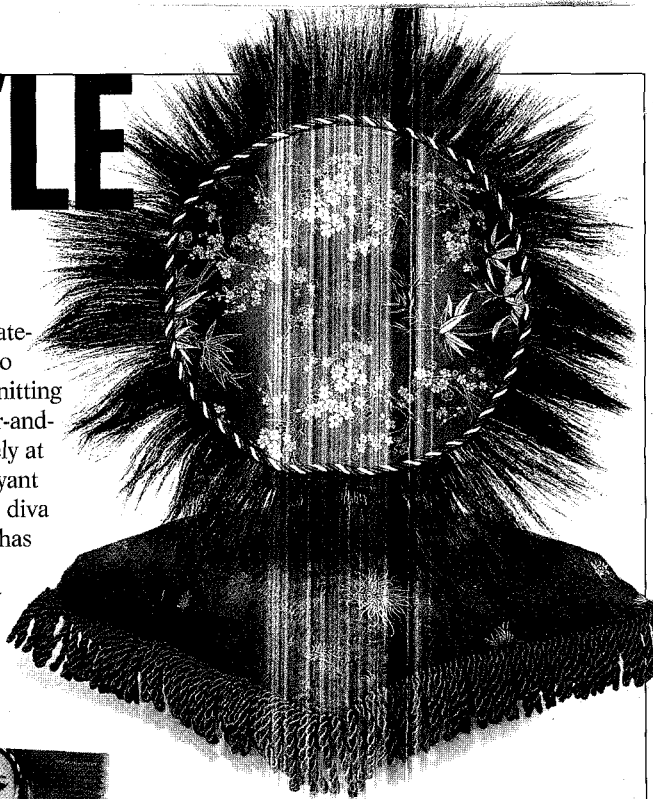
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GOTHAMSTYLE

Pillow Talk

When hosting Saturday evenings at the Roxy became too much of a late-night liability, drag queen and party promoter Lee Chapell hooked into the growing trend for all things artisanal. But instead of the routine knitting needles, Chapell picked up needle and thread, sewing peacock-feather-and-silk pillows (\$100-\$150) in his Greenpoint apartment. Sold exclusively at Heywood of London (20 Cornelia Street; 212-367-1965), the flamboyant furnishings are fashioned from the same fabrics Chapell uses to outfit diva friends like Shequida. And now that shapely Brit model Sophie Dahl has arrived Stateside to invent her own fabulousness, the chameleon couturier has signed on to custom-design her dresses.

NAN PARRY



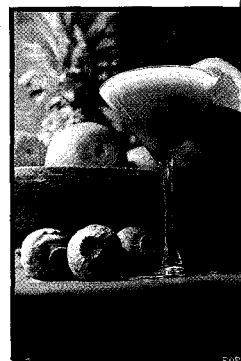
Hoop Dreams

While the eighties revival has yet to bring back the shoulder pad, the decade's *other* accessory of choice has returned to fashionable earlobes this spring. Cate Blanchett skipped Harry Winston sparklers in favor of simple gold hoops on Oscar night; Gwen Stefani arrived at New York's fall fashion shows with behemoth rings peeking out of her cornrowed hair. In Paris, gigantic gold hoops glinted on the flashy, pimped-out mannequins on Dior's runway, while at Ungaro's acid-splashed spectacle, the models upped the eighties ante by sashaying down the catwalk wearing a single hoop. So far, however, no one's been seen with an armful of black rubber bracelets. SARAH BROWN



Whiskey A-go-go

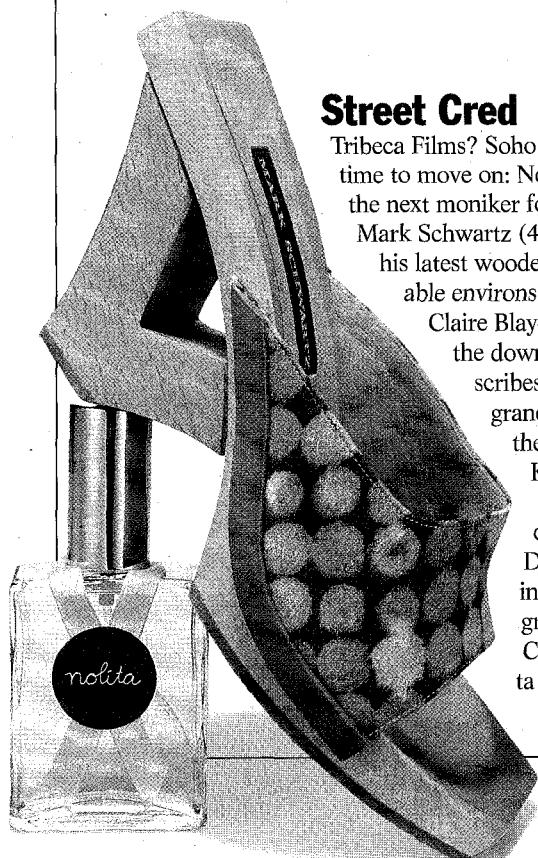
Even as investors sweat and scream watching the NASDAQ fizz and fizzle, the city's bartenders are pouring conspicuous-consumption cocktails that mix enough luxury liquors and tropical tippie to wash away the market's darkest days. While Esca's new rhubarb bellini may suit more subdued palates, the drink menu at Chicama calls for stronger stomachs: The restaurant's preferred potions are the tamarind sour (vanilla vodka, Liquor 43, and tamarind; pictured above) and the Buena Vista (Bacardi Limón, mint, Captain Morgan's rum, and peach schnapps; below). At Commune, the bartender has concocted this season's Cosmopolitan, the American Beauty, a woozy combination of crème de menthe, grenadine, King Eider vermouth, Germain-Robin brandy, orange juice, and ruby port. And Métrazur's festive Columbian (Stoli vanilla vodka, Kahlúa, milk, and Coke?) sounds like a gleeful first raid on Dad's liquor cabinet. M.E.



Street Cred

Tribeca Films? Soho Grand? Chelsea boot? It's time to move on: NoLiTa has been nominated as the next moniker for all things hip. Shoe designer Mark Schwartz (45 Spring Street) has christened his latest wooden wedge heel after his fashionable environs. A few blocks south, designer Claire Blaydon (202A Mott Street) thinks the downtown district perfectly describes her new collection of fragrances. And chef John Flanders at the new restaurant NoliTa's (98 Kenmare Street) is banking on the stylish signifier to whet downtown appetites (Willem Dafoe has already been drawn in). For those whose stomping grounds are farther afield, J. Crew has just debuted the NoliTa slide and sandal for spring.

MAURA EGAN



Photographs: clockwise from top, Michael Kraus; Kenneth Chen (2); Michael Kraus.



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What's My Line?

Can Al Gore afford to spurn Ray Harding to avoid sharing a ballot line with Hillary's nemesis? Sure—the Liberal Party's no longer the only other game in town.

SOMETIME IN THE NEXT FEW weeks, the Liberal Party will throw its support behind Rudy Giuliani for Senate.

That will surprise no one, but among the people it won't thrill is Al Gore, who will then face a tricky dilemma.

By history and tradition, the Libs designate a full slate of candidates, from the low races right on up to the presidency. And in every presidential election since the party's 1944 founding, with one exception (in 1980), the party has backed the Democratic candidate. That'd be Gore. Which means that if Gore accepts the Liberal nomination for president, he would, in effect, on Ballot Line E (the Republicans are A, the Democrats B, etc.) in the state of New York, be Rudy Giuliani's running mate.

You can probably guess who doesn't like this.

The first and most universally understood law of political survival is: Protect yourself. Do what you have to do, especially when it comes to votes. Gore has certainly proved himself more than glancingly familiar with that law, most recently in South Florida. So the usual course would be for Gore to say, "Look, Hillary, I see your point, and I'm for you and all that, but I'm in a race here, too, and if that line gets me five votes, I take it."

The odds today are that Gore will do just that. But about this Senate race, there's little that's usual. And so, some insiders I canvassed last week offered four reasons why Gore might actually be persuaded to tell Liberal Party boss Ray Harding thanks but no thanks.

First, Gore won't need the line to win New York. In the last Quinnipiac College poll, he was ahead of W by seventeen points. Spring poll numbers often change by fall, of course, but these are unlikely to. The showdown states for the presidential race are already set: Florida,

Ohio, Pennsylvania, California if Bush makes a play for it, maybe a couple others. The Bush campaign is likely to spend its money there, not here. (In 1992 and 1996, Clinton won New York by 1.1 million and 1.8 million votes, respectively.)

Second, there will undoubtedly be pressure on Gore from local Democrats to eschew the line. "Months ago, I spoke to the vice-president about not taking the Liberal Party designation," says Dinkins, whose animosity toward Harding is boundless. "This was without regard to Rudy Giuliani. But now that it appears

ward pushing Gore away from the Libs.

Finally, there are the Clintons themselves. "There are people associated with Hillary who have raised the issue with Gore," says one source. It's doubtful that Hillary has much juice with Gore. But there is that other Clinton, and Bill is said to be acutely aware of this situation. You don't have to be a political genius to figure out the deal there: "Okay, Al. You say no to the line, I campaign for you in October in the swing suburbs where my job-approval rating is 65 percent in states like . . . Florida, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and California." That's more in Gore's self-interest than a ballot line that's worth 100,000 votes in a state he's supposed to win by a million.



Party guys: Nix on photo-ops like this if Gore gets the Liberals' endorsement.

he'll get their line for Senate, that just compounds it." State Comptroller Carl McCall added his voice in an interview last week: "If the Liberal Party endorses Rudy Giuliani, I and many of us would urge the vice-president not to take that line." Few others are saying this just yet, but what they're willing to tell me for print now and what they'll tell Gore privately a month from now are of course two very different things.

Third, there's a fairly strong feeling of camaraderie between the staffs of the Gore and Hillary campaigns, and among the backroom players with hooks into both camps. These are people who've known each other for years. Whatever influence they have will be directed to-

BUT, YOU SAY, IT'S NOT AS though Gore will campaign with Giuliani. Think again. Which brings us to a fifth reason: In 1998, the Liberals backed Betsy McCaughey Ross for governor and Chuck Schumer for Senate. In the final days of that campaign, the Liberals spent nearly \$1 million on radio and cable TV ads and direct mail trumpeting their slate. Harding would be delighted to pay for an "Al Gore-Rudy Giuliani-Vote Liberal!" ad blitz.

Finally, here's reason six. For years, Democrats have accepted Liberal backing even though they didn't like the party's relationship with Rudy, because the Libs were the only other game in town. That's no longer true. The Working Families Party has a ballot line now. The old joke about the Liberal Party is that it's neither; well, the Working Families Party is both. Whereas the Liberal Party is Ray Harding, the Working Families Party has an organizational structure, rooted in the unions (it is left, but it's economic-populist left, not wine-and-cheese left). If you live in Brooklyn or Buffalo or Port Jervis, you can actually go to a Working Families Party meeting, and actual issues, like increasing the state minimum

wage, will be discussed. The same cannot be said for the Liberalites.

The WFP has quietly been outpolling the Liberal Party in local races all over the state. The party endorsed Hillary and is likely to back Gore, which would give Gore a second ballot line with the Senate candidate he's endorsed.

AND IF AL DOES GO THAT ROUTE? BAD NEWS for Ray. He won't have a president. He doesn't have a governor and isn't likely to get one (McCall, the Democratic front-runner for 2002, appears likely to blow off the Liberals and cast his lot with the WFP). And if Rudy loses, Harding won't have the new senator. He does have Schumer, but of the big three, senator matters least, since it doesn't offer much in the way of jobs and deals.

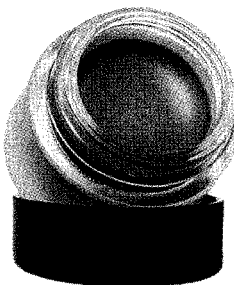
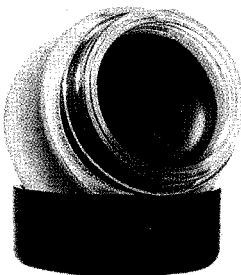
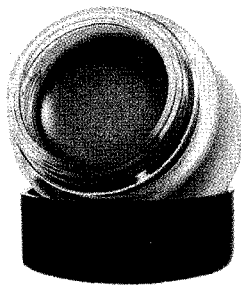
People have written Harding's political obit before, so I'm not about to do that. But something is changing. The old, loyal Liberal Party base—Jewish socialists and unionists—is dying off. The WFP did a poll of Liberal Party members in 1998,

"The Working Families Party has quietly been outpolling the Liberal Party all over the state. The WFP endorsed Hillary and is likely to back Gore, which would give him a second ballot line."

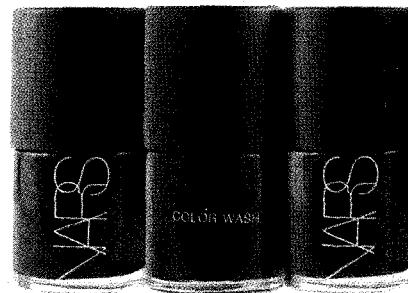
and the results defy every insider assumption. Nearly half of the state's 92,000 enrolled Liberals have been in the party less than ten years; only a third have been for more than twenty. It's clear from their other responses that these recent enrollees join because they are committed, small-l liberals who genuinely (and quite mistakenly) assume that the party still stands for liberal ideals. When members were asked who their party's leader was, only 9 percent could name-check Harding. Even when told his name in the next question, only 21 percent recognized it, and 29 percent—a plurality—thought he was doing a "poor" job running the party.

If self-interest is Gore's game, maybe steering clear of a man with those kinds of numbers is his ticket.

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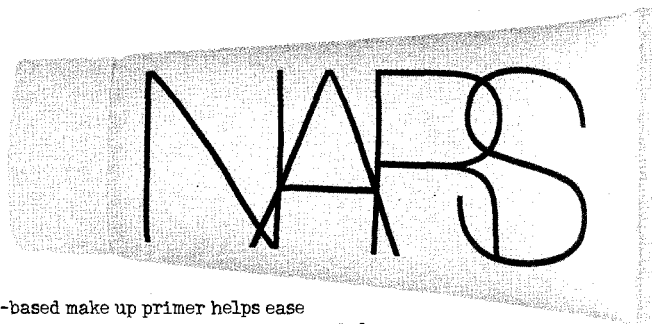
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Dot-Com Bomb

We've all been waiting for the next Great Web Wipeout. But the Orwellian technology geeks never imagined the fuse would be lit by an old-media magazine article.

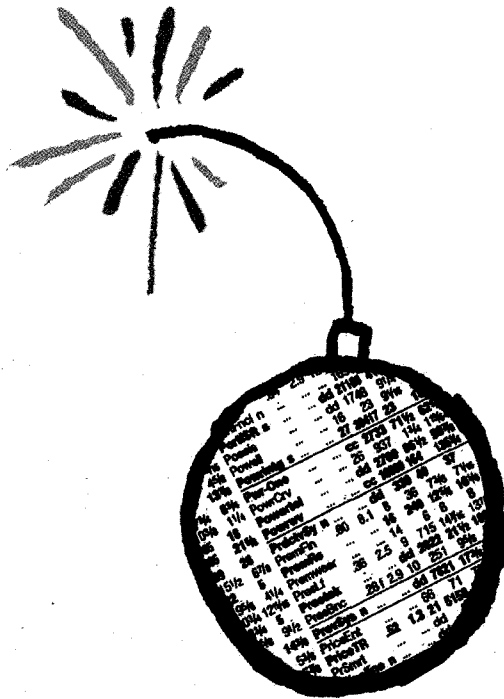
IN THE SPRING OF 1996, MY FRIEND Chip Bayers, over whose shoulder I had first glimpsed the Internet in 1991, wrote a funny piece for *Wired* called "The Great Web Wipeout." The piece, a send-up of the way *Time* magazine would write an Internet-crash story, was meant to satirize the backlash that was already beginning against the handful of no-profit Internet companies with soaring stock prices. But nobody laughed. Instead, the piece had a *War of the Worlds* impact. Its evil-ish humor—after all, who didn't feel that it was a great joke and brilliant scam when these companies with hardly any revenue, and absolutely no profits, went public?—sparked a sudden, panicky turn in the market.

With some macabre irony, *Wired* itself, failing to price in its first and second attempts at a public offering, was one of the bellwether companies to get wiped out that summer. The bad mood shortly hit the infrastructure companies that had begun to go public in 1995 and the search-engine companies (Yahoo!, Excite, Lycos, Infoseek) that had all reached the public market before the summer of 1996. (Magellan, the last search-engine company scheduled to go public, didn't get out in time, and was gobbled up after the market's fall; companies like CompuServe, FreeLoader, iGuide, First Virtual Holdings, and the Spot fell shortly thereafter.) Then the private equity markets (i.e., venture-capital players and corporate investors like TCI and the baby Bells) declared an effective moratorium on Internet investments.

A company's burn rate—that simple calculation of the money spent each month beyond the money it had in the bank—became a countdown to oblivion. If you exhausted your supply of money at a time when the market for new money was cold, you were out of business. Hundreds of companies, including my own, did not survive this first Great Web Wipeout, which lasted for slightly more

than a year—as violent and as surreal a period as I have known.

THE SECOND GREAT WEB WIPEOUT, WHICH we have now entered, has also, arguably, been caused by a magazine article—last month's story in *Barron's* charting the burn rate of a long list of public Internet companies. By calculating the monthly cash burn against cash on hand, *Barron's* identified a plausible moment of bankruptcy for each of these enterprises. The



fact that Internet companies would have to continue to seek new investment capital, seemed, suddenly, like shocking news—like a hot knife through butter—and by the end of the week after the *Barron's* article appeared, the current wipeout was well under way.

In fact, the *Barron's* article, like the *Wired* article, was not so much about specific issues of Internet financing—and even less about the underlying rationality or irrationality of Internet business strategies—than about the way the media itself has covered the Internet

business. *Wired* was ridiculing the media's invariable satisfaction when the upstarts fall. *Barron's*, being a journal of conventional investor attitudes, was thundering at the media's failure to pay attention to the *fundamentals*—and was equally petulant that the new economy had upended the expertise of experts on the old economy. In fact, this was not so much thundering as harrumphing—a muttering recapitulation of what *Barron's* has been saying for many years now. No one, probably, was more surprised than *Barron's* that its analysis was suddenly taken so much to heart. After all, neither burn rates nor accountants' "going concern" letters were anything new, as *Barron's* could best appreciate. Internet companies, encouraged by the same capital markets that were about to turn coldly against them, spent more than they made. This cart-before-the-horse, brand-building, mind-share-garnering, audience-acceleration strategy, rather than being a dark side of the industry, had, in fact, been the entire basis of the Internet's hypergrowth.

So the more complex question is not why the markets had reacted so priggishly, but why now? Why did a circumstance that has been perfectly open and aboveboard throughout the time of the present NASDAQ boom (peaking little more than a month ago) all of a sudden become the equivalent of a career-killing political scandal?

TO UNDERSTAND THE UNDOING OF MANIA, we should briefly revisit the roots of mania.

In my bedroom, in my bottom two dresser drawers, I maintain (to my wife's annoyance) a fossil record of the Internet business in the form of 40 or so T-shirts carrying logos of Internet companies that have long since faded from the earth (my wife wants to sell them on eBay). The Internet, in other words, as my T-shirts remind me, far from being—or along with being—the most remarkable business story since the advent of

the industrial age, the greatest wealth-creating machine in the history of the world (according to John Doerr, the greatest venture capitalist in the history of the world), is also the story of fairly unremitting business carnage. Vastly more companies over the course of the commercial Internet's six-year life span have failed than have succeeded.

My T-shirt collection is also a good reminder of how difficult it is to keep two opposing ideas—the Internet is a great adventure; the Internet is a son-of-a-bitch business (of the work-you-to-death, eat-you-alive kind)—in your head at the same time.

Mania is always a pure play. It's reality confusion. It's blind devotion.

It's a media thing.

To me, the key constants of this manic phase have been the vast, astounding, messianic, mesmerizing certainty on the part of technology-industry people on the West Coast (together with their cursed, Orwellian language) side by side with the profound insecurity on the part of the media that has reported the Internet story. While stupid about technology, stupid about finance, stupid about the nature of the hype itself, these people (we people) have been absolutely willing to believe. (I was once talking with an intelligent and savvy reporter I know about something Jim Clark had said. I said I was disinclined to take Clark at his word. My acquaintance, with a weird look in his eyes, became very quiet and then replied that, frankly, he thought any man who had started three billion-dollar companies deserved to be trusted. Whoa, I thought.) There is no greater story, no more sought-after tale, no myth we would rather live by than the story of people like ourselves suddenly allowed to make extraordinary amounts of money.

But then conditions shift (and while everyone knew this would happen, no one quite believed it ever would happen).

If everyone begins to think they can and ought to go into the Internet business—and who has not had a perfectly brilliant e-commerce idea (of the innumerable business plans I have seen this past year, all could be read as either very smart dot-com business plans or as parodies of very smart dot-com business plans)—then, shortly, everyone begins to suspect that no one knows anything more than they themselves know, which is nothing. You create a viral sense of unease.

Then, too, while the spectacle of people just like you making money can be awfully inspiring, the fact of other people *having* money is inevitably less satis-

fying—often terribly painful. Even the rich began to feel a sense of their own unworthiness. At Esther Dyson's PC Forum last month, coincident with the top of the NASDAQ, one of my former venture-capital investors passed out T-shirts with the legend NOT ALL INTERNET PEOPLE ARE ASSHOLES. What did it mean, if he, a demonstrable asshole, thought everyone else was an asshole? It was a perfect moment of self-loathing.

We come, then, to the emperor's-no-clothes moment—an allegory about extremes as much as about delusion. One moment, everybody is content to deny the guy's nakedness; the next, everybody's an old lady.

Accordingly, *Barron's* became the voice shouting the thing that everybody already knew, but which nobody thought to pay attention to until somebody started to scream about it so annoyingly.

The *Barron's* article was first passed to me at lunch at Michael's. The next day, it

"This time is going to be so much uglier," said my friend Chip.

"Last time, people just needed a few million to survive. Now they need ten times more money, which means ten times more pain."

showed up in the New York *Post*—in true scandal typeface. By the third day, I (with numerous others) was pronouncing on this for the financial-news shows. By the fourth, it had passed into that stratum where people were talking about the facts of the article without knowing that it was an article they were talking about. Then, shortly, it wasn't the article at all, but, as explained by market observers, market logic—inflation news, margin imbalances, tax bills, Microsoft—that punctured the bubble, killed the bull.

I haven't read Charles Mackay's nineteenth-century treatment of financial bubbles and investment mania *Extraordinary Popular Delusions & the Madness of Crowds*, but I've just ordered it from Amazon (rank: 2,687).

SPEAKING FROM HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE, I can tell you what happens now. The same bankers, (continued on page 109)

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These are just a few of the questions to be answered during Grand Central's "Spring Fair & Food Festival" held in historic Vanderbilt Hall April 24 through May 12. The 19-day event features 36 merchants selling specialty items not found in any other single location, plus daily food demonstrations intermixed with ongoing musical performances.

One-half of Grand Central's main waiting room will be home to a wide variety of unique merchants situated in individual kiosks (Monday-Saturday, 10AM-8PM, Sunday, noon-6PM). The opposite end of the Hall will be transformed into a modern "test-kitchen" thanks to the folks at KitchenAid. From this location noted food aficionados such as David Walzog, Executive Chef

of Michael Jordan's The Steak House NYC, will disclose recipes for cooking Southwestern steak; Métrazur's Executive Chef Charlie Palmer will show how he fuses American, Asian, and Mediterranean cuisines; Thomas Beres, Executive Chef of Atlas, will demonstrate the preparation of foie gras crème brûlée with spring chutney; Andrew Chase, Executive Chef of the Monkey Bar will prepare a selection of cold spring appetizers; Gillian Duffy, culinary editor of *New York Magazine* will demonstrate the preparation of spring/summer hors d'oeuvres; chefs from caterer Great Performances will present summer party foods; and instructors from Peter Kump's New York Cooking School will answer those nagging risotto questions and show you just how to prepare it.

Many of Grand Central's own food tenants from its restaurants, Grand Central Market and Dining Concourse will participate in the "Food Festival." The art of recreating cocktails from another era—the 1920s and '30s—will be brought to life by mixologists from The Campbell Apartment, while the new liquid lunch (soup) will be demonstrated by Mike's Takeaway. Preparing delicacies from under-the-sea will emerge in the skilled hands of Masa Sushi, Pescatore and Wild Edibles. Learning the ABC's of fine wine will be the domain of experts from Grande Harvest Wine; the 123's of cheese taught by Ninth Avenue Cheese; the A to Z's of spices explored by Adriana's Caravan; and the world of ham guided by Koglin Germin Hams. Ceriello will introduce you to new pasta sauces; Two Boots will show you just how to cook

Cajun, Italian Style; Zócalo will celebrate Cinco de Mayo, and your sweet tooth will be delighted by learning the secrets of The Little Pie Company and expert cake decorating from Zaro's.

The food demonstrations, along with special book signings by such superchefs as Matthew Kenney and Abigail Kirsch, will take place in Vanderbilt Hall Monday to Saturday, noon to 3PM and 5 to 8PM. There is no admission charge and seating is limited. On stage

between demonstrations will be musical soloists from the MTA-Music Under New York performance series.

On Thursday, April 27, from 1:30 to 3:30, two of New York City's most renowned radio personalities, Arthur

Schwartz and Joan Hamburg of WOR 710 AM, will present a live show directly from Grand Central's "Spring Fair & Festival." Mr. Schwartz, a food critic who has reviewed most of the finest eateries in the city and Ms. Hamburg, one of the city's most knowledgeable consumer experts, will be taping their weekend show which will be devoted, coincidentally, to food. Fans are invited to watch the taping in Vanderbilt Hall.

Kids and food, an irresistible combination, will come together on Saturdays and Sundays, April 28-29 and May 6-7, for "Kids Cook" an interactive experience for 5 to 10-year-olds. From noon to 3PM, future chefs can be spotted decorating cookies with wishful flair, kneading dough as they learn how bagels boil, inspecting the live lobsters on their tour through the Grand Central Market and volunteering to lick the bowls as other fanciful foods are prepared. All will be given chefs' hats to color and professional instructors will be on hand. The event is free but capacity is limited to a first-come basis. Reservations may be made by calling 212-340-2347 between the hours of 9AM and 4PM.

The "Spring Fair & Food Festival" is sponsored by YellowBook.com and *New York Magazine*. The complete schedule of demonstrations, events and temporary tenants will be available in most of Grand Central's stores and restaurants, or on their Web site at www.grandcentralterminal.com.

Grand Central is located on 42nd Street at Park Avenue and is accessible by all major public transportation and MTA Metro-North Railroad.

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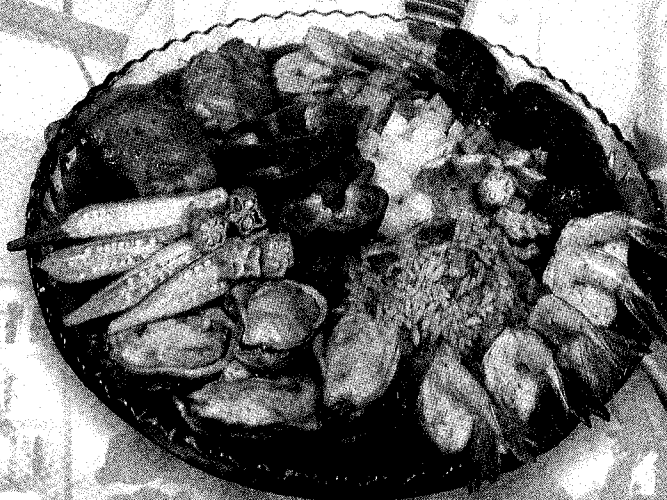
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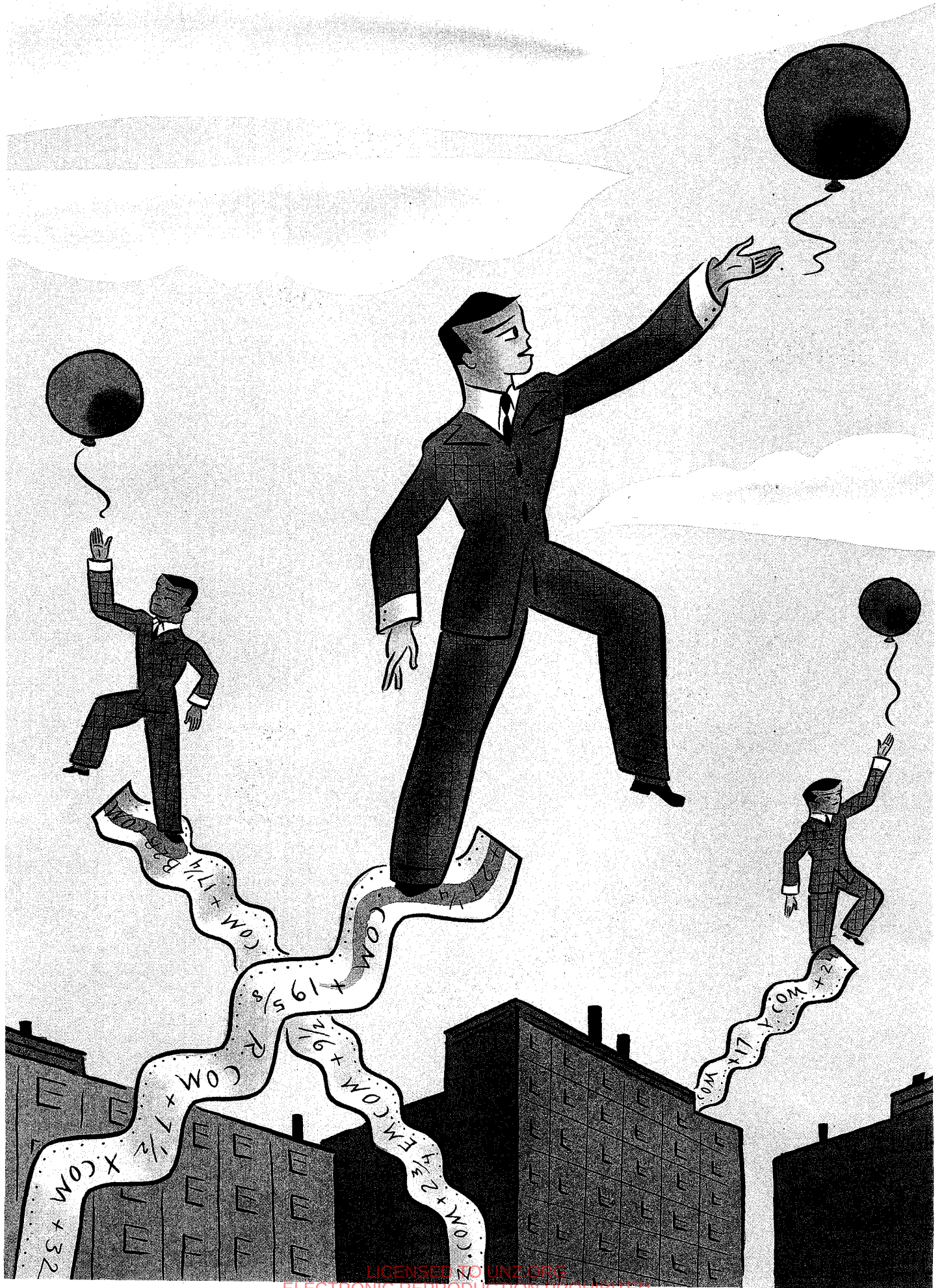
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Bubble Trouble

Nobody said those gravity-defying dot-com stocks would stay up forever—at least, nobody will admit to it after the past two weeks. It's a cruel new world out there. Take it from James Cramer, an e-millionaire who's crashed and learned.

N NO ONE WANTED TO CALL IT A CRASH. PEOPLE TALKED correction, they mouthed pullback, they spoke of sharp decline, a nosedive even, but not a crash. • To which I say, what highway were *they* on? If you sat at my turret, stared at my computers, and heard the voices on my phones, you would know that *crash* might have been too sweet a word for the carnage wrought by the massive pileups of sellers packed onto that tiny NASDAQ off-ramp. In the crash of 1987, we experienced a brief swoon, a rapid 508-point decline that worked its way back to even and beyond in a little more than a year's time. In 1987, the NASDAQ got hit, but it was nothing like the pulverization in April 2000. Nah—unlike the crash of '87, this one's aftereffects will be with us for some time. This wreck will block

the most important access ramp to all of the new companies that just came public—the ramp to getting more capital once the initial-public-offering money runs out. • Oh, sure, no sooner had the Intels and the Ciscos declined 20 or 25 percent than they began to work their way back from the pricey abyss to the extremely overvalued Valhalla. Some would say that, during the fall, the high-quality Nazzdogs, the ones with the fancy pedigrees and the good earnings, simply got hit with a wet bucket of ice-cold selling, or maybe just a dollop, or, in the case of Sun Micro and Oracle, a small splash of the stuff. These stocks bottomed two Fridays ago, in the teeth of the sell-off, when every mutual-fund manager was scared to death of redemptions and was busy whacking out the best names to



have cash to meet them. As it turned out, of course, no mass redemptions came, and these same managers scrambled right back in once the mail brought more money in over the weekend. Leave it to the professionals to panic while the non-leveraged do-it-yourselfers plow 401(k) money in and pick off the pros' cast-offs at great prices during Friday's lows.

For much of the down market, we felt that the action was actually constructive. Sure, we didn't *feel* all that constructive buying into the morass. All week we had avoided committing our excess capital, making us heroes in the eyes of our investors. Friday, however, was just so ugly, so hideous, that tension among us roared back to that Terrible Tuesday level, where I demanded that maidens be

age moves off shaky bottoms can't mask the raw carnage that the stocks of the most recent-vintage companies just experienced.

You know which stocks I am talking about, the ones that didn't exist until the final one twenty-fifth of the previous century. The ones that came public with those dazzling pops. The ones that had hitherto been impervious to missing earnings estimates, because they didn't have any. And the ones that didn't seem to blanch when interest rates went up, because they didn't need to borrow. Most important, these new stocks weren't subjected to the capitalist laws of gravity; they had at last broken away from the Earth's pull.

Look at these declines from peak to

weeks ago. While the mighty tech stalwarts came back, the once-billion-dollar babies can't grow back into their old market caps.

This time, though, there isn't enough capital left to bring those stocks all the way back up, even though some had hefty bounces from the bottom. They are still so far off the highs as to make the vault back to where they once were seem unimaginable. And that could mean that the plans of many soon-to-be-public and some already-public companies to raise more equity capital will have to be shelved if not junked altogether.

After the 25 percent NASDAQ decline, these New Economy stocks weren't like their well-pruned and manicured cousins. They were stumps, chainsawed beyond

So what's it like living among the carnage of the 52-week-low list? At first, I found it quite lonely and depressing. Now, finally, we've been joined by everybody else.

thrown into the volcano to please the gods of trading. There was Todd-o Harrison, our head trader, once again exhorting us to buy them when you can, not when you have to; but once again Jeff Berkowitz and I, stunned at the declines, began to worry about what Monday would bring.

Yet that type of long-term thinking can get you in huge trouble, because if everybody worries about a Black Monday on Friday—and is afraid to start buying again—you can bet that Friday *will* be blacker than Monday. (And it was.)

We had no choice but to buy. Though the costs of such foresight were still monumental: Between 3:30 and 4 on Friday, we probably plunked down \$40 million in cash and saw it shrink to \$34 million. That's how fast the market was falling. We left the office feeling as stupid as wood.

Last Monday and Tuesday did bring peace and profits back to the market. There was a terrific snap-back rally in the big blue-chip tech stocks—so-called old tech, the Applied Materials, the Apples, the Alteras. These came back like beautifully shaped trees that had been pruned of excess branches. And even some of the more established newer tech companies—like PMC-Sierra, Novellus, and KLA Tencor—showed some spring off of the bottom, saplings made tough by the challenge. But these big-percent-

trough: Vestro, from \$243 to \$21, down 91 percent; E.piphany, from \$325 to \$43, down 87 percent; webMethods, from \$336 to \$45, down 87 percent; Liberate, from \$149 to \$21, down 86 percent; Kana, from \$176 to \$26, and Digital Island, from \$157 to \$24, both down 85 percent. And you call that a correction? Do we have to wait for stocks to go below zero to merit the crash rubric? What else does a crash look like?

Sure, we were told, "don't worry about it." These soothing words came not from our parents but from the sages at the brokerage houses who have the most to lose if these stocks don't come back. Their words had an undertaker's calm. "It will bounce back," they whispered. "And while you are waiting for their reincarnation to appear, would you consider taking down some shares of National Gift Wrap and Dot-com Corp., the latest business-to-business infrastructure play on the explosive seasonal-gift-wrap market?" These brokers "re-itted their buys" every day—Wall Street slang for reiterating that what was on their recommended lists was simply cheaper and better than ever.

The reassurances fell on ears made deaf by the crash of so many other dot-coms and infrastructure plays and B2B hotties that sounded so good just a few

recognition or hope of ever growing up straight and tall.

Why can't these stocks grow back? Lots of reasons. Some of the potential buyers saw their assets go up in smoke as the brokerage houses moved hastily to reclaim the collateral pledged to buy more stock. Others just got tired of getting their heads handed to them once the timing restrictions on insider selling came off. In the end, it's all about supply and demand—there's just not enough money out there to absorb the wall of supply issued by the investment banks and their venture-capitalist allies. And who can blame insiders with 2- or 3- or 4-cent cost bases when stocks trade in the hundreds of dollars? Heck, these insiders do well selling at \$2 a share, so what's the difference between blowing stock out at \$100 or at \$10? No wonder the magnitude of the declines doesn't faze these sellers. They are still thrilled to sell down here. This endless supply of shares for sale overwhelms customers' demand as surely as a river overflows its banks after weeks of rainstorms.

WHERE DID ALL OF THAT CAPITAL go? What will come of the 500-odd companies that came public during this great era? What the heck happened? Was this just the great gold rush, and is

it now over?

Well, yes. The great gold rushes, even the ones we celebrate and study in the history books, don't last as long as this one did. They talk about 49'ers, but never about 50'ers, right?

The dot-com gold rush is over. It was just this moment, this crazy wild moment where the glee of the individual investor, the love of the Net, the newfound power of low commissions, and the democratization of Wall Street all coalesced into eighteen months of capitalism sans rigor. Looking back, I think it is amazing that it lasted as long as it did, because the unreal nature of it all, with its instant millionaires and billion-dollar market values, is astounding.

To think that all you had to do was put .com after your name and the public wanted it is, in retrospect, nothing short of amazing. Now, of course, it is the curse, the scarlet letter after the name of a company: a brand saying, *Look out, this one came during the frenzy, so be careful; no matter how low you are, you're still liable to lose your shirt if you come within a few stock symbols of this one.*

And don't I know it.

In the midst of one of the periodic giant nugget strikes of the past eighteen months—the Comstock Lode, so to speak—a company I co-founded in 1996, TheStreet.com, an online financial-news provider, came public. We were typical of the era. Our best day was our first day, the day when the market gave us a valuation similar to the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New York Times*. My, what was the market thinking?

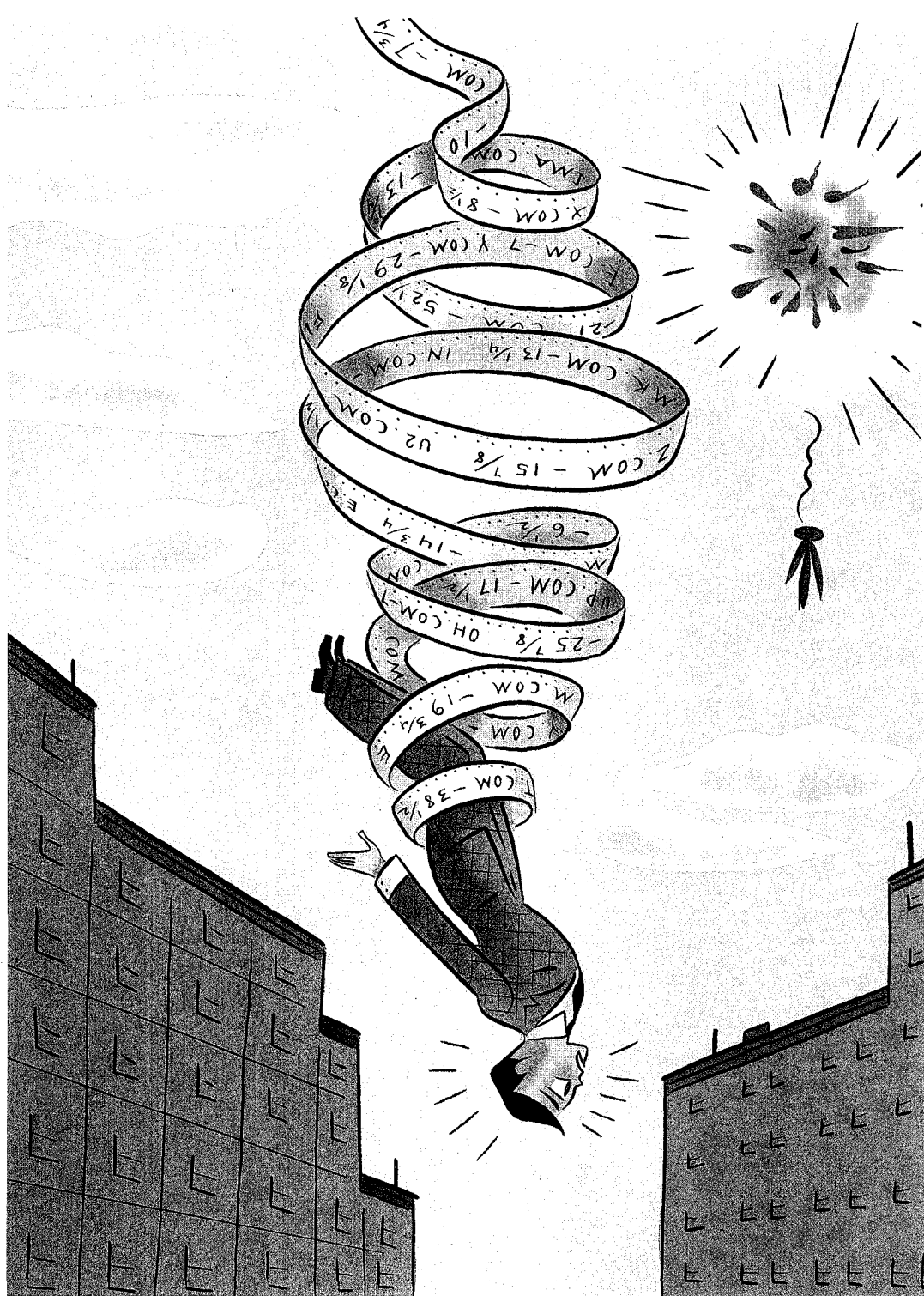
I remember walking up Wall Street, on my way to get an Italian ice, and people were pointing at me. "Yeah, that's the guy, the guy who struck it rich," as if, somehow, I had actually *sold* any stock at those prices. (As the largest shareholder, I was totally locked up and unable to sell. In fact, I have never sold a share of TSCM and have actually bought some in the real market.)

The whole nouveau riche thing was actually quite mortifying. I had slogged away for years on Wall Street, first at Goldman Sachs and then at Cramer, working with my wife, and ultimately at Cramer Berkowitz, my hedge fund, and had made a reputation for myself as a stock picker with a passion for the business. I was nose-to-the-grindstone. I was a balding nerd who read annuals in bed and liked it!

Now I was suddenly on the cover of the *New York Observer*, in a cartoon drawing that put my face on the side of a hot-air

balloon, even though I wrote for the rag. Downright insulting! Everywhere I looked, some journalist had multiplied the number of shares I owned by the stock price and deemed me to be worth a quarter of a billion dollars.

Mind you, I never believed it for a second. I was horrified at where our stock opened. We "priced," or came public, at \$19.25 a year ago last May, but the demand for the shares was many times in excess of the number of shares we were printing, so we opened in the sixties. All that morning I screamed at the traders on



the other end of the line to get the stock open at a level that would make some sense, that would not embarrass us later on, that would somehow resemble our accomplishments and not our call on the future, as bright as that might have been. No such luck. Except for a momentary blip up to \$71 on that first day, it's been all downhill from there.

Last week, in one of the darker moments of the market's charnel house, we struck five and change. So with something in excess of \$4 a share in cash—we have \$100 million in the bank, never spent, from the IPO—I guess you could say we might be worth more dead than alive, once you sort out the assets.

And we aren't the only ones with bizarre ratios of cash to stock. Barnes-

at me every second on the job, and my work was receiving extremely low marks.

Now, finally, we've been joined by everybody else. In fact, there are many dot-coms that trade at equally embarrassing levels, some at even more embarrassing ones, and some come with terrible letters from the school principal, the outside auditors, informing shareholders that they may not even be going concerns at this pace. Ouch—it's not enough to lose millions publicly, they then expel you from the darned club! Each day during the sell-off, dozens of dot-coms and their associates, the infrastructure and business-to-business plays, joined us on the new-low list. We love the company, by the way. Makes us feel less singled out for our

pick among the rest of us, looking to fill in niches with brands built by others. Companies like Yahoo! and America Online managed to turn profitable while everyone else was consuming cash, so they will be able to extend their lead, knowing that no competitors are about to get public funding again. They can pull so far ahead of the pack that their market caps may actually make sense. (I own them both.) Their stock-for-stock lifelines will be well received by any of the sinking dot-coms now clinging to flotsam in the capitalist ocean.

And how about all of those companies that provide the picks and axes and jeans to the dot-com miners, the Kanas and the E.piphany's and the Art Technology Groups—the companies that host sites

The crash you heard last week was all the doors slamming shut on any more financing. Now we choke on our losses or somehow make it to the promised land of profitability before the cash runs out.

andnoble.com, the jaded son of Barnes & Noble, and ilife.com are within pennies of being less valuable than their stock positions. You could bust these up and come up positive provided the furniture's worth something. These companies' execs better hope they don't have hefty key-man insurance—those multi-million-dollar life-insurance policies on the top dogs—because disgruntled dot-com workers might get the itch to tip the balance.

Ahhh, but before you reach the conclusion that these companies are worth speculating on, remember that they have the suffix that kills attached to their names. Like many with that homicidal tail, TheStreet.com has to turn profitable one day to make it, because the crash you heard last week was all the doors slamming shut on any more financing. So now we choke on our own losses or somehow make it to the promised land of profitability before the cash runs out. For us, as well as for many of the dot-coms, it will be a footnote, and the winner can't yet be predicted.

SO WHAT'S IT LIKE LIVING AMONG the carnage of the 52-week-low list? At first, I found it quite lonely and depressing. My wife always said I had the kind of personality that didn't like being graded, and all of a sudden I had a flashing report card blinking

woes, which were legion our first year as a public company.

For me, ensconced in a day job where I see fortunes wiped out almost daily, the recognition that my dot-com millionaire status is just points away from going to six figures comes somewhat easily. But for those who tasted the joys of paper wealth and had it dangled in front of them without their being able to sell it, the crash is a true comeuppance. Only the very few, the really early gold miners, were able to offload their shares at high prices before the collapse. The vast majority of workers experienced the wealth vicariously.

Some—we don't know how many—borrowed against their paper fortunes and actually bought real property. As the margin clerks silently recall these loans, I suspect that you might be able to do better than you thought when you look for an apartment but much worse than you thought when you go to sell your house. The dot-com inflation boom will soon be removed from the Fed's agenda, and with it will come a return to more rational Hamptons pricing.

WHAT HAPPENS NOW? ODDLY, the closing of the window is great news for those who got their starts as dot-coms and now have profitable businesses. These companies will be able to cherry-

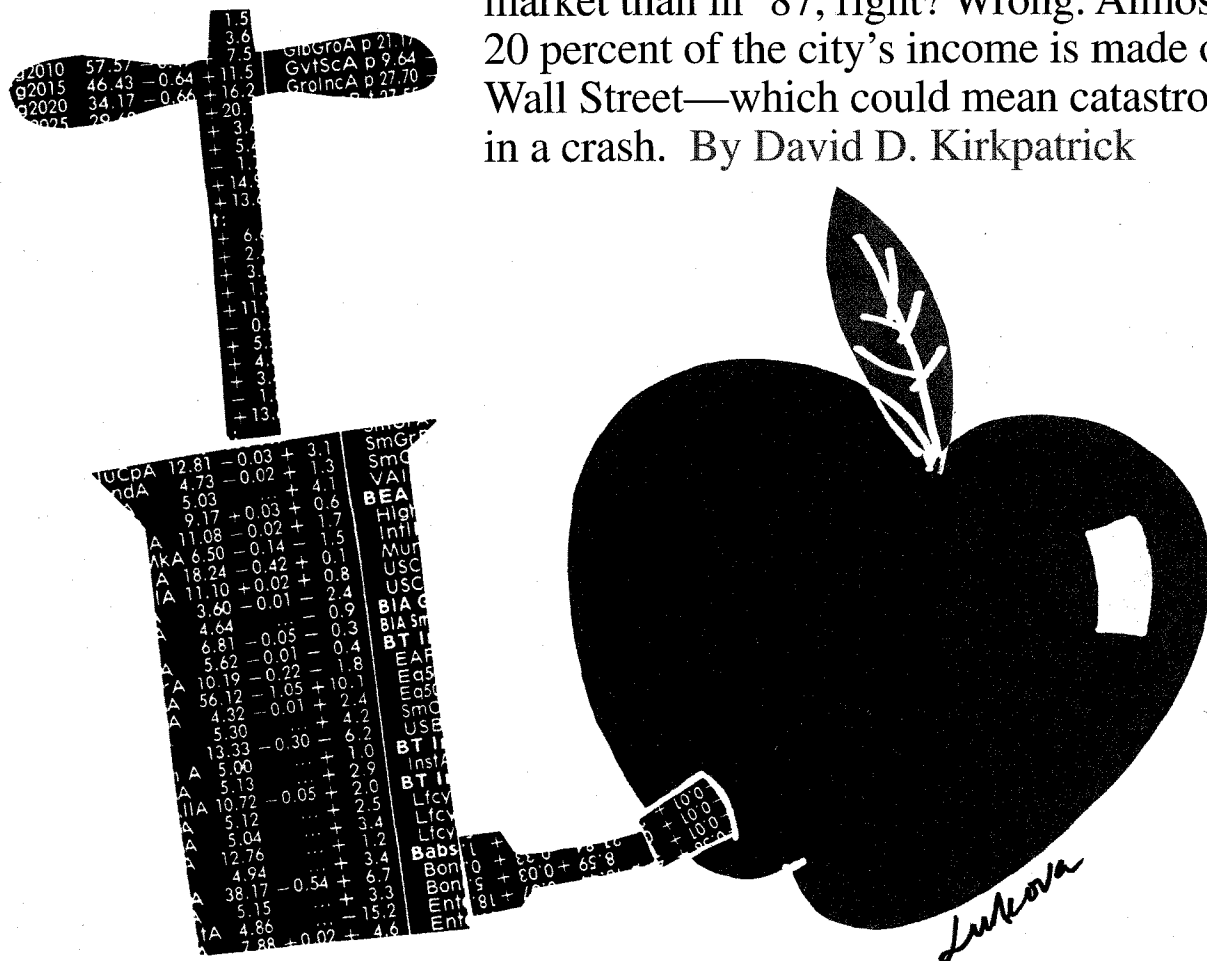
and help lure more Web customers and keep them happy? Are their jobs safe and their stocks worth owning? Yes, their jobs may be safe, but no, their stocks aren't worth owning, because they needed the gold rush to last even longer than it did. They needed to see hundreds more dot-coms get funded if they are going to live up to the market caps forged during the heyday of infinite growth. I wouldn't touch any of them.

Is there a lesson in all of this? Nothing that *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* didn't teach us already. When the end came, all that mattered to me was that I didn't want to be Bogart. I wanted to play again, to laugh like Walter Huston at the vaporized riches swirling in the wind, proud to know that I gave it my best shot while it lasted.

James J. Cramer is manager of a hedge fund and co-founder of TheStreet.com. At time of publication, his fund had positions in Intel, Cisco, Sun Microsystems, Oracle, Yahoo!, AOL, Applied Materials, and TheStreet.com (of which he is also the largest shareholder). His fund often buys and sells securities that are the subject of his articles, both before and after the articles are published, and the positions that his fund takes may change at any time. Under no circumstances does the information in this article represent a recommendation to buy or sell stocks or a solicitation for transactions. While he cannot provide investment advice or recommendations, he invites comments at jjcletters@thestreet.com.

Street Addict

The city is less dependent on the stock market than in '87, right? Wrong. Almost 20 percent of the city's income is made on Wall Street—which could mean catastrophe in a crash. By David D. Kirkpatrick



WHEN THE LONG-RUNNING BULL MARKET TOOK A WEEK OFF in the middle of April, many New Yorkers couldn't help indulging in a little *schadenfreude*. After all, the Internal Revenue Service reports that 75 percent of the capital gains earned during the recent boom accrued to just the richest 2 percent of New York taxpayers. Many of the rest of us have often felt shut out, like hired help at a dot-com launch party. • Well, be

careful what you wish for. Because if you live in the city, the New York Stock Exchange bell tolls for you, too. We all know that Manhattan's fortunes rise and fall with the movements of the Dow: Every major recession in the city's economy since the Second World War has closely followed a sharp contraction on Wall Street. But during the recent boom, few have noticed that instead of diversifying, the New York economy

Illustration by Luba Lukova

has actually become *more* vulnerable to upheaval on the Street.

According to a recent study by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, the city is four times as dependent on Wall Street as in 1969, before a bear market pushed the city to the brink of bankruptcy, and half again as dependent on it as in 1987, when Black Monday on Wall Street dragged the city into a deep recession that hit New York City a year earlier and far harder than the rest of the country. "Because Wall Street represents a much larger share of the city economy than at any time in the past, a significant downturn in the industry could result in more severe employment and income losses than those recorded in the 1970s or the early 1990s," Fed economists Jason Bram and James Orr warned in their little-noticed report.

Consider the numbers. In 1987, 157,800 people, or about 4.4 percent of the city's workforce, worked for investment banks and brokerage firms in New York. In salary and bonuses, they took home 11 percent of the total earnings paid to anyone who worked in New York—more than one dollar in ten of the city's total payroll. To many in the other 95.6 percent of New Yorkers, the wages of Wall Street's "Masters of the Universe" seemed excessive, even obscene. Little did we know.

Wall Street employment and compensation shrank drastically in the aftermath of Black Monday in October 1987, and then swelled again through the past decade. This time, however, many of the lower-paid jobs were relocated out of New York, leaving a purer distillation of the industry's highest-paid. And that elite grew rich enough to put the Masters of the Universe to shame.

In 1998, Wall Street employed 166,000 people, up slightly to 4.7 percent of the city's workforce. Now, however, those one in twenty New Yorkers take home 19 percent of the town's total pay—nearly a fifth of citywide earnings and a more than 50 percent larger portion than in 1987. Last year, Wall Street's fourth-quarter bonus payments alone rose 20 percent, to total \$13 billion. The big firms' 1999 equity-underwriting fees came to about \$12.1 billion. By comparison, the sum of all the paychecks in the city came to about \$250 billion.

"Wall Street's share of the New York City economy is probably as high as you can get in terms of a city's dependence on one industry," says James Parrott, chief economist at the labor-funded Fiscal Policy Institute. "What's unique is the volatility—you don't see 50 percent swings in earnings from one year to the next in Hollywood or the federal government."

In his previous job, as Carl McCall's chief economist, Parrott was the first to

charge that New York's booming economy was built on a precarious foundation. Charting the city's recovery from 1990 to 1997, he discovered that 97 percent of the increase in the city's total paychecks went to workers on Wall Street.

Mayor Giuliani and Governor Pataki instantly blasted the numbers as partisan propaganda. They pointed to the fact that although Wall Street began to rebound in 1990, the rest of the city didn't turn around until 1992. So measuring from 1990 is like starting a race when one of the contestants is still in the locker room. (Parrott acknowledged that, starting from 1992, when the recovery had begun to spread, securities firms accounted for 56 percent of the total increase in citywide earnings by 1997—which is still a rather remarkable number.)

In part because of this partisan contro-

"Wall Street's share of the economy as you can get in terms of a city's industry. What's unique is the volatility—50 percent swings from year to year"

versy, the New York Federal Reserve Bank's Bram and Orr conducted a study of their own, and essentially concurred with Parrott. "People think this recovery is more broad-based," says Bram, "but the fact remains that Wall Street is actually more important to the city than ever."

When Bram and Orr released their results last summer, they carefully couched their findings to avoid partisan controversy, and their report was largely overlooked as the market broke new records. "Every time the stock market swoons, we say to each other, 'Oh, now people will start dusting off our report,'" says Bram. "But as long as the market's going up, people think, 'Everything is great.'"

MANY PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY IN government, still insist that New York's economy is much more varied and resilient than it was a decade ago. "The fact is that New York isn't just Wall Street anymore," says Stephen Kagann, chief economist for Governor George Pataki. "It's Wall Street and new media, Wall Street and old media, and Wall Street and tourism, and Wall Street and a whole lot of services that cater to the corporate headquarters here. It's not just a one-trick pony racing toward the precipice of another downturn on Wall Street."

SILICON ALLEY, OF COURSE, IS THE FAVORITE symbol of the city's rebirth. "Wall Street's influence in the economy has steadily declined for the past half-decade, mainly because of the growth in new media," says Clark Halstead, founder of the real-estate brokerage that bears his name. "A huge part of the growth in employment in New York is in all kinds of things related to the Internet. We don't live or die at every twitch on Wall Street anymore."

Silicon Alley's financial clout, however, has been oversold, and besides, the city's New Economy business is heavily dependent on good old Wall Street. The New York New Media Association says the industry employed about 140,000 people in the city last year, with a total revenue of \$9.2 billion—about what Morgan Stanley

Dean Witter reports in a quarter. (Forget about earnings.) To stay afloat, New York's new-media firms raised \$6 billion over the past three years in venture-capital funding and public stock offerings. Both forms of support have already begun to evaporate in the face of the market's recent turbulence. "It would be hard to imagine a downturn on Wall Street that didn't have a serious effect on the new-media business," Bram says. (And vice versa—technology companies were 65 percent of the stock-underwriting business last quarter.)

Meanwhile, many of the city's other core industries never reversed their recession-era declines. New York's previously fast-growing health-care industry abruptly stopped expanding in the nineties with the advent of managed care. Public employment fell during the recession, too, and Republican administrations have kept it down. Government accounts for 14 percent fewer jobs today than it did in 1987, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Manufacturing employment fell by 44 percent as factories left New York City to save on real estate, transportation, labor, and taxes. Commercial-banking employment shrank by 62 percent, and the printing and publishing businesses also reduced their payroll by 17 percent. Other areas did offset the losses—notably the en-

tertainment industry. The movie business in New York has doubled its payroll, to 44,000, since 1987. Advertising, law, and accounting grew, too. But Wall Street remained the lead horse pulling the sled, adding 13 percent more jobs in New York.

PERHAPS IT'S UNSEEMLY THAT SO much of the city's earnings ends up in the hands of so few. Far more significant for the New York economy is that many of us, in one way or another, are working for Wall Street firms and their well-paid staffs. The U.S. Department of Commerce estimates that every new job on Wall Street creates two other new jobs in New York. When times are good, investment banks and brokerage firms spend billions on other city industries even before they cut their first

s probably as high dependence on one ty. You don't see n Hollywood."

bonus checks. From 1995 to 1998, brokerage firms in the U.S. increased their spending 29 percent (to \$5.82 billion) for computer and data services, 21 percent (to \$2.36 billion) on accounting firms, 162 percent (to \$5.32 billion) for real estate, and 408 percent (to \$3.37 billion) for law firms. In 1998, firms spent \$459 million at restaurants and bars. And for the first time, the brokerage business started spending heavily on advertising: \$2.96 billion in 1998. Now we in the media are susceptible to a bear market, too.

Then there is the rising tide of all that compensation. Wall Street's paychecks pour into car dealers, parking lots, clothing and jewelry stores, construction contractors, nannies and child care, Broadway theaters, upscale food markets, restaurants, and bars. The impact of Wall Street's spending is everywhere, but it is most glaring in the exorbitant run-up in real-estate prices—owing to the limited supply of 3,000-square-foot Park Avenue co-ops. "Wall Street is still the main motor driving the city," says Alan Rogers, chief executive of the residential brokerage firm Douglas Elliman.

What crushed New York in the months after Black Monday wasn't the national recession, which didn't set in until 1990. Nor was it the decline in stock prices,

which didn't last long. It was the cutbacks on Wall Street after trading volumes plunged. As it turned out, the crash's impact on the market proved short-lived, but its effect on New York was profound. The securities industry immediately began slashing bonuses and soon started cutting payrolls too, and by 1989 the whole city was mired in cutbacks and layoffs.

The city and state governments suffered the worst: Wall Street's portion of city income is also its share of the city's income taxes. When Wall Street's income dropped, both governments scrambled to raise taxes in order to meet spending obligations, and by raising taxes they exacerbated the recession. Within a few months of Black Monday, housing prices in New York began falling and eventually dropped 25 percent, on average, far further than in the rest of the country. The real-estate market didn't reach 1987 levels again until 1996. Associates at law firms had seen their pay bid up by 40 percent over the two years before 1987; after Black Monday, the pay increases stopped, and by 1990 there were layoffs. Horace Mann, Dalton, and other elite private schools scrambled to help parents meet tuition payments. Donations to Catholic Charities fell off by about 30 percent and didn't recover for about 40 months, just as the city's slowdown increased demand for its programs.

"After 1987, 100,000 American Express Gold Cards left town," says Clark Wolf, a restaurant consultant who helped open Arizona 206 in 1985. "People from Wall Street are the core of the regular restaurant business in Manhattan." When bonuses fell, there were "a ton of closings," he says. In 1987, Wolf says, the restaurant Jams served a roasted free-range chicken with French fries for \$32.50. After the crash, it dropped the price to \$18.50. "Their customers were furious—they felt like they had been getting ripped off—and the place had to shut down," Wolf says.

Wall Street is already feeling the pinch from the stock market's recent volatility. No one wants to sell an initial public stock offering in this climate, and corporate bonds aren't selling well, either. "A lot of deals are getting shelved," says Guy Moszkowski, analyst at Solomon Smith Barney. "Some will come back later, and some will slip quietly into the night." He says equity-underwriting volume, one of Wall Street's most profitable businesses, often falls off by more than 50 percent from one quarter to the next when the market's mood turns surly. "We're in the throes of that right now," he says.

But no one expects cutbacks like 1987's. Since then, Moszkowski says, underwriting has always bounced back

within six months. And Wall Street firms have other businesses like advising mergers and managing assets that are more stable, even if stock prices dive and trading volumes drop. "Obviously," says Moszkowski, "my earnings can fluctuate with the earnings of the firm, and I have to prepare for that kind of volatility, but securities is a growth industry." His take is that the baby-boomers will keep the industry strong. The number of people between 45 and 64 is still growing, and they need somewhere to put their money. "It would take a major change in the culture, a real shock of some sort, to keep people out of the market," he says.

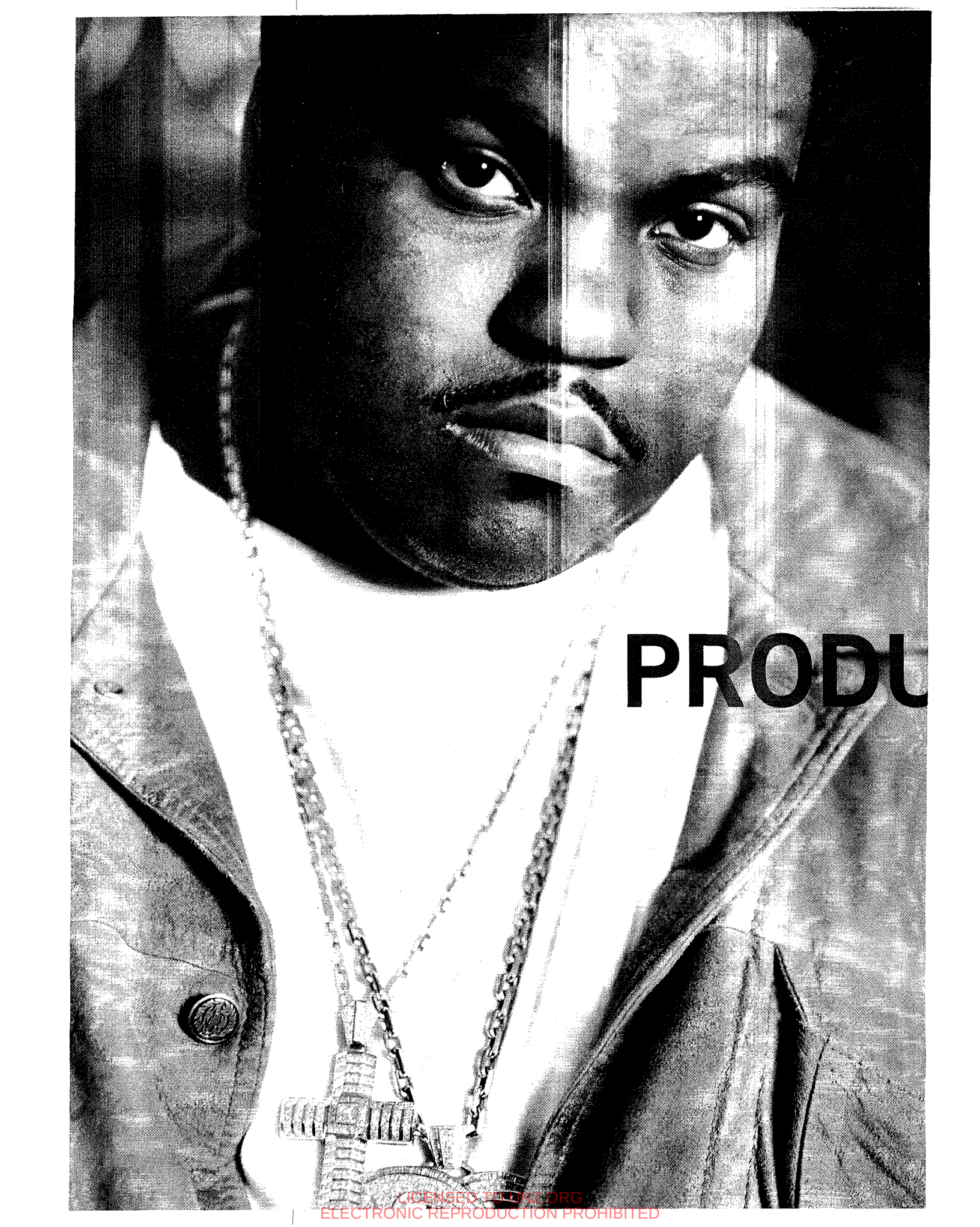
"It is going to take more than people think for there to be layoffs," agrees Steven Galbraith, analyst at Sanford Bernstein & Co. "You would feel the compensation cut right away—somebody expecting, say, \$2 million would end up with \$500,000. But the scarcity value of human capital on the Street these days is psychotically high. In 1998, during the Russian debt crisis, Merrill was the only firm that laid people off, and they got raked over the coals, because when the markets came back right away, Merrill was scrambling to get people and everyone else was cooking with gas."

Of course, analysts said similar things in early 1987. And Parrott, for one, thinks history could repeat itself in the event of a stock-market cataclysm. "I think they are living in a dream world if they don't perceive that there is a serious stock-market bubble out there."

The Russian debt crisis in the fall of 1998 was a reminder to the city that, even without layoffs, a steep drop in Wall Street's cash flow quickly crimps the city's economic life. The Manhattan real-estate market virtually froze for weeks while the crisis passed, and prices plunged right away in the Hamptons. "Even then, it was just a hiccup, but the restaurant business really felt it," says Wolf, the restaurant consultant. "There was about a six-month period of uncertainty when people were tapering off in anticipation of what might happen. Places emptied out during the week, and it was like, 'What is going on here?'"

The market's swift rebound ensured that Wall Street's largess continued to spread throughout the city. "When the money is flowing," says Wolf, "a lot of fancy new ingredients start turning up everywhere—the way these days everything has truffles, morels, or foie gras on it, or you get burgers made from Kobe beef."

The city, no doubt, can survive without Kobe-beef burgers—it might even be better for it. But in a crash, they may not be the only things New York has to take off its menu.



PRODU

THE VOICE ON THE END OF THE LINE IS FRANK, pleading, and growing so insistent that a reporter standing several feet away can hear every word. The voice in question belongs to sitcom princess and R&B star Brandy, talking via cell phone from a grocery store to producer Rodney Jerkins. His client may be agitated, but Jerkins, easing his bulk onto a black leather couch in his magisterial home studio in Pleasantville, New Jersey, is relaxed. "Brandy, don't worry about a thing," Jerkins says, his deep voice now a husky whisper after a day of calls from Tommy Mottola, Will Smith, and even the mayor of Pleasantville. "We're gonna make the hottest record."

In an age when producers like Timbaland and Sean "Puffy" Combs outshine the artists they work with, Jerkins's king-of-the-world hubris is to be expected. But the 22-year-old producer does indeed make the hottest records. Four consecutive No. 1 singles, to be exact: Brandy and Monica's "The Boy Is Mine" (which won a Grammy last year), Monica's "Angel of Mine," Jennifer Lopez's "If You Had My Love," and, just last month, Destiny's Child's "Say My Name." Jerkins, too, has been shaping R&B's current battle-of-the-sexes mood by co-writing songs like Toni Braxton's "He Wasn't Man Enough" (which has just cracked the Top 20) and Whitney Houston's "It's Not Right But It's Okay." His trademark sound, which mixes irresistible pop choruses, stuttering hip-

cloth sweatsuit and a massive diamond-encrusted crucifix, his wide grin and groomed mustache suggesting a hip-hopped Mad Hatter, Jerkins proudly points out framed pictures of himself with Jackson. "Michael's a workaholic like me," he says, hungrily taking a large slice of apple pie from a microwave in the Darkchild living room. "We're in the studio for 24 hours at a time."

Jerkins's insatiable need to be in the studio led him to invest more than \$1 million to transform Martin's Hardware Store into the 16,000-square-foot, two-story Darkchild Studios, which take up an entire street corner on Dougherty Road in Pleasantville, a colorless small town just outside Atlantic City. Like the Artist Formerly Known as Prince's Paisley Park or Michael Jackson's Neverland, Darkchild is custom-built for the accomplished eccentric: The space houses four recording studios, a game room with arcade classics like Centipede, a cafeteria with walls covered in

Rodney Jerkins's
Pentecostal parents
forbade pop music in
their house. So how
did the 22-year-old
prodigy—charged with
Michael Jackson's
comeback—become
the top producer
in the country?
By Ethan Brown

Integrating family and business comes naturally to Jerkins, who remains faithful to his parents' Pentecostal beliefs, making Darkchild a kind of geosphere of clean living: Framed signs hung everywhere remind visitors that there is NO SMOKING, NO DRINKING, NO ILLEGAL DRUGS, NO DRUG TRANSACTIONS. Growing up, Jerkins was forbidden by his parents to listen to pop music. "I had to sneak Slick Rick tapes into my bedroom," he remembers, "and my mom would find them and throw them away." But Rodney was given classical piano lessons at age 4 and he was writing songs by age 6. "When Rodney was 13 years old, he told me that he wanted to be a producer," recalls the diminutive Reverend Jerkins. "I borrowed \$1,900 from my life insurance to pay for a drum machine and a small keyboard." Jerkins also indulged his son's obsession with Teddy Riley, creator of the R&B-meets-hip-hop "New Jack Swing" sound. "When Rodney was 14, he asked us to take our vacation in Virginia Beach"—Riley's hometown. "I said, 'We can take our vacation there, but I don't think you're gonna meet Teddy.'"

"We get to Virginia Beach," the younger Jerkins continues excitedly, "and sure enough, here comes Teddy in a convertible. I'm jumping up and down in the car saying, 'Dad! That's him!'" Riley listened enthusiastically to the teenager's home-recorded demo, which, Jerkins acknowledges, mimicked Riley's sound. "My confidence level shot up," Jerkins says. "When I left Virginia, I said, 'I'm gonna be the best.'"

Jerkins realized his ambitions less than a year later, at age 15, when Riley asked him to join his stable of producers. "Teddy offered me \$150,000 a year," Jerkins says, his eyes widening at the memory. "But I thought, How did Teddy become Teddy? He didn't sign with nobody; he just kept working." Two years later, Sean "Puffy" Combs, after hearing another demo, promised him a job as one of his "Hit Men" for Bad Boy Records. "Something inside me said, 'Puffy, it's cool that you want me,'" Jerkins says. "But I feel like I can build my own Bad Boy."

Now, as he works on new albums for LeAnn Rimes and Stevie Nicks, Jerkins is out to prove that he can break out of the confines of "urban" music and conquer the worlds of pop, rock, and country. "Before I hit 25, I gotta do Aerosmith, Kid Rock, or Limp Bizkit," he announces, digging into a just-delivered pizza. "Then I have to beat Brandy and Monica's record of thirteen weeks at No. 1. Actually, I want the longest-running No. 1 single ever. I want the Producer of the Year Grammy." He wipes his lips and flashes a Cheshire-cat grin. "I'm not gonna sleep until I'm 25."

CTION VALUES

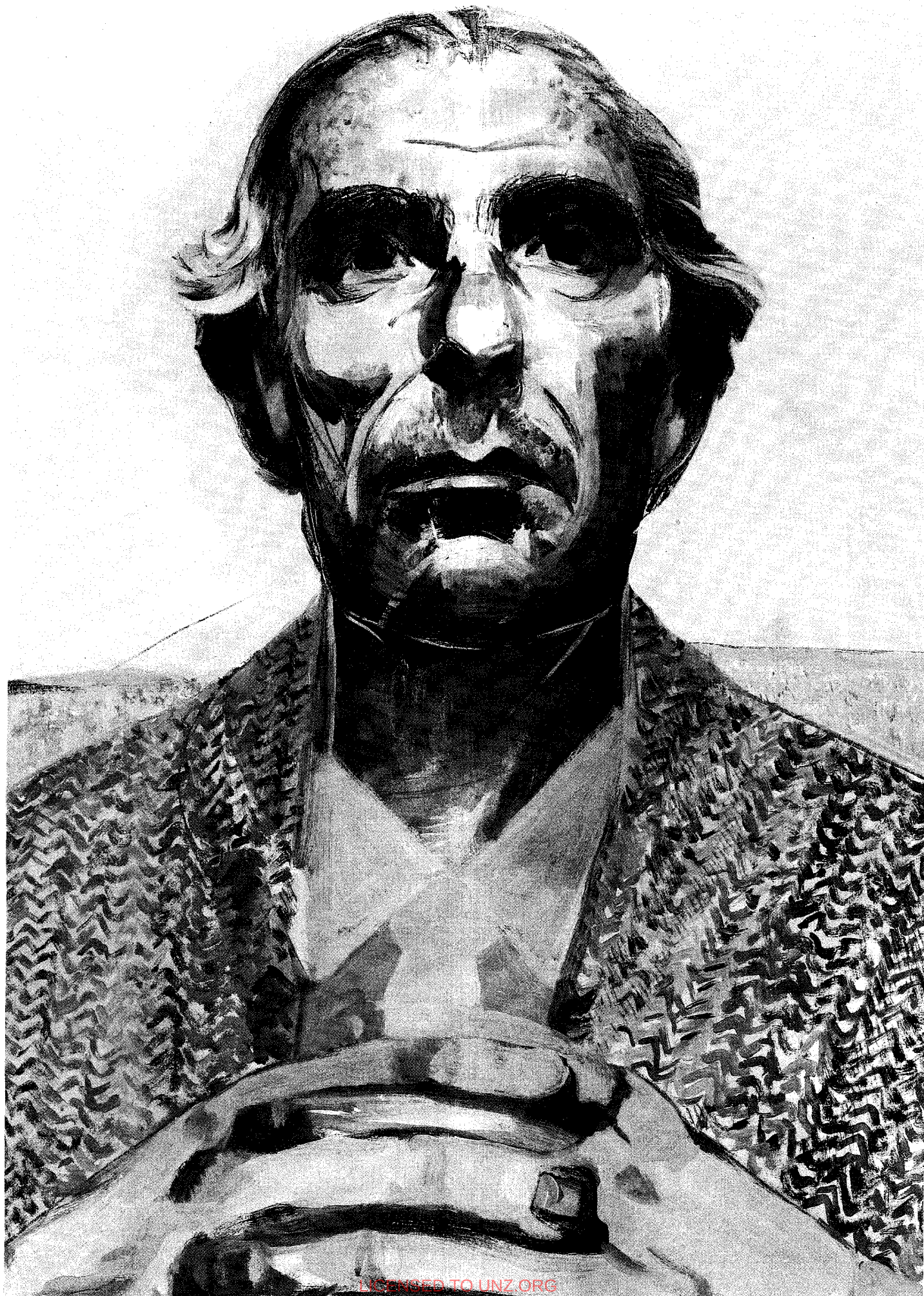
hop beats, and orchestral disco, has become the Top 40 template.

"In my opinion," says Sony chairman Tommy Mottola, "Rodney is the most creative and inventive young talent out there." When Sony picked up Jerkins's fledgling Darkchild imprint last year, he became the youngest person in music-business history to secure major-label distribution for his own label. Now the legendarily demanding Mottola is betting that Jerkins can resuscitate Michael Jackson's scandal-addled career.

"This is a mental challenge for me," Jerkins says, running his hands over his freshly cornrowed hair. "Because Michael is so much greater than everybody else." Jerkins has been working feverishly with the reclusive pop star on his comeback album, due late this year. Sporting a terry-

recording artists' signatures (TO KING RODNEY, LOVE MICHAEL JACKSON, NO LIMIT, 8.16.99), and an eleven-car garage where Jerkins parks \$2 million worth of luxury vehicles, including a purple Lamborghini.

Across the street is a strip mall, Jerkins's Darkchild Plaza; down the road is a new cinder-block construction, Jerkins Hall, where the producer hopes to throw "weddings and bar mitzvahs." Named for Jerkins's trademark sound ("real dark and eerie") and his youth ("I was always the boy genius," he says frankly), the Darkchild empire is staffed almost entirely by the producer's family. Cousin Ruben welcomes visitors in the reception area, decorated with painted portraits of Jerkins; his brother Fred Jerkins III is part of his songwriting team; his father, the Reverend Fred Jerkins, is his manager.



At a ripe 67, he's in the throes of an unprecedented creative explosion. Thirty years after Portnoy, is literature's legendary bad boy finally ready for the ultimate prize? By Jennifer Senior

PHILIP ROTH BLOWS UP

Isn't that...Philip Roth? It's Christmas Day, 1997, and George Stephanopoulos is pretty sure it is as he stares at a lean, intense man on the corner of Columbus and 79th, and the man stares back. For a split second, the two just stand there, suspended in a halo of mutual recognition, before Stephanopoulos breaks the spell. *What a coincidence*, he tells Roth. *I just saw the President. He'd just gotten off the phone with Chelsea. She's writing a paper about you for a class at Stanford.* Roth seems pleased. They exchange pleasantries for a few minutes, then part ways. Before leaving, Stephanopoulos extends his hand and tells Roth it was a pleasure speaking to the finest writer in America. • There's some dispute about what happened next. Stephanopoulos remembers simply walking away. But the way Roth tells the story—or at least the way he told it to Roy Blount Jr.—he waited a beat, then corrected Stephanopoulos.

ILLUSTRATION BY RICCARDO VECCHIO

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"Living," Roth said.

Did Stephanopoulos just forget the punch line? Or was it a fillip of Philip's imagination? And does it even matter, considering that Roth takes a professional interest in making the line between fact and fiction one giant, fetching blur?

Ten years ago, Roth was still considered a literary troublemaker, a gleeful misogynist, a self-absorbed rake who made it impossible for an entire generation to look at liver the same way again. He was just too Jewish, too oversexed, too *funny* to be taken as seriously as Pynchon or Updike or DeLillo. But over the past decade, something magical has taken place. While his peers have slipped quietly into their literary dotage, Roth's powers have steadily waxed. Since 1991, he has pumped out six books with metronomic, superhuman regularity, winning five major awards, including a Pulitzer. Now, with the imminent publication of his new novel, *The Human Stain*, the unthinkable has occurred: Portnoy is a serious candidate for the Nobel Prize.

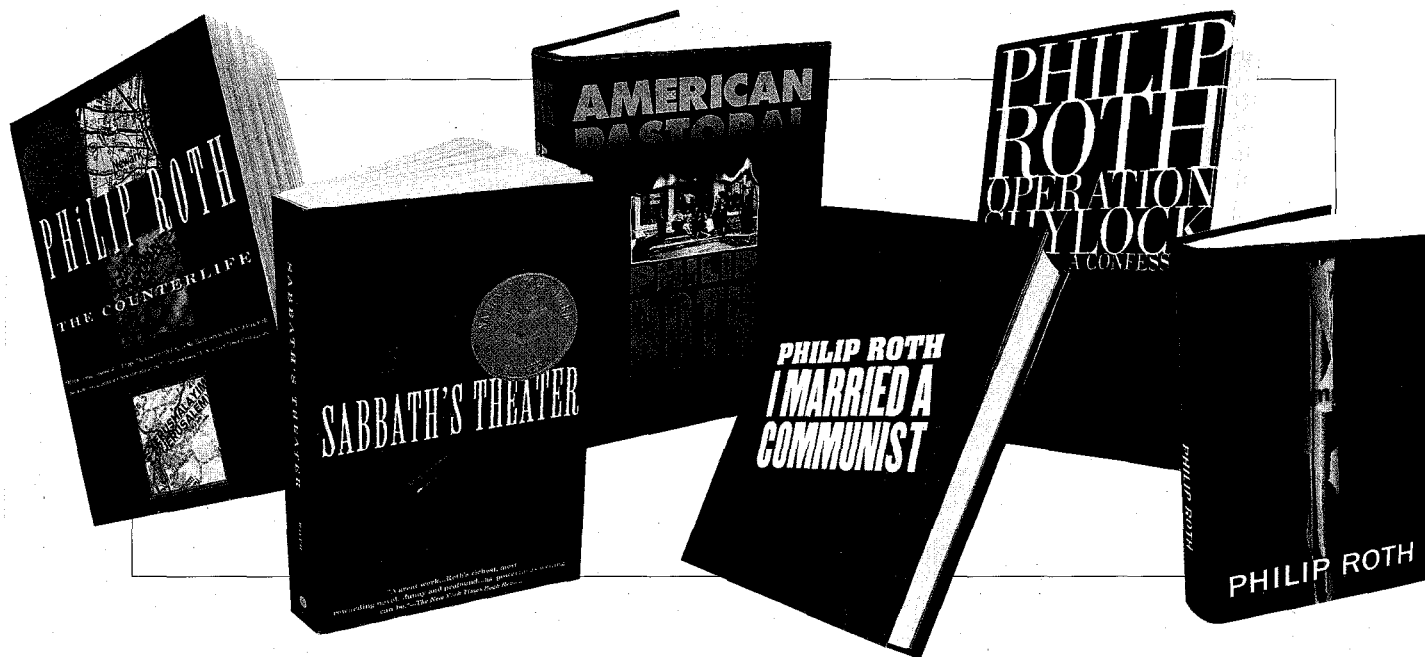
same sheet of paper. (In fact, says Bloom, he's pretty certain Roth has already finished a new 120-page novella.) "It's almost a Shakespearean outburst of creativity," marvels Bloom. "And it can only be described as extraordinary genius. There's DeLillo, there's Pynchon, there's Cormac McCarthy . . . but in terms of total design and inventiveness and originality, I'm not sure if Philip isn't the closest we have to being the best there is."

Saul Bellow, himself a Nobelist, eagerly concurs. "His writing has been different in the last few years," he says. "He seems to have organized a great many subjects in his mind, and he has prepared them quite carefully. It's just astonishing that he brings these books out one after

"Whether I will ever persuade the know," sighs Harold Bloom. "He's

Child. A living legend? It would have made the young Nathan Zuckerman do pirouettes.

Actually, during the eighties, most of Roth's readers were getting a little sick of Nathan Zuckerman, the author's self-pitying, relentlessly introspective alter ego who made less progress after five books than the Malaspina Glacier has in five millennia. Roth himself thought he'd broken out of his rut with *Operation Shylock* in 1993. It was his bid for immortality, the crown jewel in his new three-book contract with Simon & Schuster, for which he got paid a handsome seven figures. But it landed with a thud. Michiko Kakutani called it "energetic" but concluded that the comic scenes were "overshadowed by the au-



"Ten years ago, I would have said it was a toss-up between Updike and Roth," says Joel Conarroe, the president of the Guggenheim Foundation. "Today, I'd say he's certainly the most deserving of the Nobel Prize in America. I put him in a class with Bellow, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Faulkner. I know that sounds extreme. But both in terms of quality of work and productivity, he simply has no peer right now. He's the king of the cats."

William Styron says the 67-year-old author has recently "possessed his writing like someone possessed." Harold Bloom, the professional gray eminence, recently teased Roth about being a modern Anthony Trollope, who used to complete one novel and start the next on the

the other, so serious and so well developed in the construction. I wish I understood it. I'm very impressed."

BACK IN THE EIGHTIES, NO ONE would have been bathing Roth in this kind of sunshiny praise. No one would have predicted that President Clinton, in 1998, would be handing him the National Medal of the Arts, declaring, "What James Joyce did for Dublin, what William Faulkner did for Yoknapatawpha County, Philip Roth has done for Newark." No one would have imagined that the Library of Congress, on its 200th anniversary, would pronounce him a living legend, along with Isaac Stern and Julia

thor's tiresome games with mirrors"; John Updike wrote a pointedly restrained review in *The New Yorker*, noting, "Some readers may feel there is too much Philip Roth in the writer's recent books." That hurt. A few months later, according to *Leaving a Doll's House*, the lurid tell-all by his ex-wife, Claire Bloom, Roth checked himself into Silver Hill Psychiatric Hospital. He told the doctors he was near suicide. They prescribed high doses of Prozac and lithium to subdue whatever dybbuk had possessed him.

Then something happened. When he left the hospital, Roth hunkered down and unleashed *Sabbath's Theater*, which won the 1995 National Book Award. In 1997, he published *American Pastoral*,

Nobel Prize people—and I have tried—I don't not terribly politically correct, you know. And they are."

which won the Pulitzer. In 1998 came *I Married a Communist*. Twenty months later, there's *The Human Stain*.

Many of Roth's friends and peers believe that this novel, the story of a professor ruined by the idiocies of political correctness, is his best and bravest yet. In a Roth first, one of the central characters is black. "He finally broke out of this ongoing segregation of American fiction," says culture critic Stanley Crouch. "You know—black people writing about black people over and over again, Jews writing about Jews. Brother Roth decided to climb the fence. It's a good sign not only for him but for American fiction."

Still, it wouldn't be a work by Roth if it weren't also driven forward by some old-fashioned, vindictive fury. "What certainly comes through in *The Human Stain*," says Ted Solotaroff, author of the beautiful memoir *Truth Comes in Blows*, "is the kind of rage that he was carrying around from the whole affair with Claire Bloom and her book. He's found a very strong fire hose for all that pressure."

TODAY, THE ONLY PRIZE LEFT FOR Roth to win is the one that dares not speak its name. He doesn't actively campaign for it, as Theodore Dreiser supposedly did, but it's certainly on his mind. Just over two years ago, a friend called Roth and asked him if it was a good time to talk. *I guess*, Roth sighed. *The winners of the Nobel Prize were just announced on the radio, and once again, I didn't get one.*

"He plainly has mentioned it," says Styron, "but his take on the Nobel Prize is sort of ambivalent, in the sense of it going to people that sometimes don't deserve it." Indeed, as long as multicultural and feminist concerns prevail in Stockholm, most of his supporters remain skeptical. "Whether I will ever persuade the Nobel Prize people—and I have tried—I don't know," sighs Harold Bloom. "He's not terribly politically correct, you know. And they are."

Roth has one advantage, though: In Europe, he's become the biggest American export since David Hasselhoff. On the Continent, he has squadrons of devotees who have been arguing Roth's—for lack of a better term—Nobel eligibility. He's already an honorary citizen of the United Kingdom, having lived part-time in London for more than a dozen years with Claire Bloom. And Roth has been the subject of at least three European documentaries: France's *Philip Roth*, Eng-

land's *Philip Roth: My True Story*, and Germany's *The Roth Explosion: Confessions of a Writer* (first two lines: "Who am I? I am he who writes the books").

The Roth Explosion was also the name of a four-day Roth festival in Aix-en-Provence last October, which drew Zuckerman experts from all over the Continent, including one Caj Lundgren, whose native city happens to be Stockholm. It was quite a scene: For weeks, an exhibition on Roth's hometown ("What Is Newark, Where Is Newark?") ran at the Galerie Zola, and photographs of Roth's face, emblazoned on a background of fire-engine red, flew on banners throughout the tiny, medieval town. Roth told his friends they made him feel like Chairman Mao.

The next batch of Nobel Prizes won't be announced until October. Until then, Roth would be content with a best-seller. Houghton Mifflin is printing a very optimistic 100,000 copies of *The Human Stain*, and though he wouldn't talk to *New York*—an old cover story on his split with Bloom still irks him—the normally press-shy Roth has been coaxed into all kinds of other press appearances, including an interview with *CBS Sunday Morning*, a chat with the *New York Times Book Review*, and a profile for *The New Yorker* by its editor-in-chief, David Remnick. Roth will even have his own Web page.

SO WHAT IS IT THAT BROUGHT ON THIS decade-long virtuoso outpouring? Part of it, obviously, can never be explained. But his friends all agree that his triple-bypass surgery in 1989 must have at least intensified his sense of urgency. "At a certain point, I think he thought he was getting old and had a lot more to say," says writer David Plante. "And he was going to devote himself to saying it."

Even as far back as 1986, there were hints of a sea change in Roth's fiction. Solotaroff traces it back to chapters two and three of *The Counterlife*. "In those two chapters," he says, "he wrote about Israel in this fresh, penetrating, and very brave way. It was as if he regained the world as a subject. He started going back to the past with a purpose beyond 'Let's see what it was like when I was 30.'"

Instead, Roth began delving into the past in order to tackle the great events and issues of the day: the Depression, World War II, McCarthyism, Vietnam. His novels assumed an almost reportorial quality, dense with the kind of far-flung research one associates with the dispatches of Tom

Wolfe. Roth journeyed to Gloversville, New York, to take notes on the old glove-making industry for *American Pastoral*. He interviewed a harpist for *I Married a Communist*. In *The Human Stain*, he demonstrates an unlikely familiarity with the challenges of ice fishing.

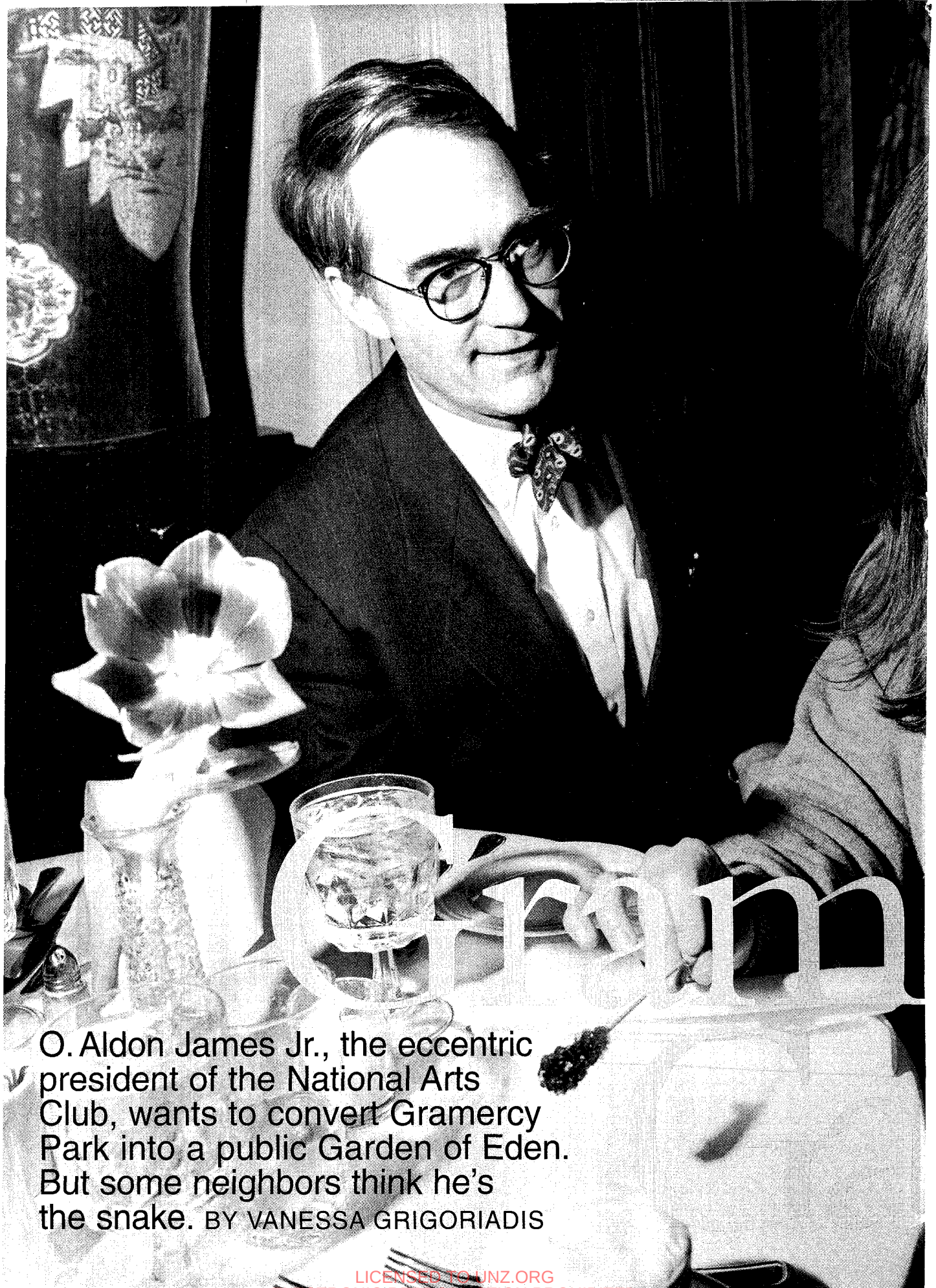
So what turned him outward in his fiction? A retreat inward in his personal life, maybe: In 1993, he separated from Bloom, and there have been far fewer emotional distractions ever since. "He says solitude is good for him," says Bellow. "And that he feels liberated when he has these long stretches of uninterrupted writing."

Today, Roth lives alone in his eighteenth-century farmhouse in Warren, Connecticut. Each morning, he rises early, takes a long walk, then goes to his writing studio, just a few hundred feet from his home, and writes, writes, writes. Occasionally, he sees other writers who live in the Berkshires, like Styron. He also speaks with a number of people on the phone. (He and Harold Bloom go through stretches of kibitzing every single evening, often in a mixture of English and Yiddish—"He knows a fair amount of *mama-loshen*," the professor happily reports.) But Roth has gotten rid of the Manhattan apartment he and his ex-wife shared. He kept only his writer's studio on the Upper West Side, which friends say he visits once or twice a week.

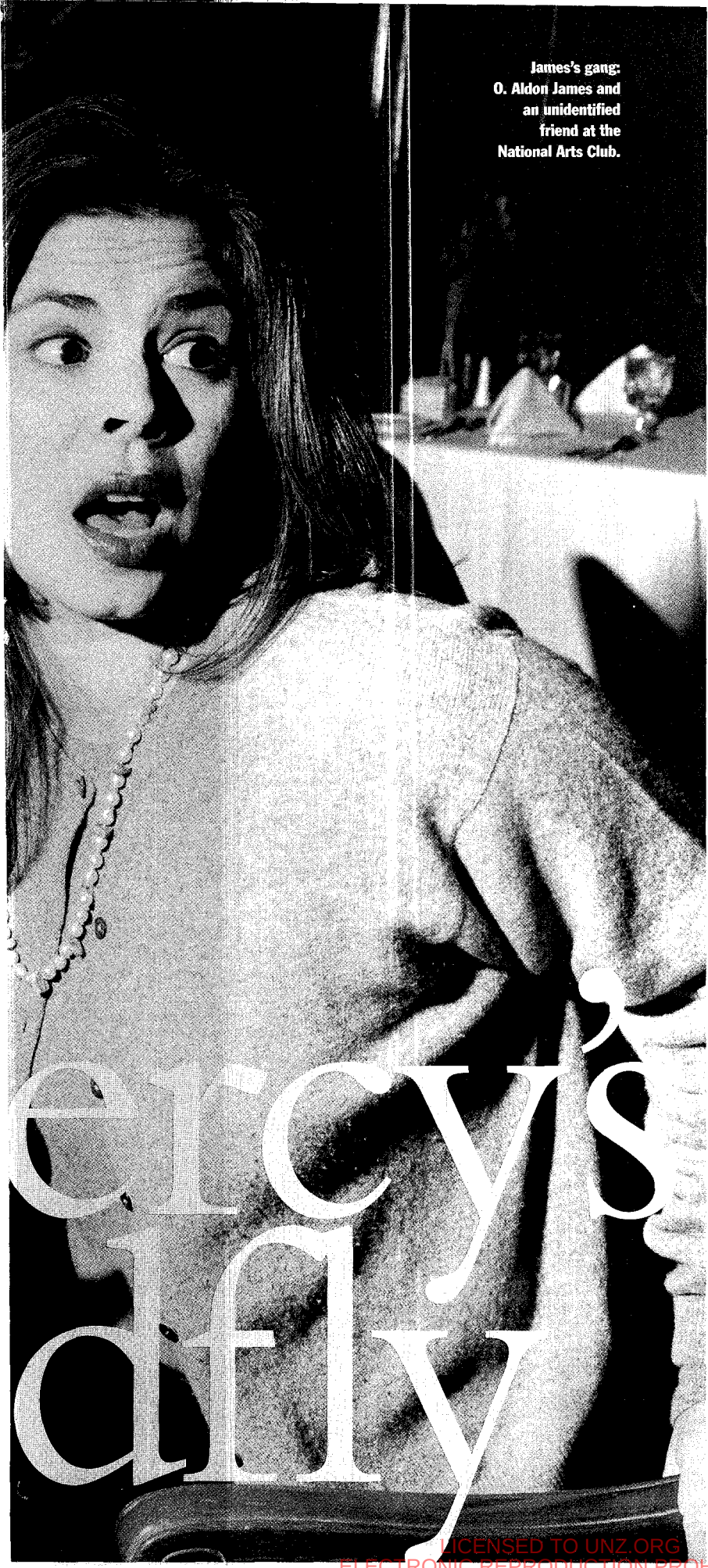
"He recently said something so perceptive about himself," says Plante. "He said he needs to see people, but when he does, he becomes very intense—Philip's the greatest entertainer in the world. So he said to me: 'At a certain point, I can't bear my own intensity. I have to leave. I have to get back to Connecticut.'"

The exquisite solitude, the undivided rigor: Roth predicted all of this in *The Ghost Writer* more than twenty years ago. Back then, readers saw Roth in the young Nathan Zuckerman—a horny, guilt-ridden aspirant visiting the home of his literary god, E. I. Lonoff. Today, Roth has moved into that house. And like Lonoff, he's living in self-imposed rural exile, spending his final days turning sentences around.

"He's transcended that low word *career*," says Cynthia Ozick. "He's the *Ding an sich*—the thing-in-itself. That's what writers marvel at. Where does it come from? How deep is this well of character and incident? Who possesses so much of this? It's uncanny. After all, he's not a supernatural being. He's flesh and blood."



O. Aldon James Jr., the eccentric president of the National Arts Club, wants to convert Gramercy Park into a public Garden of Eden. But some neighbors think he's the snake. BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS



James's gang:
O. Aldon James and
an unidentified
friend at the
National Arts Club.

WHEN THIS WOMAN SAID IT WAS against the law to feed *pi-geons!*" shrieks O. Aldon James Jr., his polka-dotted bow tie twitching furiously as his Adam's apple bobs up and down. The woman in question is Sharen Benenson, chairman of the Horticultural Society, the Mercantile Library, and, most important, of the Gramercy Park Trustees. Aldon James, her inflamed nemesis, is president of the National Arts Club, the century-old institution on the south side of Gramercy Park that the bespectacled, brogue-shod, seersucker-suited grandee proudly calls "the country's premier vertical artists' colony."

Civic pedigrees notwithstanding, Aldon James and Sharen Benenson have spent the better part of six years in an ugly fight over one of the city's more beloved bastions of gentility, the gated and manicured Gramercy Park. James, who fancies himself the private garden's Oberon, wants the formally sculpted park to cultivate a more romantic aesthetic, and, *gasp*, be opened to the public. Benenson, who occupies a lifetime seat on the board, has stubbornly resisted any such change. She favors the clean geometry of an Italianate garden; James would prefer to restore traditional French shade canopy—"with its former magic and mystery and natural wildness." The conflict has generated a flurry of lawsuits, charges and counter-charges that have cost the park trustees and the National Arts Club hundreds of thousands in legal fees, to say nothing of the dead fish someone deposited at James's door.

"That woman illegally cut down trees in the park to improve the view from her apartment!" charges James. "She's engaged in arborcide. She is no friend to trees!"

"Aldon wouldn't know an English elm from an English muffin!" retorts Benenson's husband, James Jr.

The battle reached a new pitch last week, when Aldon escorted a phalanx of 50 Washington Irving High School students into the park for a day of "environmental education." When Mrs. Benenson spied the pack of mostly black and Latino students from the living room window in her fifth-floor duplex, she frantically hustled down and ordered them to leave. (Use of the park is officially limited to some 350 key holders, who pay \$2,000 per year to the park trust.) After numerous calls to the school principal and the police, James complied, but not before shouting at the teenagers: "Don't talk to this woman! She kills trees!"

The tug-of-war has the president of the National Arts Club a bit frazzled. One morning, he stands in front of an eighteen-foot bay window on the club's parlor floor, recounting past skirmishes in such a torrent that it's often difficult to understand him. "Then that woman had the groundskeeper

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY FINK



withdraw the water dishes, so now the poor birds—people were going in there, trying to fill—I mean the woman is unbelievable! There are birdhouses—people had beautiful Victorian birdhouses in the park—and you say, ‘Well, surely she would restore them?’ Well, no thank you! And now she wants to build birdhouses with no holes because she doesn’t want sparrows in the park! And why? Because they’re not a Native American bird!”

James stops suddenly and peers out at the park, a glass of Perrier fizzing in his hand. “Oh, oh, oh! I don’t even like to go into the park anymore! It just upsets me too much! This woman is crazy! When I first met her, I thought of her as a church mouse. Now we see that she’s an attack rat! *This woman—*”

‘THIS WOMAN” MAY BE A thorn in James’s side, but he proudly describes the institution he has presided over for the past fourteen years as a “multicolored bouquet of roses.” Is he the ribbon around the bouquet? “I am one rose,” he demurs modestly.

“I’m merely one more player on this volleyball team,” he says, raising his fist, “throwing in my heart and soul!”

If Sharen Benenson is so far winning the battle to keep change from infiltrating the wrought-iron gates of Gramercy Park, change itself runs happily amok within the walls of its dowager neighbor, the National Arts Club. Founded by New York *Times* art critic Charles de Kay with the mission of uniting “art lovers and art makers,” the National Arts Club is a private-membership club that has been a part of the city’s cultural fabric for more than a century. Its members once included collectors like Pierpont Morgan and Henry Frick and a vast assortment of famous artists, including Mark Twain, Stanford White, Alfred Stieglitz, and Salvador Dalí, who was wont to arrive at the club accompanied by his ocelot. “Gramercy Park is called the American Bloomsbury, and we are the keepers of that tradition,” insists James. “We can be very immodest about that.”

Comprising two row houses that were originally the residence of Samuel Tilden, later renovated by Central Park co-designer Calvert Vaux, the 40-room Gothic man-

sion is as impressive as the club’s name, which often misleads visitors into thinking that the private institution has a public function. Visiting dignitaries have made trips to the club, and their photos hang in the club’s entryway alongside the likes of Robin Leach’s and Marla Hanson’s. “Last week a woman came in and started shouting, ‘Where’s President Clinton? I have an appointment with him!’” confides one employee. “She waited in the foyer all day.”

A native of Baltimore and Rehoboth Beach whose family fortune was built on AT&T stock, James is a devout Methodist who has never had a drink in his life. He appears to be in his mid-forties, though he won’t reveal his exact age. James’s parents were supporters of the club, and he often visited on their trips to New York. Though members whisper that his disagreement with Benenson has careered wildly out of control, the slender, twee gentleman seems genuinely beloved by his flock: “He’s generous, smart, kind, a true leader,” says a longtime member. “And—well, yes, eccentric.”

In the decade and a half he has served as president, says James, managing the associ-

ation's affairs has kept him from sleeping more than three or four hours a night. Raising the club's profile has been one of his priorities, a mission he has accomplished in part by giving out an astounding number of awards to celebrity intellectuals. Quarterly club newsletters capture him in nearly every photograph, beaming, an arm slung around recent honorees such as Betty Friedan (Lifetime Achiever), Emanuel Ax (Medal of Honor), and author John Berendt (Literary Medal). "I told Mr. Berendt we have our very own garden of good and evil," James quips, "right here in Gramercy Park."

Like all officers of the association, James has never been paid for his labor, apart from a ceremonial \$1 per year. He has an apartment at the club, where he can be seen moving boxes of newsletters or restocking the bar at 3 A.M.

window to his bathroom and released the bird, just let it free into Manhattan."

Of course, James's memory is somewhat different. It was a kestrel, he says, and moreover, he fed it the requisite mice until it was grown up enough to be released—in Union Square.

BUT MORE THAN PIGEONS AND KESTRELS AND dusky untamed gardens, advocating the arts is James's enduring passion. "Art is *not* a luxury," he insists. "Artists, like the water supply, need the wetlands—a refuge, somewhere like the National Arts Club. Father, who was in medicine, always said, 'Art is the best medicine.' Now, I say that art is oxygen! No one would say, 'Well, in these budget times, we're cutting out oxygen,' would they? Well, no thank you!"

Certainly the club itself has prospered under Aldon's energetic if erratic reign.

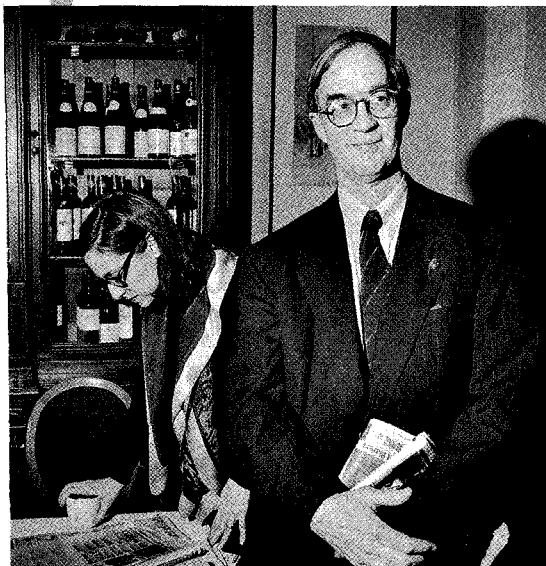
win Booth. "Gramercy Park is so heavenly," she says, nodding a head of long chestnut hair braided into a chignon. "It's a terrible thing, this fighting with Aldon. He's just a confused child."

Her husband snorts. "Sweetie, the guy's an ax murderer!"

"Oh, they call me a fascist and a Nazi and an attack rat," says Mrs. Benenson. "Now he calls me 'that woman'—he won't even say my name." James's charge of anti-sparrow bias, she insists, is ridiculous.

The hassles have made the Benensons exhausted, righteous, and paranoid. "I told Sherry, don't walk through the park at night," says Mr. Benenson: "Aldon and his goons could come out of nowhere, and who knows what they'd do." And more outrageously: "Who's that little fella who runs the parks? Henry Stern? Well, you know that Aldon gave him a free member-

"When I first met that woman, I thought she was a sweet church mouse," says James. "Now I see she's an attack rat."



THE KINGS OF THE CLUB: Left, Aldon James under a portrait of himself; right, Aldon's twin brother, John.

"I was living at the club while finishing a biography of Edna St. Vincent Millay," recalls biographer and novelist Nancy Milford. "One night, Aldon told me he was taking care of a little bird he had discovered in Gramercy Park. Well, it turned out to be a baby raptor—which is an endangered species—but anyway, Aldon had been feeding it milk and cookies, until another member said that wasn't sufficient for a growing raptor: He had to feed it mice. Now, this was all simply too macabre for Aldon. So one night he just opened the

During his tenure, the number of sponsored events has grown to over 300 a year, and annual membership, which costs from several hundred dollars a year, has more than tripled. "I would challenge anyone to get this much honey out of 1,900 strangers," says James, adding that this is yet another thing "we can be very immodest about."

In accordance with James's mandate to reposition the private club as a public-minded institution, nonmembers are now invited to hold parties and benefits in the space. The club hosts a wide array of lectures and art exhibits as well as meetings of such societies as the Mystery Writers of America, the Quilters' Guild, a rug-enthusiasts group called the Hajji Baba Club, and the Dutch Treat Club, a society that was established to discuss the arts over brown-bag lunches.

PERCHED ON A HARDBACKED salmon couch in her expansive Gramercy Park duplex, Sharen Benenson sighs deeply and folds her thin hands in her lap. Her handsomely graying husband stands by as she gazes out the window at her handiwork—she weeds here almost daily and commissions such design elements as the planting of boxy bushes and the removal of the privet hedge near the statue of Ed-

ship in exchange for testimony against my wife about the tree incident."

"That's ridiculous," Stern retorts. "It's like inviting Winston Churchill to become a citizen of the U.S. I don't hang there."

The incident with the Washington Irving students resulted in an embarrassing item on the *Post*'s "Page Six" and a ferocious missive from Steven Leitner, one of two Gramercy Park trustees who happens to live at the club: "I do not understand how Sherry could face and humiliate 50 young schoolchildren," Leitner wrote to the park's third trustee, Arthur Abbey. "To let each one of them know that they are unwanted for any reason reminds me of the Nazis making Jewish children wear a yellow star on their sleeves."

"We have Baruch College right around the corner, and you don't see anyone inviting them to the park," says Mrs. Benenson, waving a hand. "Is the implication that we should be nice to these minority students or they might kill us? Should we be afraid of them?"

Since the summer of 1994, James has filed lawsuits against Benenson and one of the two other park trustees, charging them with "arborcide" and general recklessness regarding the park. He's lost the case and two appeals but claims he's going back for one more. Several years ago, James was also involved in lengthy litigation over the rent-stabilized status of the club's 33 apartments; an appeals court finally decided that the club was exempt from rent stabilization because it served an educational and charitable purpose. Some of the plain-

tiffs in the suit were evicted, including a few who were elderly and terminally ill, and no one has forgotten the bloodlessness of this action. "It's a clear case of misuse of an arts-club building to run a personal fiefdom for Aldon and his buddies," says a lawyer for the evicted tenants.

The ornate, extraordinarily valuable duplex apartments are now leased at the discretion of James and the club's board. Sources claim that James recently contacted Stribling Associates to explore the possibility of selling them as condominiums. Stribling refused to comment.

Dissidents in the association also took him to task for several changes to the club's by-laws at the time he took over the presidency. Even supporters of James concede that as the club has become more open in spirit, it has become far more covert in its

Mr. Benenson, settling into an ivory armchair next to a picture of the tremendous family yacht. "Ahab was ambitious—he perished along with his ship. Brutus was ambitious. Aldon is wildly ambitious."

FEW MEMBERS WERE IN EVIDENCE one rainy Monday morning when James accompanied me on a stroll through the club's west wing, all the while detailing the "very important" people who live in Gramercy Park. "We have Julia Roberts across the street, Gregory Peck's daughter, Winona Ryder, the wonderful Jellybean Benitez, and the dress designer Richard Tyler," he began. Then he went to the little boys' room.

Suddenly, from the other direction, a man emerged, identical to James minus

lace borrowed from the brothers—"Even Liz Taylor doesn't have rocks like that," says a friend.

John stretched an arm under an overstuffed chair and pulled out a red spike-heeled Ferragamo. "Oh, here's dear old Sylvia's shoe," he said, proffering it to the dog, who sniffed it warily. "This is Malcolm," he told me. "Malcolm is famous." Indeed, Malcolm once belonged to actress Sylvia Sydney, who died last summer, and after her passing Malcolm was bequeathed to the club. "We keep the shoe near him all the time, because it smells like Sylvia," explained John.

Just then, two people knocked on the door. Their heads were shaved, but their scalps were blue with stubble growing back in. They were carrying hot-pink parasols that matched their hot-pink

Says a young member of the National Arts Club, "It's like if David Lynch made a movie of a Henry James novel."

day-to-day operations. The complete list of members is no longer made available—even to other members. The inventory of art has not been recatalogued since James's election (though he insists that new works are entered in the old catalogue and says the club has a curator). Nomination to the board has become more difficult—one must submit a petition signed by more than 25 percent of the club, a bit tricky without the list of fellow members.

Those opposing James also had to sue on multiple occasions in order to gain access to the National Arts Club's financial records. The group hired a forensic accountant from the firm of M.R. Weiser; James refused to give the accountant access to the club's photocopier, nor would he allow her to take the documents from the building to, say, Kinko's. Finally, the accountant rented a copier, only to find several of its wires snipped one morning.

The accountant's report alleges that the club redirected profits from the members' dining room, skimming off the top for James's personal expenses, gift-tax fraud, and mishandling of its valuable art collection. "This report was paid for by people who were on their way out of the building," James responds, "and the courts threw it out." Though it's true that no charges have been brought, the U.S. Attorney's Office and the FBI's art-theft squad are said to still be looking into the matter.

"Look, there are such things in literature as people who are wildly ambitious," says

the bow tie. He was carrying something wrapped in aluminum foil and coming down the stairs so quickly it looked as if his legs weren't moving at all.

I followed him down to an anteroom on the club's ground level. He had taken a pork chop out of the foil and was feeding it to a fat, grizzled pug.

"Aldon?" I asked.

"No, I'm John James," the man said in a voice as soft and gentle as Aldon's is strained and nervous. "Aldon is my best friend, my only brother, my closest family relative. We live together here in a duplex apartment. But we have many family homes. Right, honey?" he said to the dog.

A much rarer presence in the club than Aldon, John describes himself as a "writer who discussed my journal with Andy Warhol" as well as a photographer who has taken pictures of every famous person to pass through the club—"I have many photos of JFK Jr. and Princess Di," he says. "God bless them both."

John's right pinkie sported a fifteen-carat diamond ring he said belonged to his recently deceased mother. Rumor has it that the ring is not the only piece of their mother's jewelry the brothers own: Jaws dropped at a recent benefit when a member arrived wearing a 40-carat ruby neck-



dresses. They had hot-pink eye shadow, hot-pink fingernails, and hot-pink shoes.

"Eva and Adele!" John shouted in greeting, the first time he had raised his voice above a whisper. Eva and Adele giggled in unison. "Eva and Adele stay here sometimes," John explained. "Eva and Adele are international artists. Eva and Adele are twins. Just like me and Brother."

"But we are of the future," said Adele, who seemed to be a man with a German accent. "You are of the past."

"That's true," John agreed.

PERHAPS THE MOST APT DESCRIPTION OF the National Arts Club comes from Lucy Grealy, an author who lives in one of the

33 apartments leased by the association. "It's like if David Lynch made a movie of a Henry James novel," says Greal. "My apartment is very small and very French-garret, but in the best possible way. I feel like Dorothy Parker at the Algonquin." Another young member gushes: "I feel like I'm living on a cruise ship."

And certainly there are as many activities here as on any cruise. The National Arts Club is run by a remarkable number of committees, among them music, art,

cated several controversial exhibits, like a benefit for menswear designer Tom of Finland, whose clothing line is inspired by erotic gay Finnish drawings from the twenties. "We once had a billiards party here, with thousands of artist-made cue sticks," says James. "And you say, 'Cue sticks, isn't that vulgar?' Well, no thank you! Because when you meet the artists of these cue sticks, they become *objets* like Fabergé!"

Though today's National Arts Club includes well-known personalities such

The Warhol Diaries—tremendous woman—said that the exterminator said that he didn't actually kill the pigeons; he only drugged them!" exclaims James. "But then the exterminator took them away in a big bag anyway, because he didn't want them to be killed in the traffic! Now, that's like saying we put the Jewish people in ovens because we didn't want them to have a torturous death!"

Giffuni gives her cigarette a precise flick. "Everyone has a dream, and mine was always to be around artistic people," she says, shrugging her rounded shoulders as she arranges announcements for the show in neat piles. "I just feel like a queen here." After her Jamaica Estates mansion was burglarized nine times, Giffuni's children encouraged her to move into the Arts Club—she agreed as long as she could bring her live-in maid. She brought something else, too: a tax-deductible "gift" of \$77,777, most of which was allegedly used to refurbish her apartment.

She points at a delicate brooch on her lapel—a little golden monkey climbing up the length of a tree. "This is my favorite piece of jewelry—it's from Tiffany's," she says, running a finger over the monkey's mouth. "Look where they put the diamonds." She chuckles. "Up his butt."

FOR THEIR PART, THE BENENSONS' vow that the battle is not over. On one of the blustery days last week, nestled in their apartment, they spoke eloquently about their vision of the park, one in which Eva and Adele might not feel welcome.

"Clubs should have a board downstairs with colored pegs showing which member is in the club at the time," declares Mrs. Benenson, who is still a dues-paying member of the National Arts Club. Mr. Benenson brings out a membership book of the Yacht Club, another group to which the couple belongs. "This is the way it should be done," he says, flipping through its creamy pages. "Betsy Rodgers, Felix Rohatyn, Dillon Ripley—the ex-head of the Smithsonian—a whole variety of Rothschilds, David Rockefeller—I'm still on the Rs—and here's Fred Rose, who funded the Public Library's reading room. Poor Fred. He's dead."

"He did the planetarium too," Mrs. Benenson muses, and then, softly, nostalgically: "You know, at Christmas, we bring our trees to the park, and we put the ends in a big chipper and make a pile of mulch from it. The kids jump right up on it. They call it 'Gramercy Mountain.'" She sighs. "That's the way things should be."

As the wind picks up outside, you can almost hear Aldon saying, "Well, no thank you!"

Additional reporting by Emily Gitter.



GRAMERCY MENAGERIE: Left, a female club member and a girl's best friend; above, Malcolm the pug. "He's famous," John James explains. "He used to belong to the actress Sylvia Sydney."

exhibitions, theater, books, dining, residents, nonresidents, and—most prestigious—the 21-person admissions committee, which must decide unanimously whether candidates invited for membership live up to the club's stringent standards. Few are rejected.

Boundlessly enthusiastic, James offers a friendly haven for almost every inductee. Works of art by members past and present hang on nearly every wall of the club, and paintings by William Merritt Chase, founder of the art school in Shinnecock, and American Impressionist Wyman Adams give the club a moody but grand appeal—it's been used for many film shoots, including *The Age of Innocence* and *Quiz Show* (both directors, Scorsese and Redford, are club members). "Asking me which piece of our art I like best is like asking Rose Kennedy to choose her favorite child," quips James.

Not only has Aldon raised \$1 million in gifts during his tenure; he has also advo-

as Kitty Carlisle Hart and Frank McCourt, the majority of members do not make their living as professional creative people; many are retired. "I'm living my life in reverse," says an attractive new member named Janet Jameson over an early-evening cocktail in the members' bar. "I recently got divorced after 30 years. I left Bridgewater and moved into the city—living here has always been my dream. And the club has been such a support to me—so friendly, so deliciously creative."

In the parlor floor gallery, septuagenarian Flora Giffuni chain-smokes Benson & Hedges cigarettes as she presides over the hanging of the club's pastel show, for which she is not only curator but receptionist and stamp-licker. She lights another as Aldon serves up the latest dish on that woman. "So now she had an exterminator poison 60 pigeons with Avitrol—one died right here in the club vestibule, just awful—and Pat Hackett of

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Straight Time

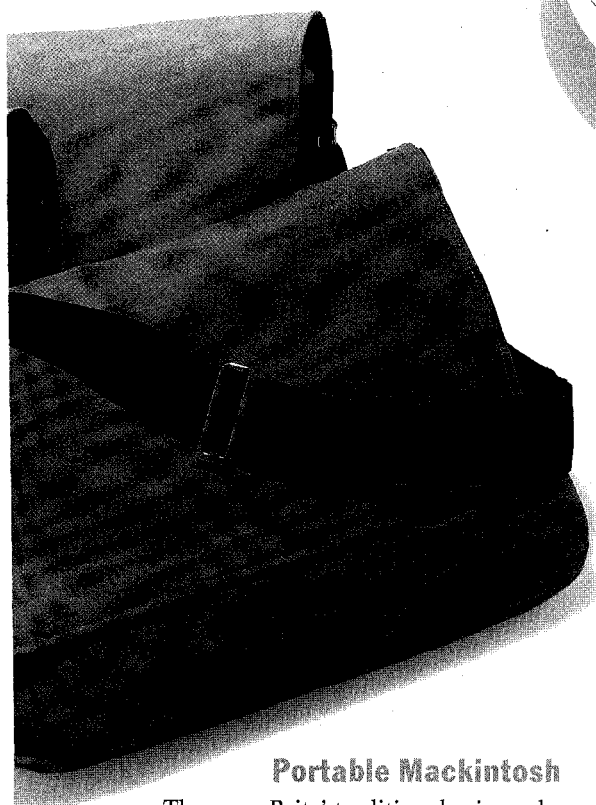
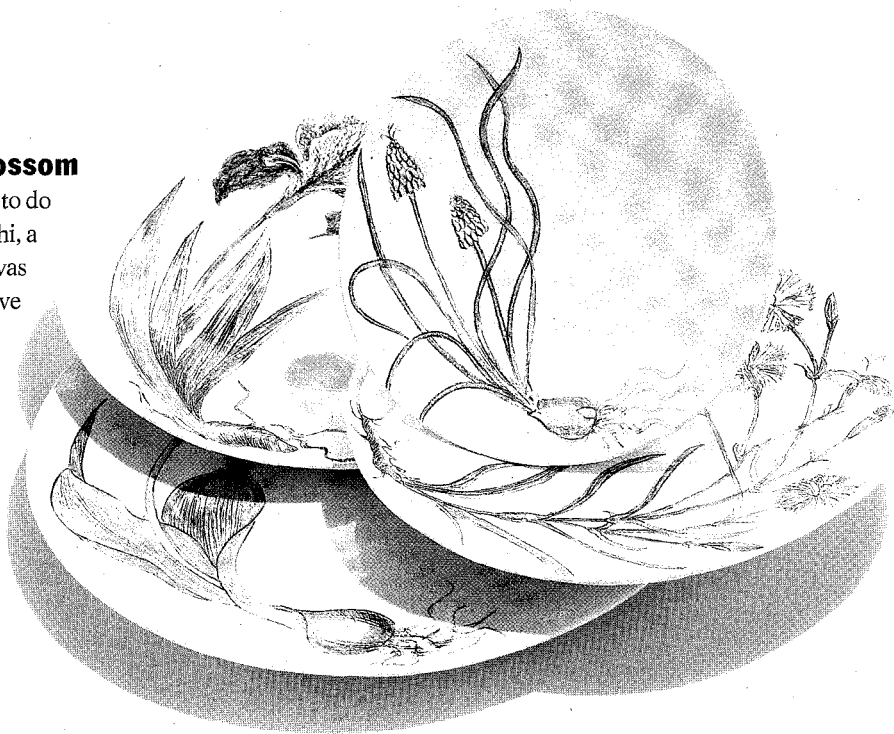
Cartier's Santos, Tank, and Pasha watches have landed on some of the most fashionable wrists in town. The 21 Chronoscaph, this grand house's newest, is likely to follow in that tradition. Big, sporty, and high-tech-looking (black dial, steel case, articulated rubber-and-steel band), it has major guy appeal. And, unlike many of the new watches around that do everything from sending e-mail to turning on the TV, the 21 Chronoscaph is gimmick-less; with a quartz movement and chronograph functions, it's designed for keeping accurate track of time (\$2,200).

CARTIER/653 Fifth Avenue, at 52nd Street/212-753-0111

Posh Blossom

The flowers that bloom in the spring have lots to do with Nicole Farhi's new line of ceramics. Farhi, a sculptor as well as a fab fashion designer, was born in Nice and now lives in London, so her love of blooms is not surprising. These platters and plates were hand-thrown and -painted in England, and they're as meticulously detailed as vintage botanical prints (from \$90 to \$175).

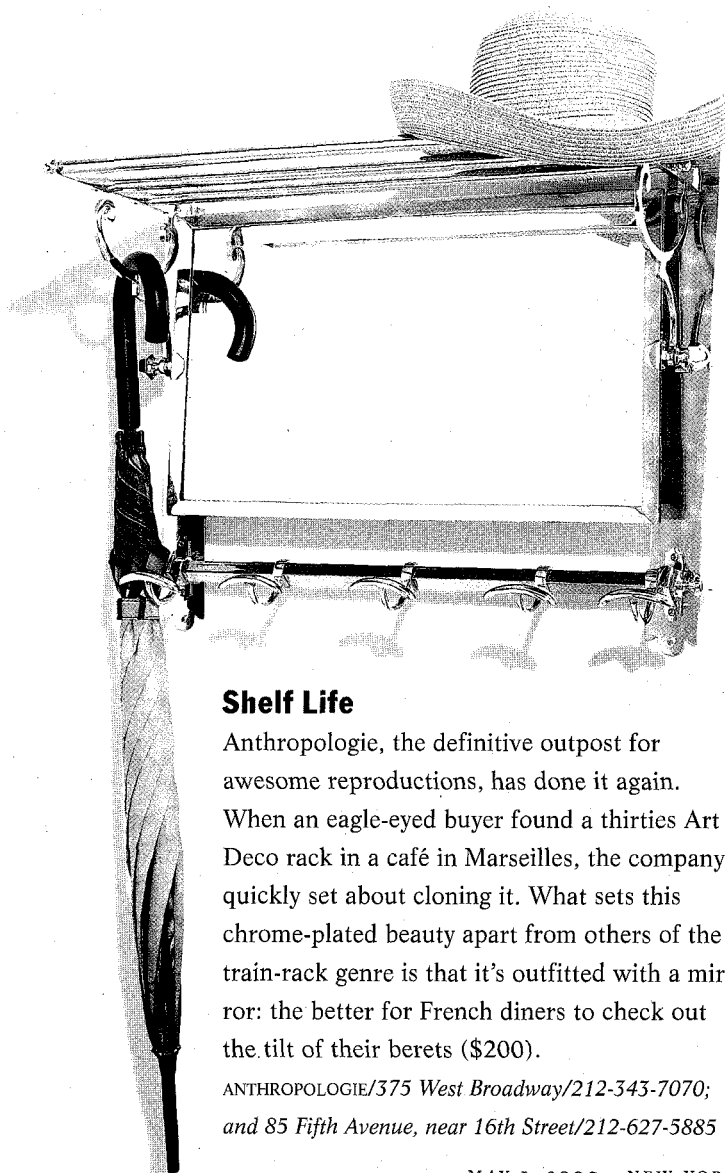
NICOLE FARHI/10 East 60th Street/212-421-7720



Portable Mackintosh

The mac, Brits' traditional rain garb, was created around 200 years ago when Scotsman Charles Macintosh developed the process of spreading rubber on cotton. Today the fabric is still made the age-old way in Scotland, but now it's likely to come in lots of sassy colors and hip shapes. A case in point: these waterproof messenger bags (\$125).

A PERFECT DAY IN PARADISE/153 East 70th Street/
212-639-1414



Shelf Life

Anthropologie, the definitive outpost for awesome reproductions, has done it again. When an eagle-eyed buyer found a thirties Art Deco rack in a café in Marseilles, the company quickly set about cloning it. What sets this chrome-plated beauty apart from others of the train-rack genre is that it's outfitted with a mirror: the better for French diners to check out the tilt of their berets (\$200).

ANTHROPOLOGIE/375 West Broadway/212-343-7070;
and 85 Fifth Avenue, near 16th Street/212-627-5885

Photographed by James Worrell

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

SMARTCITY

Bikini Sites

Dive into our directory of swimwear boutiques to find the perfect suit—whether you're bound for Brazilian beaches or the local lap pool. By Suzanne D'Amato

WOMEN ASK TOO MUCH FROM their bathing suits. Unlike men, who can get all the seaside self-actualization they need from a pair of cutoff khakis, women have to juggle two diverging, often warring, needs: fashion and function. In other words, while we like looking cute in a string bikini, we also want to go boogie-boarding. This season's suits remain divided by this yin and yang of women's swimwear, but the best play up one without entirely giving up on the other. There are suits with more sequins than the entire cast of *Dynasty* that still perform reliably off-camera. And there are racerback tanks that will win plenty of admiring glances on the beach without letting you down during an intense volleyball game. Whatever your priorities, these stores have suits that will keep you covered.

FASHION

Malia Mills

199 Mulberry Street; 212-625-2311

You don't need a model's endless legs to strut your stuff in a suit from Malia Mills. The designs are glam but flattering, the tops are matched to your bra size for an exact fit, and the staff is so reassuring that you won't feel embarrassed asking where that third string goes. Tops range from \$78 to \$88; bottoms, \$74–\$84. This season, Mills, whose classic paisley prints have made her a downtown darling, introduces new colors like ice blue and baby pink, in styles that are cool enough to get you into Bar Room. One bikini bottom's flirty string ties dangle to mid-thigh, evoking a fringy twenties flapper dress. This is typical of the line's hip sensuality—glamour with barely a sequin or bead in sight.

Liza Bruce

80 Thompson Street; 212-966-3853

Liza Bruce's swank new store is more like an oversized jewel box than a boutique. Maybe it's because her suits (\$180–\$285) sparkle more brightly than the knuckle-dusters at Harry Winston. You might miss the micro-bikinis and cut-up-to-there tanks were it not for their glitzy extras. Quarter-sized paillettes dangling from a bikini bottom are fit for a Vegas revue; gold lamé shimmers like a costly second skin on the torso of a strapless number; both are ready to be trotted off the runway and right into the (private) pool.

Calypso St. Barth

935 Madison Avenue, at 74th Street; 212-535-4100

Hamptons-bound day-trippers with nothing to hide snap up the tropical-colored bikinis (\$95–\$210) at Calypso St. Barth by the handful. The dreamy space is filled with equally dreamy salesgirls in bustle skirts hawking everything from straw bags to sandals to slipdresses—making it a popular stop en route to the LIRR. One crimson string bikini has a *faux* wet look that lets you look like you spent the afternoon practicing your backstroke instead of bronzing on an inflatable chair. Channel your inner Carmen Miranda with a fruit-print Manuel Canovas suit (don't forget the matching tote bag, pareo, and slides). Or don a flowing batik print to cover your sunburn as you cool your heels outside Nick & Toni's.

EXPERT TESTIMONY

Fast Times

Now that there are a few hours of daylight left after the five o'clock whistle blows, the quickest cure for cubicle fever may be skating the loop in Central Park. If you don't already have your own pair of in-lines, you might consider testing the road with a rental. When out-of-town guests feel the need for speed, Maria Wittorp-De Jonge, the concierge at the St. Regis hotel, heartily recommends Blades Board and Skate (160 East 86th Street, 212-996-1644). "They have a large selection and the staff is very helpful," she says. During the week, in-line skates, pads, and helmet can be rented for \$16 a day; weekend rates run from \$16 for two hours to \$27 for the day. (A \$200 deposit is required.) To keep you on course, Blades provides a map of the park that shows where the hills and dangerous curves are—since you wouldn't want to miss them.

RACHEL ORVINO

Bergdorf Goodman

754 Fifth Avenue, near 57th Street; 212-753-7300

Hit Bergdorf Goodman's swimwear boutique, and get suited up for your next voyage in looks by Tomas Maier, Veronique Leroy, and Eres. Their elegant designs (\$86–\$740) reveal sexy glimpses of skin without baring too much of Madame. A skinny forties showstopper by Maier has high-drama white wraparound ties, and delicately embroidered pastel flowers pretty up bikinis by Delfina. Another star attraction here is the wall of gauzy, brightly hand-painted caftans by Muriel Bran-



JOY KEEN Getting into the swim of things with a Roxy tank suit at Quicksilver Boardriders Club.

dolini—perfect for lazy days on the lido deck. Just don't forget your Jackie O. shades.

FUNCTION

Keiko

62 Greene Street; 212-226-6051

Though the photos of Keiko-clad *Sports Illustrated* models on the walls are perhaps more intimidating than inspiring, you don't have to be endowed with a calendar-girl shape to love this cheery shop. The suits are Gap-made-luxe—lots of color-blocked and striped suits (\$110-\$225) whose functional shapes are livened up with Crayola-bright palettes. The store will custom-design a new style or color for you (\$225-\$450) if you can't find what you're looking for in the rainbow-colored rows of chic square-necked halters, two-pieces, and tank suits. Although, given Keiko's five shades of blue alone, if you can't find what you need, your problems probably run deeper than swimsuit shopping.

Speedo

721 Lexington Avenue, at 58th Street; 212-688-4595

There's more to a Speedo suit than its drag coefficient. Sporty is stylish here, as unexpected extras like tie-dye prints and buckled straps update otherwise basic tanks (prices range from \$50 to \$88). But if you do care about flat-locked stitching and the like, you've hit the mother lode. More gold medals have been won in Speedo suits than in any other brand. Don a pair of sturdy goggles and a cute swim cap and you'll want all eyes on you, no matter how bad your butterfly stroke is.

Polo Sport

888 Madison Avenue, at 72nd Street; 212-434-8000

Of course, Polo is chock-full of the well-scrubbed Nantucket look that Ralph Lauren perfected. But this season's line (\$86-\$500) takes eighties-style Waspiness to such extremes that even derivative East Villagers will want to join in the fun. You don't have to be a card-carrying clambake enthusiast to appreciate Polo's trim tanks in sunny orange and crisp khaki, though the straps do look adorable peeking out from under a Lacoste. Primagingham bikinis come with matching drawstring bags that are just big enough to tote keys, lip balm, and the latest issue of *Avenue*.

Quicksilver Boardriders Club

109 Spring Street; 212-334-4500

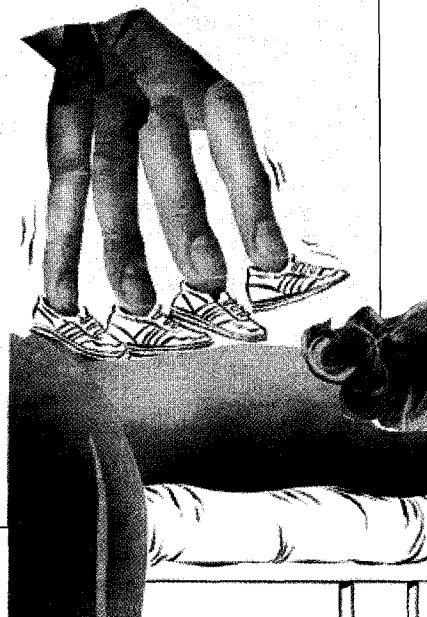
Real-life surfers gather at this shop, deliberating over wet suits and surfing wax, but even the palest mainlander will leave here feeling like a big kahuna. Groovy Hawaiian florals grace everything from hip-hugging board shorts to flirty Gidget-era tank suits from Roxy (\$48-\$80). The boy-cut bikini bottoms are daringly low-slung, but their elastic waist will stay in place no matter how hard you wipe out. Bamboo trim and lights strung from old surfboards echo the kitschy charm of the clothes. Kelly Slater's autographed board, displayed in a glass case, is about the only thing in the store that isn't treated with attitude—the laid-back California variety, that is.

NAVIGATOR

Q: My girlfriend is running the Revlon Run/Walk for Women this weekend and will no doubt finish beautifully. What can I get her as a token of my admiration?

A: How about a massage? It might bring back the smile she sweated away somewhere around 58th Street. If she's not too beat upon reaching the East Meadow, try the top-of-the-line luxury at The Peninsula Spa (700 Fifth Avenue, at 55th Street; 212-903-3910). The penetrating, hour-long Sports Massage (\$110) will speed her muscles' recovery (merely shuffling into the steam room feels like therapy in these quarters). And after several miles of pavement-pounding, her feet will love a Reflexology Pedicure (\$48) at the feng shui-approved Karen Wu Beauty and Wellness Spa (1044 Madison Avenue, near 79th Street; 212-737-3545). She can nod off in the massage chair while a trained aesthetician whittles away at her post-run aches. At Carapan (5 West 16th Street; 212-633-6220), waterfalls and the amber glow from tin chandeliers make for a soothing respite after negotiating the mob scene at the finish line. The Swedish-and-shiatsu combination massage (\$95) includes stretching and joint rotations to ease tension and increase circulation. Carapan also sells a wide array of massage oils by Molton Brown and I Coloniali so you can continue the pampering at home.

S.D'A.



SALES & BARGAINS SHYAMA PATEL

Tuck and Cover

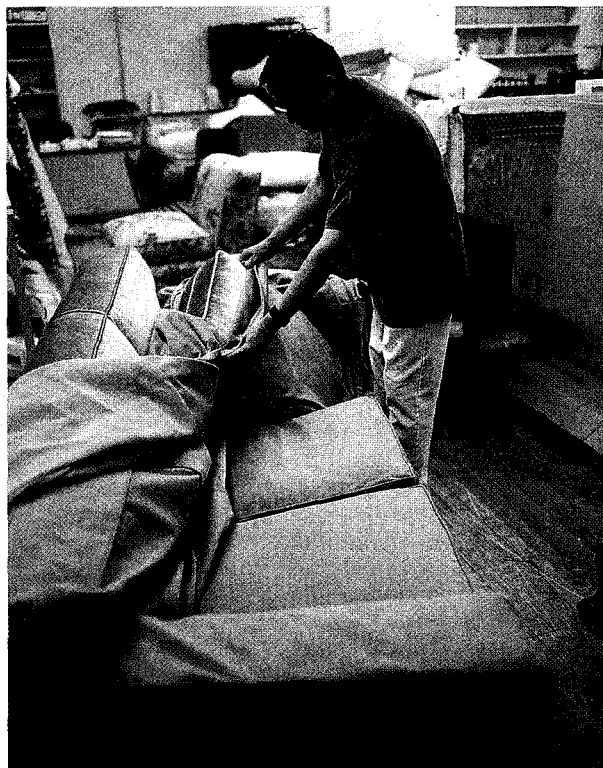
Let's wrap this up: *Spiff up your old sofa or freshen up that drab summer share: These slipcovers are a prescription for economic recovery.*

SLIPCOVERS ARE NO longer cutting-edge—let's face it, you can buy them at Wal-Mart. But for those of us with minimalist aspirations and a summer rental filled with seventies castoffs, they're worth a small investment. After all, do you really want to sit on that mangy tweed sofa in your swimsuit?

A premade cover can be tossed when your tastes change or saved for another sofa. Solid-colored Shabby Chic-style ones in four sizes at the **Pottery Barn** catalog are \$169–\$269. In May, **ABC Carpet & Home** will have pastels, damasks, and vintage-inspired prints, starting at \$160 for chairs and \$195 for loveseats. For serious bargains try **Sure Fit**, America's biggest cover maker. Prices at surefit.net start at \$69 for a chair and \$89 for a loveseat, and you can get swatches by mail. Fieldcrest covers at **Bed Bath & Beyond** (made by **Sure Fit**) are \$60 to \$100 for solid cottons. For large couches, try a \$139 cotton-twill style from the **Solutions** catalog in natural, khaki, or navy.

Custom-made covers—worth it for keepers—have a smooth fit and individual cushion covers (craftsmen cut and pin the fabric in your home). We'd enlist **Martin Albert**, whose clients include the Four Seasons hotel (chairs start at \$200, loveseats at \$400, plus fabric) or **Harry Zarin**, who charges from \$225 for chairs and from \$350 for loveseats and has loads of discount fabric.

Pottery Barn (800-922-9934); **ABC Carpet & Home**, 888 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-473-3000); **Sure Fit** (1-888-SUREFIT); **Bed Bath & Beyond**, 620 Sixth Ave., at 18th St. (212-255-3550); **Solu-**

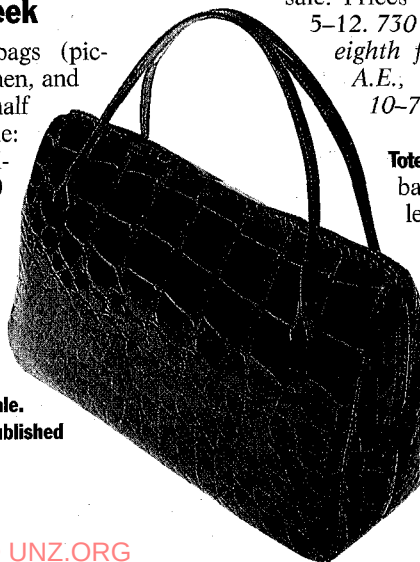


Fitted, to be tied: Martin Albert's custom-made slipcovers will transform your shabby old sofa with just a drape and a tuck.

tions (800-342-9988); **Martin Albert Interiors**, 9 E. 19th St. (212-673-8000); **Harry Zarin Fabric Warehouse**, 318 Grand St. (212-925-6112).

Picks of the Week

Tardini's alligator bags (pictured) plus satin, linen, and leather ones are all half price at the sale: \$400–\$2,000 for alligator, \$120–\$350 for leather or fabric. Smaller stuff is \$25–\$150. 12 W. 57th St., suite 1005 (212-664-



1965); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Fri. 9:30–6; 4/25–4/28.

Deborah Harper's clearing her New York showroom of all her classic women's hats. Spring and winter styles are 50–70 percent off, from \$25–\$150. 114 Chambers St., third floor (212-227-3831); M.C., V.; Wed.–Sat. 11–6; 4/26–4/29.

Kristine Moore and Centerofgravity team up for a sale of delicate, gem-embellished silver jewelry and snazzy bags (saddle-bags, clutches, totes, etc.). Prices are half off, from \$20–\$120. 137 Grand St., second floor (for information, call 212-255-2377); cash only; Thurs.–Sat. noon–8; 4/27–4/29.

TSE Cashmere knits (cashmere and cotton) for men, women, and kids, plus samples from the TSE New York collection, are at least 60 percent off at the sale. **Chelsea Market**, 425 W. 15th St. (for information, call 917-606-6810); A.E., M.C., V.; Wed.–Sat. 11–6:30, Sun. noon–4; 4/26–4/30.

Delman and Studio Delman's women's shoes—ballet flats, loafers, sandals, and slingbacks—are all at least half off at the sale. Prices are \$65–\$100. Sizes 5–12. 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., eighth floor (212-399-2323); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–7; 4/26–5/3.

Tote Le Monde's stylish handbags and weekenders (in leather, suede, linen, and denim), sold at stores like Barneys and Saks, are now 50–70 percent off. Prices \$40–\$100. 50 W. 29th St. (212-951-7140); cash only; Wed.–Thurs. noon–8, Fri. 8–2; 4/26–4/28.

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

BEAUTY



Shear Style

Stylist Simon Sabag was so popular with socialite clients like Veronica Hearst, Carroll Petrie, and Lee Radziwill that they encouraged him to take over the Daniel Salon, where he worked. One or two of them helped him financially, and Susan Gutfreund went so far as to decorate the new salon's bathroom herself. The just-opened space comes complete with a stunning garden, updated accessories like leopard-print robes and hand towels, and a new name (Simon, of course). Now the next generation of boldfaced names is gracing Sabag's chair: Pop star Mandy Moore's hair extensions are courtesy of Simon. (22 East 66th Street; 212-517-4566; haircuts range from \$85 to \$200.)

Laser Show

One million Americans have had their vision restored through laser eye surgery, but some bespectacled skeptics are still waiting for the procedure to be perfected. Now we're one step closer. The chief complaint about the widely used LASIK system comes from patients whose fidgeting during surgery reduced the laser's accuracy. But LADARVision—recently approved by the FDA—tracks the eye's movement, allowing patients to cough and scratch all they want. Dr. Barrie D. Soloway, of the Autonomous Laser Vision Center of Excellence at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary (888-NYLASIK), is the only doctor in the city with the new laser. The \$5,500 procedure takes only fifteen minutes—and could allow you to toss those frames within a month. DAVID AMSDEN

Gold Rush

On the fall 2000 runways, beauty took its cue from fashion's current love affair with all that glitters. At Fendi, models wore antique-gold shadow on the lids, as they did at Lawrence Steele, where eyes were highlighted with M.A.C.'s gold Pigment (\$18 at M.A.C., 113 Spring Street). At Christian Dior, locks were swept with Gold Nugget Mascara Flash (\$19.50 at Bloomingdale's). Fortunately, the look is subtle enough to try at home. Try Calvin Klein pale-gold eye color wash (\$14 at Saks Fifth Avenue) or Stila's Gold Shine lip gloss (\$17 at Sephora). And if you can't afford real fourteen-karat baubles, you can still brighten your hands with the stuff. Fashion insiders have been getting French manicures with a twist—painting the tips of their nails with gold, like Shu Uemura's luxe metallic enamel (\$20 at Barneys New York). ANNA RACHMANSKY

Smells Like Teen Spirit

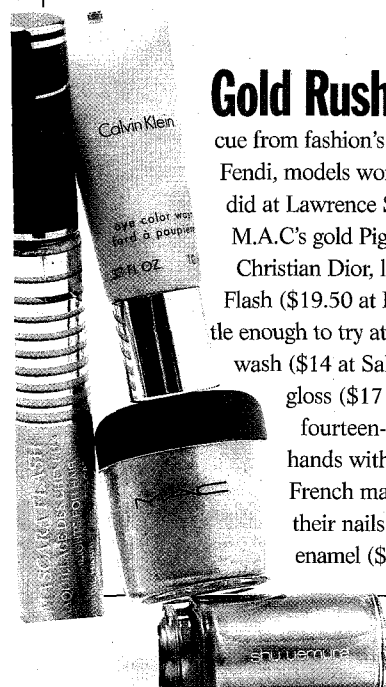
Obsession with youth has hit a new sensory dimension. Child, a roll-on floral scent distributed exclusively by Fred Segal's Apothia store, is made by a woman in Dallas in very limited quantities—which got the store into trouble when 90210 babe Jennie Garth swore in an interview that the perfume drives men wild. Now the store receives about 100 calls a day from Child-less shoppers—though Madonna, Sigourney Weaver, and Tori Spelling have already scored their bottles (small goes for \$47, large \$92; call 323-651-0239 to order). The No. 1-selling scent in Asia (according to Givenchy, the manufacturer) is Tartine et Chocolat (\$30), a light citrus blend created as a fragrance for children. It's sold in a section labeled "For the Young" at Sephora, but that hasn't kept the high-heeled set from wearing it themselves. And if you need a really regressive hit, Duane Reade always has a good offering of baby powders.



New Wave

There are abundant ways to dispatch unwanted hair—and most of them make us wince. Labor-intensive tweezing, messy creams, and painful waxing are all temporary. Laser and flash-gun treatments once seemed miraculous, but they're less than effective on light hair and can burn dark or tanned skin. Here's hope for the hirsute: A new microwave hair-removal machine goes straight to the follicle, and according to Upper East Side dermatologist Stephen Victor, the first in town with the new machine, "clinical studies show that after one treatment, 68 percent of the hair was still gone two years later, and after two or three treatments, you can be absolutely hairless." Robin Williams must be breathing a sigh of relief. (Dr. Steven Victor, 30 East 76th Street; 212-249-3050. The process, including three sessions, ranges from \$950 for the bikini area to \$3,000–\$5,000 for a man's back.)

BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL



War Is Swell

'U-571' is an entertaining action-adventure flick minus the hokiness of most World War II films; 'Croupier' gambles on actor Clive Owen—and wins.



Gone fishing:
Matthew
McConaughey
(standing) with,
from left, T. C.
Carson, Will Estes,
and Thomas Guiry,
in *U-571*.

THE WORLD WAR II SUBMARINE THRILLER *U-571* is engagingly old-fashioned. It doesn't try to palm itself off as revisionist or indulge in the kind of jitterbug techno-moviemaking designed to rope in the short-attention-span audience. The only concession to modernity is in the eardrum-vibrating soundtrack, which converts every sonar blip and torpedo whoosh into a Wagnerian cataclysm. Watching this movie makes you feel pressurized, which is as it should be.

Director Jonathan Mostow, who co-wrote the screenplay with Sam Montgomery and David Ayer, is probably gambling that most of his viewers are either unfamiliar with the standard-issue tropes of World War II movies or else harbor an abiding affection for them. Lieutenant Commander Mike Dahlgren (Bill Paxton) is the skipper of the S-33, a World War I-vintage sub older than most of its crew; Matthew McConaughey is Lieutenant Andrew Tyler, who chafes at Dahlgren's decision not to assign him his own boat, and who, when peril strikes, rises to the occasion. The Trojan Horse mission Tyler ends up commanding involves the takeover of a battered U-boat by American sailors impersonating a German rescue party in order to seize a top-secret Nazi device for encrypting the Enigma code. As the sub wobbles through hostile waters, rattling and leaking as it dips ever downward to avoid the enemy, its hastily assembled American crew appears to be simultaneously pulling together and coming apart.

Fortunately, Mostow doesn't play up the hokiness of

the assemblage in quite the way that actual WWII-era movies did; we don't feel as if we're watching a cross-section of America, or at least of white America, with its Italian, its Jew, its hayseed farm boy and its city tough, and so on. This sort of speciousness still partially survives in some of the recent war movies having to do with that era, including *Saving Private Ryan*. In *U-571* (an unfortunate title that sounds like a hemorrhoid ointment), the crew's diversity comes not from any multi-culti political correctness but from the sailors' varying responses to terror. Many of the actors playing the young crew, including Jack Noseworthy, Derk Cheetwood, Dave Power, and Thomas Guiry, are fairly new to movies, and so, thankfully, unlike with many Hollywood-action ensembles, we don't have to pick our way through a crush of famous faces who are pretending not to be famous. When some of the more recognizable actors turn up—including David Keith as a Marines munitions expert and the omnipresent Harvey Keitel as Tyler's seasoned second-in-command—their on-screen familiarity confers its own status on their roles.

One of the welcome differences between WWII-era movies then and now lies in their depiction of the adversary. Gone from many of the recent movies is the rampant stereotyping that we saw in the old films, but the enemy is still the enemy. The trick is how to convey that fact without indulging in demonization. *U-571* is unevenly successful at this. On the one hand, we have the usual scene in which a German naval officer orders the shooting of a boatload of helpless Allies. But later, when the crew led by Tyler invades the U-boat, the caught-in-the-headlights look on the faces of the German sailors matches the look of their attackers. Most of the combatants on both sides appear to be barely out of high school, and they're massed, cowering, inside the belly of this beast.

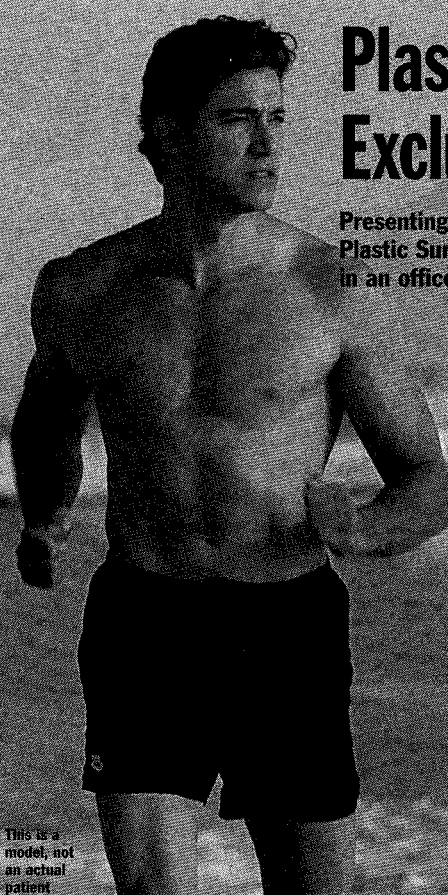
U-571 is no *Das Boot*, which told its sub story from the German side, but it has its share of depth-charged theatrics. (One of its production designers was art director on the German film.) Mostow made his name with the creepy road-revenge movie *Breakdown*, which also was a kind of genre throwback. He works in a somewhat sleeker style than the old-time Hollywood hands but still incorporates many of the old-time attitudes. The ad line for his new movie—"Heroes are ordinary men who do extraordinary things in extraordinary times"—pretty much sums up its spirit, which is not jingoistic, exactly,

but triumphal. Still, unlike most Hollywood war movies, this one doesn't look like it was directed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Mostow never forgets he's spinning a yarn. *U-571* doesn't skimp on our pleasure in hearing once again lines like "Fix torpedo!" or "Take me to 200 meters!"

CLIVE OWEN GIVES A WITTY, SUPERBLY clenched performance in **Croupier**, directed by the underrated Mike Hodges (*Get Carter*, *Pulp*) and scripted by the overrated Paul Mayersberg (*The Man Who Fell to Earth*, *Eureka*), who fortunately tones down his flossier excesses this time around. Movies about gambling often devolve into existential quagmires, but the best of them, Jacques Demy's *Bay of Angels* and Robert Altman's *California Split*, are intoxicated by the vagaries of chance. *Croupier* isn't on their level, but it's a small-scale triumph of sharp storytelling and dry-ice urbanity. Owen's Jack Manfred is a would-be novelist making a living as a croupier in a posh London casino. Sometimes speaking directly to us, he scatters bright-boy aphorisms as if they were blackjack chips (sample: "Gambling is about not facing reality, about ignoring the odds"). He doesn't gamble himself, and he enjoys watching others lose. Jack may think he's in control of his life, but of course he's not. His comeuppance is, for us, almost as delicious as his ascent. I'm not sure why this 1998 film went unreleased in this country for so long. Too smart, maybe?

In brief: ADAPTED FROM ELIZABETH BOWEN'S novel and set in 1920 in County Cork, **The Last September** has a graceful, fated tone, and a real subject: the fading away of the Anglo-Irish aristocrats in the wake of the war for Ireland's independence. The best moments seem practically Chekhovian, and the cast, especially Maggie Smith, Michael Gambon, and Fiona Shaw, bring to their characters' every gesture a whole universe of feeling. Some of the other players, including Keeley Hawes as the ingenue niece, are rather blank, and director Deborah Warner's imagery, with its overuse of mirrored reflections, is perhaps too precious an approximation of Bowen's crystalline prose. . . . Two directorial debuts have their moments: Sofia Coppola's **The Virgin Suicides**, about five suburban daughters who inexplicably, poetically, kill themselves, puts a dreamy, Salingeresque spin on material not always up to such rueful mythologizing, but Coppola has a fresh, fervid eye and a way with actors, among them Josh Hartnett, Kirsten Dunst, and Kathleen Turner. Gina Prince-Bythewood's **Love & Basketball**, about a female ballplayer, is mawkishly heartfelt, but actress Sanaa Lathan performs as if she were lit from within. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998-2000 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.



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Reality Check

It's always great when Tom Stoppard swings into town, but this production of 'The Real Thing' isn't as smart as it thinks; Taymor's 'Green Bird' soars.

IN **The Real Thing**, THE CLEVER TOM STOPPARD TELLS A fairly simple story as trickily, as cleverly as possible. What, he wonders, is reality *really*? Playwrights since Pirandello, fictionists since Proust, have been pondering this question, lightly or ponderously. Stoppard, as also in *The Real Inspector Hound*, favors lightly. Here we get a rather Stoppardish playwright, Henry, married to the actress Charlotte. His good friend Max is the actor currently playing the autobiographical lead in Henry's *House of Cards* opposite Charlotte. Max is married to the actress Annie, with whom Henry is conducting a clandestine affair and whom he will eventually marry. Then Annie will cheat on Henry although she truly loves him. All houses are houses of cards and end up collapsing. *Some* of them are rebuilt.

Part of the play is a play within a play (by Henry), but we are never alerted to which is which. An incident—Annie's meeting on a train a Scottish soldier and anti-war protester who is later jailed for defacing a monument—is told three ways: as Annie related it to Henry, as Henry wrote it in a TV play, and as it really happened. Don't hastily assume that the third version is the truth. Is history's Richard III more real than Shakespeare's? And how true to the living man was history? (The play hasn't asked these particular questions, but it might just as well have.)

Stoppard has lots of fun with his assorted adulteries, and his dialogue suitably sparkles. Henry loves pop music, though the women try to introduce him to better things. Taken to an opera to hear "real music," he finds the Walker Brothers' recording of "Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore" much more moving than "that female vocalist person," as he describes Callas to Max, and asks, "Do you think there's something wrong with me?" "Yes. I'd say you were a moron." Too bad that Stoppard, whose autobiographical hero flaunts his perfect grammar in this very play, is so fallible (note that *were*). Still, we'd rather have him with all his deviousness and deviations than not at all.

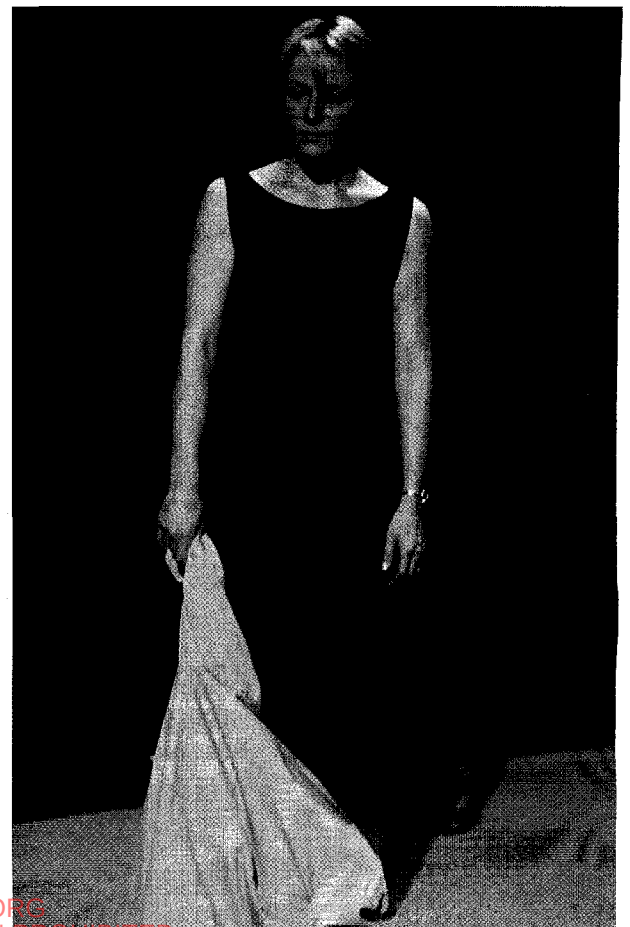
The current revival is less pleasurable than the 1984 American premiere, which had the proper sets and was better directed. Stephen Dillane is palpably talented, but his Henry is a little less smooth and sophisticated than called for, though no less amusing. Sarah Woodward is a strangely frumpish Charlotte, and Nigel Lindsay an unaccountably lower-class Max. Jennifer Ehle has the right stuff for Annie, but also an odd way of standing around, for which I blame the director, David Leveaux. Particularly awkward is a sudden collapse of Dillane's, undercut by his facing upstage. The three supporting players do fairly by their ancillary roles.

Most peculiar are Vicki Mortimer's sets, a cross between structuralism and minimalism, seemingly trying to re-create the Donmar Warehouse, where this production originated. The actors' often oversubdued diction may also be geared to a more intimate venue. Still,

Stoppard is one of our few brainy and literate dramatists (even if he writes "the woman *whom* Charlotte has ceased to be") and once again warms up Broadway's intellectual climate by several balmy degrees.

THE ENCHANTING SURPRISE OF THE MONTH, IF NOT THE season, is **The Green Bird**, the 1765 fairy-tale comedy by Carlo Gozzi. As translated by Albert Bermel and Ted Emery (with added prose by Eric Overmyer and lyrics by David Suehsdorf), choreographed by Daniel Ezralow, and graced with funky pastiche music by Elliot Goldenthal, this is sheer delight, made sheerer by Christine Jones's sets, Constance Hoffman's costumes, Donald Holder's lights, and especially Julie Taymor's masks, puppets, and staging.

Forgive my clobbering you with so many names, but credit must be given where it is due. In compensation, I'll spare you the complicated plot wherein orphaned twins, Barberina and Renzo, flee their plebeian foster parents, Truffaldino and Smeraldina, to search for their true parents, King Tartaglia and his hapless queen, Ninetta, whom the wicked queen mother, Tartagliona, has imprisoned beneath the royal toilets. Tartagliona's sidekick



The Tom Stoppard affair:
Jennifer Ehle's Annie cheats on two husbands.

is the evil soothsayer Brighella (all these are commedia dell'arte names), and that is only half the cast. It also includes a talking giant sculptured head, a beautiful female statue that comes to life, a sorceress's garden and an ogre's mountain, tigerish monsters, singing apples, and dancing waters. And, of course, the eponymous Green Bird, fluttering frolicsomenly.

If you think this is kiddie stuff, think again. It is really for adults, although children will get enough of it to enjoy it, too. It is as much social satire as fairy story, as much comedy of manners as giddy farce. The adapters have sneaked in funny contemporary references without disrespect to Gozzi's honored bones, and a cast that looks equally good with and without masks acts up enough of a storm for a banquet set of teacups. Everyone here is delicious, but I must single out Didi Conn's pungent Smeraldina, Derek Smith's hilarious Tartaglia, Edward Hibbert's most waspish queen Tartagliona, and Andrew Weems's quick-change artistry in a passel of roles. Also Lee Lewis, for being the loveliest of statues that ever came to life, and possibly even of those that didn't. Though more modest in scale than Miss Taymor's other triumph, the song of the *Bird* is sweeter, smarter, and subtler than the roar of the *Lion*.

WHAT A FIASCO, THIS SECOND, BROADWAY version of **The Wild Party!** It makes the middling Off Broadway one look, in retrospect, like a masterpiece. (Had Andrew Lipka's version opened second, it might still be running.) From music and lyrics by Michael John LaChiusa, and a book by him and George C. Wolfe, we get a second take on the trashy late-twenties narrative poem by Joseph Moncure March, doggerel that should have been let lie by both.

The two versions are fairly different, but not enough to make us seek out the moldering original poem. This much is true of both *WP2* and *WPI*: Burrs, the ominous clown, and Queenie, the promiscuous showgirl, are sparring spouses; to bring about peace, they give a party to which they invite all the demimondains they know. *WP2* conceives this as a vaudeville entertainment with placards heralding each scene, further cheapening the cheesy proceedings.

WPI at least had some semblance of a story line; *WP2* is almost all random incidents that refuse to mesh. In both versions, a courtesan named Kate brings along a somewhat mysterious Mr. Black who becomes involved with Queenie, while Burrs fools around with Kate; finally, a gun is pulled, and someone gets killed. Both versions also feature a comic lesbian, but only this one has two comic Jews, Gold and Goldberg, two would-be producers. And here, Burrs is a blackface clown; in *WPI*, he was a whiteface one.

WP2 does have an asset in Eartha Kitt, but what this amazing crone prodigy contributes is her own story unrelated to the show. As Burrs, Mandy Patinkin does some super-creepy things with grating falsetto and clumsy audience participation. He is as diabolic as he is over-the-top—call it deviled ham. The excellent Tonya Pinkins is hamstrung by her role as Kate, and the macho Black, cast in *WPI* as a sexy black, is here an effete ephēbe. As Queenie, Toni Collette, in an anachronistic Monroe wig, works hard and deserves our sympathy.

WPI had terrific sets and lighting, nowhere near matched here. Lamest of all is George C. Wolfe's direction, followed closely by Joey McKneely's choreography. LaChiusa's songs come off quite well as pastiche, although one misses some sort of ballad. All in all, I cannot imagine the most desperate gate-crasher wanting to be caught dead at this party.

DON'T ASSUME YOU HAVE SEEN THE WORST before experiencing the latest revival of **Jesus Christ Superstar**, a production so stillborn I defy God himself to resurrect it. The Australian director Gale Edwards, aiming the gospel story at young audiences, comes up with part *Godspell*, part *Middle East Side Story*. The time is mainly today, plus some Fascist Italy, nastily blood-smeared no-period Jews, East Village kids as apostles, and a Las Vegas Herod. The set is the abandoned pillars of a bridge connected by a freight elevator carrying actors up and down, while others keep climbing those pillars.

Judas is a spike-haired, black-leather blond, Mary Magdalene a vaguely biblical trollop, and Jesus a sandaled Armani Exchange model. As Glenn Carter plays him, he is practicing for a more important appearance at Madame Tussaud's wax museum. Only Tony Vincent's Judas shows both energy and vocal prowess, but why does he come back after hanging himself? Could the Almighty have mistaken him for Jesus? As Herod, Paul Kandel is a decrepit Miss America Pageant host reduced to camping it up in Vegas; Siegfried and Roy would consider his act *de trop*.

Andrew Lloyd Webber's orchestrations of his own music, staggering between ear-blasting and barely audible, attest to advanced self-hatred. Anthony Van Laast's choreography tries to be inconspicuous, but unfortunately does not succeed. Except for torturing Jesus more than necessary, and having him repeatedly roll across the floor like a human mop, surrounded by paparazzi and redundantly projected onto a giant screen, Gale Edwards's direction contributes little. The set designer's chief invention is a crucifix made of enough light bulbs to blind an entire audience to all but the worthlessness of this revival. ■

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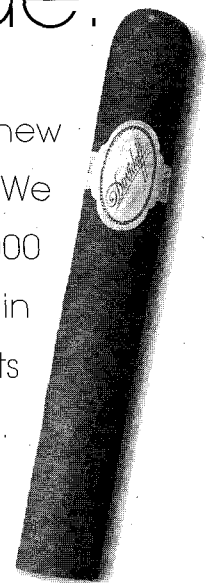
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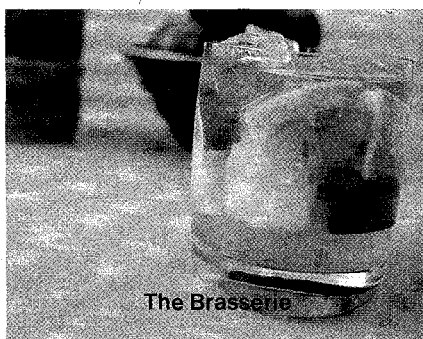
VISION
hot bars & restaurants



Reinventing a Legend

Once upon a time, there was The Brasserie (100 E. 53rd St., 751-4840), the place for the up-all-night to wind down. The Brasserie, which started its long run in 1959 then closed for several years after a fire, reopened this year in a dramatic redesign that retains the familiar revolving glass door but updates everything else.

Grand entrances were always part of a night at The Brasserie. And the new staircase down to the dining room heightens the effect by gracefully extending the old steps into a ramp in solid glass for maximum theatrical impact. Not to mention the bank of video monitors over the bar that replay each entrance in slow motion, freeze-frame action.



The restoration, by Diller + Scofidio, a cutting-edge architectural studio whose work blends art, architecture, and the performing arts, and who had never designed a restaurant, includes one wall lined with booths with tall quilted backs that reach up to the ceiling, and custom-built tables of a translucent pale green material that fairly glows from within. What's on those tables is the province of a bright young chef, Luc Dimnet who, appropriately enough, was born in the Alsace region of France, birthplace of the brasserie tradition. Dimnet, who worked at the Michelin three-star Le Crocodile and Le Buerchiesel in Strasbourg, was most recently chef de cuisine at Les Célébrités under star chef Christian Delouvrier.

The new menu preserves such Brasserie signature dishes as the onion soup, crepes, omelets, and mussels (prepared

four different ways). The rest of the menu includes inventive and eclectic spins on such classics as a seafood plateau, goujonettes of sole, frisée aux lardons, salad Nicoise and, of course steak frites. The must-have dessert on Pastry Chef Nancy Kershner's list are the chocolate beignets—buttery puff-pastry dough plumped with truly decadent chocolate ganache.

The Brasserie show may wrap up earlier (1 a.m.) than in the old days, but today's version is more electric, more exciting, and palate-pleasing than ever.

Restaurant Renewal in Rockefeller Center

In one broad stroke, Rockefeller Center has three bright new dining destinations—the long-running favorite The Sea Grill (19 W. 49th St., 332-7610) recently reopened with a smashing new decor by Adam Tihany, the wholly new Rock Center Café (20 W. 50th St., 332-7620),



“Grand entrances were always part of a night at The Brasserie. And the new staircase heightens the effect by gracefully extending the old steps into a ramp in solid glass for maximum theatrical impact.”

COPS AREN'T THE ONLY ONES IMPRESSED BY A MAN WHO CAN WALK A STRAIGHT LINE. CHIVAS REGAL 12 WHEN YOU KNOW



Drink responsibly. (But you know that.) ©2000 Chivas Regal 12 Year Old Worldwide Blended Scotch Whisky.
40% Alcohol by Volume (80 Proof) Chivas Bros. Import Co., New York, NY. www.chivasregal.com



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hot bars & restaurants

and the newly-opened Mediterranean-inspired café Cucina & Co. (30 Rockefeller Plaza on the Concourse Level, 332-7630).

Rockefeller Center continues to be the jewel of New York," says Nick Valenti, president and CEO of Restaurant Associates. "We have reinvented these three restaurants to reflect the energy and romance of this unique destination."

Brand-new, The Sea Grill, which overlooks the famed ice skating rink through a wall of ceiling-to-floor windows, continues to dazzle under the direction of chef Edward Brown. He has made sure to keep many of his signature dishes on the updated menu, including such favorites as jumbo lump crab cakes with grainy mustard and scallion sauces, as well as Chatham codfish with Chinese black bean broth, couscous, and orange lentils.

A sure tip-off to Brown's mastery of seafood-and his reverence for top-quality ingredients—is the menu's listing of "Day Boat Specialties," which identify not only the variety of fish, but the name and home port of the fishing boat that provided them. These dishes are prepared "à la plancha," in a chrome plate that requires less oil for sauteeing.

Daily seafood platters feature unusual or seasonal items such as whelks, sea urchins, stone crabs, and Nantucket Bay scallops. The new decor also delivers the tranquillity of the sea, featuring



furnishings without rough edges, seamless connections between spaces created by lighting effects, and a whimsical water motif provided by a free-form communal table of cast-blue resin that is suspended from the ceiling by stainless steel cables.

Rock Center Café is a sparkling new restaurant on the north side of the skating rink, featuring classic New York cuisine with a distinct Italian accent. You enter past a curved, spacious bar that seats 30 on the way to the spacious main dining room designed with marble, terrazzo, onyx, and mahogany.

Chef Theo Schoenegger, who learned to cook in his mother's 100-seat restaurant in the Italian Alps, was recruited in 1986 to be the Executive Chef at Palio, and in 1990 took over the kitchen at San Domenico. His menu at Rock Center

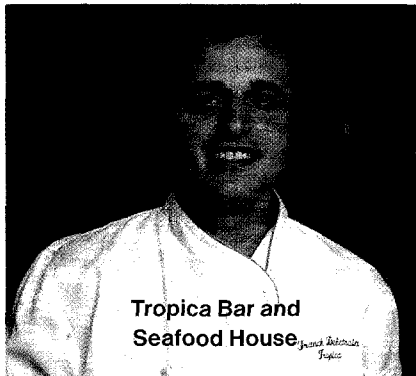
Café is an eclectic mix of roast prime rib au jus, several selections among steaks and chops, veal Milanese, roast Amish chicken, fish and seafood, as well as pasta specialties.

A major hit in its original incarnation in the MetLife Building, the Mediterranean-inspired Cucina & Co. brings that same concept of casual café and take-out convenience to Rockefeller Center—a 4,500 square-foot cornucopia of freshly prepared foods that include a classic croque monsieur made with bechamel, pagnottelle baked pizza sandwiches, and such savory dishes as braised short ribs of veal with marscapone polenta, and Cockle clams and mussels. There's also plenty of choice among fresh fruits, breads, and assorted tempting desserts.

Dining at the Crossroads

In the hustle and bustle where the crowds from Grand Central Terminal mingle with the crowds that flock to the MetLife Building, there are three outstanding restaurants to dodge the commotion.

Tropica Bar and Seafood House (200 Park Ave. at E. 45th St., 867-6767) showcases the inspired seafood cuisine of chef Franck Deletrain, who draws influences from around the world in dishes that are at once complex

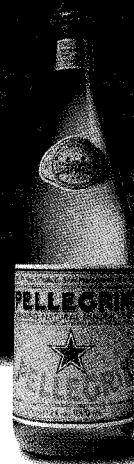




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☆ It must be the water.

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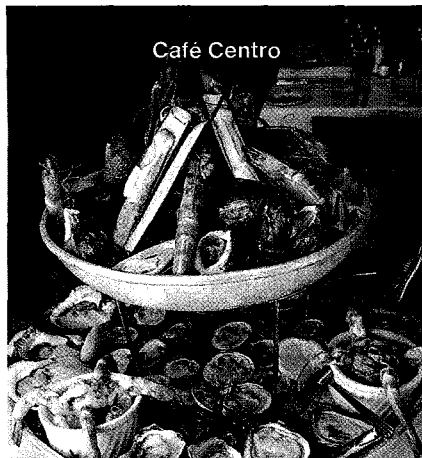
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and individual. White miso soup with sea vegetables and shrimp dumplings. Citrus honey shrimp with roasted yellow plantain cake and tamarind sauce. Roasted Chilean sea bass with whipped taro root with coconut-lime leaf sauce. And every day when in season, you can be sure to find some new preparation of soft shelled crabs.



Built around three "fire stations" Café Centro (200 Park Ave. at E. 45th St., 818-1222) considered to be a brasserie with outdoor dining, is as much a pleasure for the eye as it is for the palate. In full view of the Art Deco dining room is a glass-enclosed kitchen that boasts a working rotisserie, a wood-burning oven for breads and pies, and a grill for meats and fish. Chef Julian Alonzo changes his menu daily, featuring specialties that include oven-skillet steamed Prince Edward Island mussels, frisée aux lardons, a ruddy, smooth Provencale fish soup, and the Café Centro classic chicken bisteeya—shredded chicken scented with orange flower essence, studded with almonds and raisins and enveloped in a flaky round of puff pastry. Down a gangway-style hallway at the rear of the dining room is The Beer Bar, decorated with burlwood walls and illuminated showcases that display museum-quality art objects that recall images of travel in the 1930s.

Authentic Neapolitan style pizza is the main attraction at Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria (200 Park Ave. at E.

"Built around three 'fire stations,' Café Centro is as much a pleasure for the eye as it is for the palate."

45th St., 972-7001). Hand-made by pizza chefs recruited from Naples, the pizzas are made from trucked-in water that matches the alkaline quality of water in Naples, using low gluten durum wheat flour imported from Naples. There's also a selection of more than 20 meat, seafood, and vegetable piccoli piatti, small dishes similar to tapas. And main course selections that include whole fish baked in the oven, chicken, other meats, and seafood. Running the entire 75-foot length of one wall is a wine bar serving more than 70 varieties of Italian wines. Now that it's springtime, you can take a seat on the spacious outdoor terrace.

Vino-Versity™

What do you get when you combine the city's hottest wine bar concept with a series of highly informative wine tastings? If you're Shari Schneider, the agile mind behind Divine Bar (244 E. 51st St., 319-WINE and 55 Liberty St., 791-WINE) you get Vino-Versity™, the first of what she plans to be a nationwide, high-information, high-fun program of what she describes as "walk-around tastings" of as many as 36 wines at a time accompanied by bread and cheese to cleanse the palate between samplings.



Something Special from Speyside

Chivas Regal (www.chivas.com) is the world's number one premium Scotch whisky, created in the 1890s, and produced at the Strathisla Distillery, the oldest working distillery in the Highlands of Scotland.

Chivas Regal is a unique blend with a full, fruity, rich taste—thanks to the influence of rich, soft malts from Speyside, the most celebrated whisky region in Scotland. It contains the finest malt and grain Scotch whiskies, all of which are aged for a minimum of 12 years in oak casks. And anyone who thinks of Scotch as something enjoyed straight, on the rocks, or with a splash (all of which are perfectly appropriate) try this new idea for a way to savor Chivas Regal's qualities.

THE CHIVAS ROYALE

- ◆ One shot of Chivas Regal
- ◆ One dash of apple schnapps
- ◆ Ginger Ale
- ◆ Sliced green apple
- ◆ Crushed ice

Half fill a chilled champagne flute with crushed ice. Pour in Chivas Regal, and then the apple schnapps (or clear apple juice). Place a slice of green apple in the drink and serve.



Your prime steak was aged more than a month.

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Whether you want a prime dry-aged steak at Rock Center Café or some of The Sea Grill's impeccably fresh day-boat fish prepared in Chef Edward Brown's unique, creative style, you'll find a lot to like at these new restaurants overlooking the Rink.

Introducing two new restaurants in Rockefeller Center.



19 West 49th Street (212) 332 7610



20 West 50th Street (212) 332 7620

Night VISION hot bars & restaurants



The two Divine Bar locations draw crowds with their funky decor, dozens of wines by the taste, glass, and bottle, and an eclectic menu of snacks and tapas that make the party complete. Vino-Versity™ takes over the Liberty Street location with “Red, Hot & Spicy,” featuring Zinfandel, Pinot Noir, and Syrah on May 6, followed on May 13 with samplings of Beringer Estate reds and whites. The current schedule runs through July 29. For up-to-the-moment details, check in on www.vino-versity.com.

Prime Locations

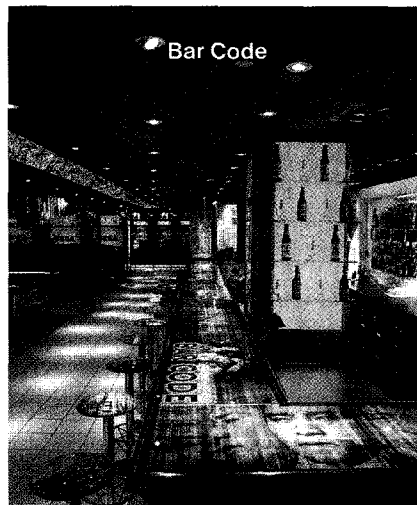
Celebrated for generous portions of USDA prime aged beef, and grand menu presentations of steaks, whole Maine lobsters, and other main course selections laid out on a cart rolled to your table, Morton's of Chicago (551 Fifth Ave. at 45th St., 972-3315 and 90 West St., 732-5665) provides two-fisted dining in most genteel, club-like settings. Plush seating, etched glass partitions, lavish food and wine displays, and



the spectacle of the activity in the exhibition kitchen are the keynotes of the Morton's ambience.

The 24-ounce porterhouse is the house specialty, ably backed by a 20-ounce New York sirloin and a 14-ounce double-cut filet. Add to that the Sicilian veal chop, the broiled center-cut swordfish steak with sauce Bearnaise, and whole baked Maine lobster. And a wine list that tops 500 selections.

The New Rules Game Bar



You can answer the challenge of the latest mind-bending interactive electronic games, boogie down to hits spun by live DJs in an elevated booth, power up with tasty snacks and “Boost” cocktails—24 hours a day—at Bar Code (1540 Broadway at 46th St., 768-7821). The multi-million dollar computerized cyber-inspired environment in the heart of Times Square, opening in April, includes over 100 top-of-the-line interactive, Internet, and proprietary game stations, along with a hip nightclub and bar scene complete with stimulating video effects and a dazzling sound system.

The full-service bar pours all the top brands, as well as Bar Code's own cocktails with names like “Buzz,”

“Cruuz,” or “Focus” that can be “boosted up” with additives of power-packed natural remedies like ginkgo biloba, ginseng, or guarana. The snack menu runs the gamut from giant buffalo wings, steamed dim sum and nachos, to designer pizzas (barbecue chicken, cilantro, and sliced red onions, for example), a whole range of wraps, and half-pound burgers accessorized with such add-ons as guacamole, blue cheese, or chili.

Handcrafted Since 1703

Summertime regattas are synonymous with Barbados-based Mount Gay® Rum (www.mountgay.com), with the company supporting more than 110 such events around the world, about 75 of them in the United States alone. The connection has an even stronger historical tie. As early as the 1700s, Mount Gay Rum became the sailor's drink of choice because prevailing winds and ocean currents made Barbados the most difficult island to land on. A barrel of Mount Gay Rum proved a sailor had made it to Barbados and back.

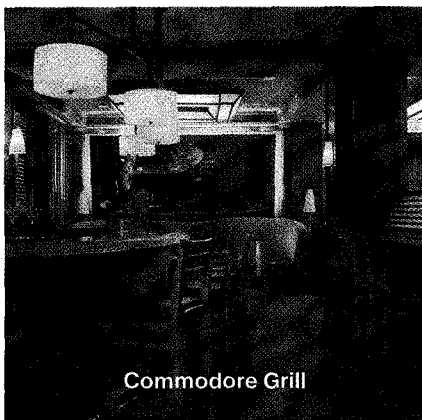
Pure Barbados resources, proud handcrafting, and skillful blending are the marks of excellence Mount Gay Rum has been perfecting for centuries—beginning in lush green fields of sugar cane, and continuing on through distillation, and aging and maturation for several years in white-oak barrels imported from Kentucky that are charred slightly to impart a distinctive smoky flavor and rich color.

The brand's flagship is Mount Gay Eclipse. But connoisseurs are quickly discovering Mount Gay Extra Old Rum, a super-premium rum produced from select, aged reserves.



Night VISION

hot bars & restaurants



Commodore Grill

Grand Style at the Grand Hyatt New York

Step through the door of the Commodore Grill (42nd St. and Lexington Ave. in the Grand Hyatt New York, 850-5999) and be transported to a Euro-style grand café. A rounded marble-topped bar reaches from a clubby lounge into the lavishly wood-paneled Art Nouveau dining room where sprawling banquettes upholstered in rusty-brown velvet line the walls, each backed with a massive mirror tilted from the top for maximum see-and-be-seen effect. A large but intimate room with amber-soft indirect lighting completes the romantic atmosphere.

Chef Anthony Arbeeney describes his menu as favoring "the curious minded." The accent is on light and fresh. For starters, try the tuna tartare cosmopolitan, or maybe the warm foie gras French toast. A section of the menu labeled "Simply Grilled" offers such choices as Angus filet mignon, Montauk tuna steak, and a double-cut pork chop. The chef's pride, though, is the "natured" saddle of veal, specially raised in California exclusively for the Commodore Grill.

The Commodore Grill opened in October, discreetly perched on the second floor with a window wall overlooking the avenue. Word of this special newcomer has spread among insiders. Now you know, too.

Informal wine tasting forums designed to teach the novice to advanced wine enthusiast how to enjoy and decipher the intricacies of wine!



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Zinfandel, Pinot Noir, Syrah
- May 13th **Winery Spotlight:**
Beringer Estate;
Reds & Whites from the vineyards of Beringer, Ch. St. Jean, St. Clement, Meridian, Tarapaca, and Gabbiano wineries

SPRING BREAK!

- June 3rd **Supertuscans!**
Lip-Smacking Cabernet blends from Central Italy

- June 10th **The Pacific Northwest:**
Whites & Reds from Washington State and Oregon

Special Westcoast Wine Night!
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"So You Have the Wine List, Now What?"™ Reservations Required
via RossmanGrahamAs@aol.com

- June 17th **Winemaker Spotlight:**
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Steele, Villa Mt. Eden, Shooting Star, and Indian Springs

- June 24th **How Sweet It Is!**
The Amazing World of Sauternes & Dessert Wines

- July 8th **Champagne & Sparkling Wine I!**

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German Rieslings

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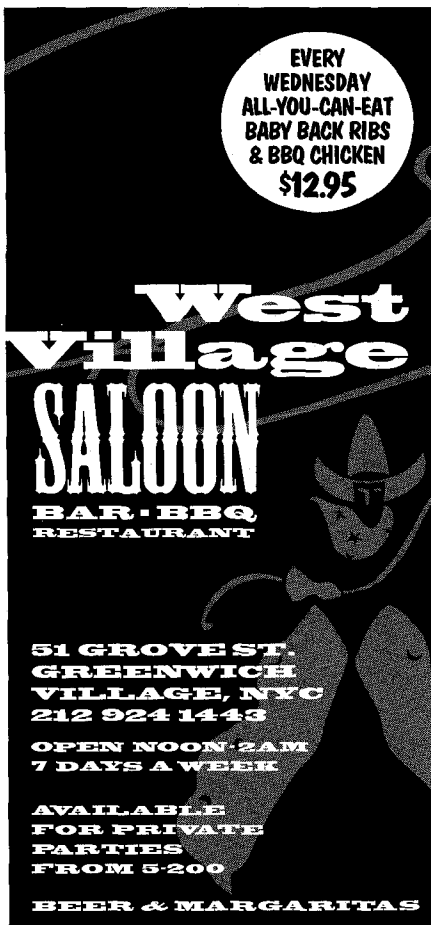


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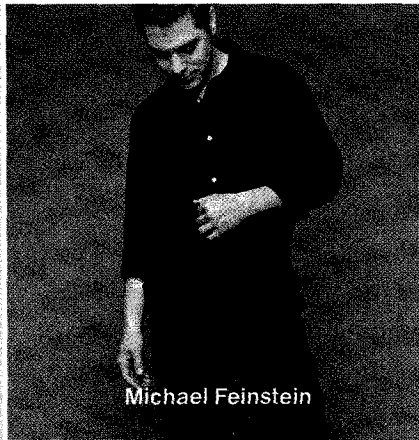
BEER & MARGARITAS

Night

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hot bars & restaurants

Hot Boite

Fascinated by the sophistication and glamour of nightclubs he'd seen only in movies from the 40s, standards master singer-pianist Michael Feinstein, along with the Tisch family, decided to create such a place for himself. The happy result is Feinstein's at the Regency (540 Park Ave. at 61st St., 339-4095).



Michael Feinstein

A classic combination of elegance and style befitting the songbooks of the Gershwins, Jerome Kern, Harold Arlen, and Cole Porter, Feinstein's at the Regency shares space with the 540 Park restaurant. Tuesday through Saturday evening, the 540 Park restaurant is transformed into "Feinstein's at the Regency," a cozy cabaret for 140. It's an evening of martinis, champagne cocktails, and single malt Scotch, and dining on such tempting tidbits as terrine of New York State foie gras, lobster thermidor au gratin, and pan-seared breast of farm-raised Guinea hens.

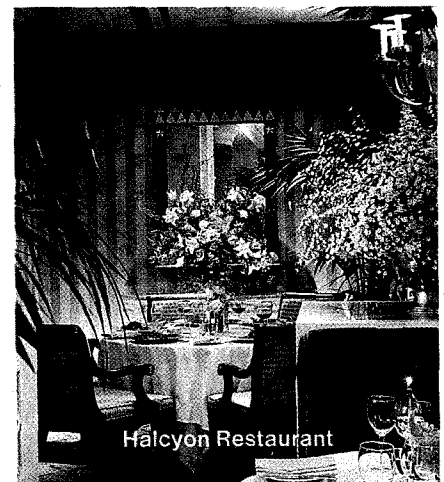
Feinstein books himself for several weeks at a time. Tony Danza is on

April 25-May 6. Singer-songwriters Glen Campbell and Jimmy Webb appear May 16-20. Stylist extraordinaire Rosemary Clooney takes the stage May 30-June 10.

Halcyon Nights

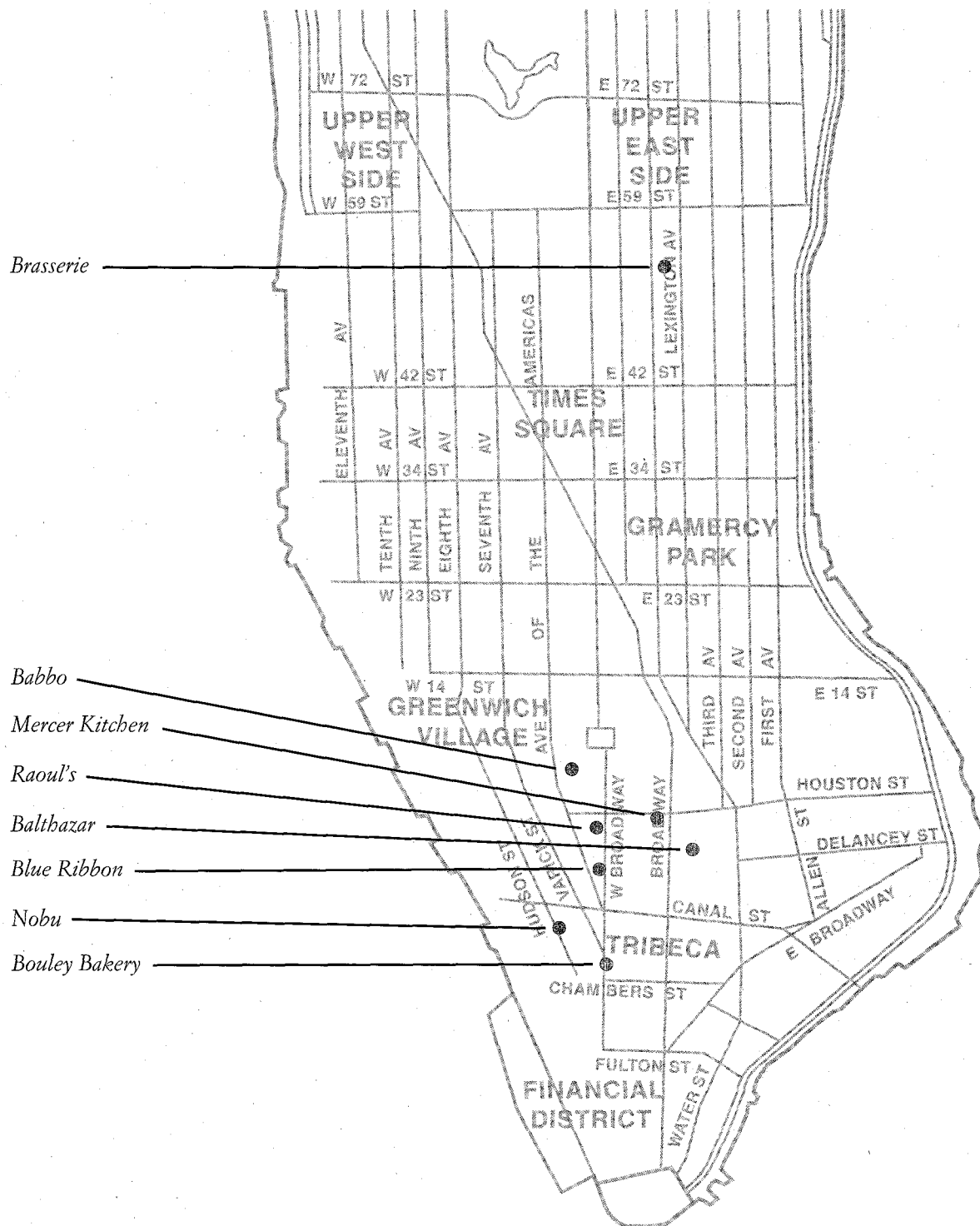
The casually elegant Halcyon Restaurant (151 W. 54th St., 468-8888) in the 500 luxury suite RIHGA Royal Hotel greets you in an entrance rotunda whose domed ceiling is painted to resemble an azure sky illuminated by golden starbursts. The dining room itself has a raised center decorated with a hand-painted trompe l'oeil mural featuring harlequins, peacocks, and a tent of striped teal and beige fabric covering the raised ceiling in the center.

A glorious setting for the New American cuisine of the new chef, Robert Kloepfer, Jr. His New England sushi roll includes Maine lobster, pickled carrots, cucumber, and seaweed salad, with a mustard miso vinaigrette. Grilled specialties include a half roasted chicken, aged Black Angus New York sirloin steak, and a fillet of



Halcyon Restaurant

**"Tuesday through Saturday evening,
the 540 Park restaurant is
transformed into 'Feinstein's at the
Regency,' a cozy cabaret for 140."**



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JUNE 17 - SEPTEMBER 2

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Bronx

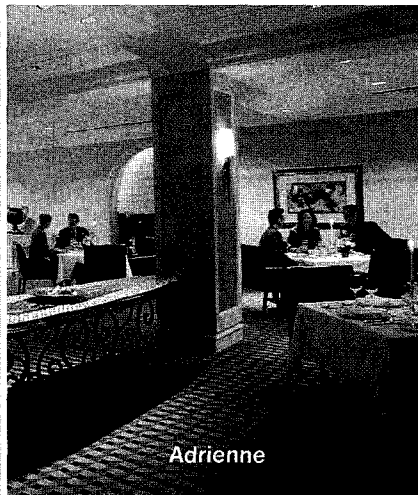
Baldwin

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"Tucked discreetly away beyond the welcoming lobby is Mark's, a restaurant whose plush paneled interior recalls chic London dining clubs of another era."

salmon. And his spin on bouillabaisse is a hearty mix of half a lobster, clams, mussels, and fish fillet in a traditional tomato, garlic, and fennel broth. The three-course \$39.99 pre-theater menu is a bargain by any measure. For a special treat, book yourself at Table One A, at the front of the kitchen, where the five-course menu (with appropriate wine pairings) is purely a matter of the chef's inspiration.

The New Look at Adrienne



Adrienne

Last year's \$45 million renovation of The Peninsula New York added a sleek update to the contemporary decor of the hotel's chic restaurant Adrienne (700 Fifth Ave. at 55th St., 903-3918). Along with the new look came a new Executive Chef, Oliver Dudler, whose modern French cuisine pairs powerful taste sensations with fresh, healthy, locally farmed seasonal ingredients. The new Pastry Chef, Nicolas Berger, was until recently pastry sous chef at the acclaimed Payard Patisserie & Bistro.

The menu thrives on contrasts. The vanilla-scented crabmeat, for example, wrapped in smoked salmon with radish sprouts and crème fraîche. Or the sauteed medallions of venison with braised figs, balsamic-chanterelle ragout, and rosemary gnocchi. And desserts that range from a classic Vacherin with pistachio ice cream and meringue, to the lethal Valrhona chocolate mousse.

Stop on your way to dinner for a cocktail in the stylish Gotham Bar & Lounge in the lobby. Or look down on the world from the Pen-Top Bar & Terrace, with its skyline views from top-floor east and west terraces.

Hideaway on the Upper East Side

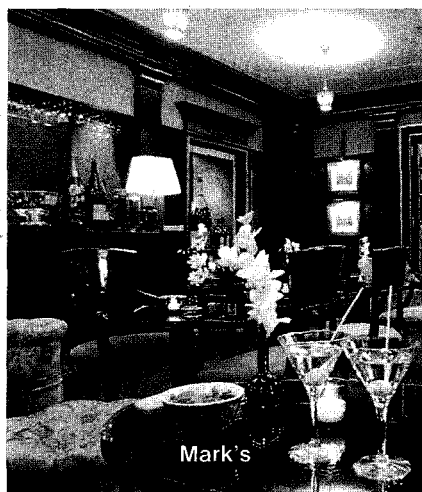
The Mark has the feel of a private mansion behind its Art Deco façade just down the block from Central Park. And tucked discreetly beyond the welcoming lobby is Mark's (Madison Ave. at 77th St., 879-1864), a restaurant whose plush paneled interior recalls chic London dining clubs of another era.

The eminently comfortable room spreads out on two terraced levels, decorated with Italian marble borders, ebony and gold leaf-edged moldings, and soothing tones of burgundy, rose, and teal.

Executive Chef David Paulstich makes dramatic culinary statements that blend French, Mediterranean, American, and Asian influences, favoring simple rather than fussy presentations, in which he coaxes rich, true, intense flavors from prime ingredients at their seasonal peak.

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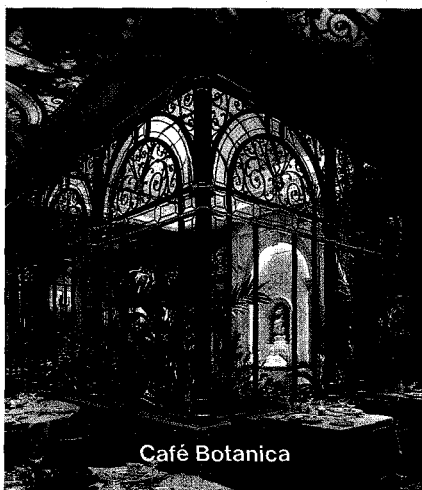


In springtime, that means soft shell crabs, and in summertime Jersey tomatoes, fresh corn, and baby vegetables.

There's a \$32 pre-theater dinner, and a nightly \$68 Taster's Dinner that pairs a different wine with each of its three courses. And beginning May 10, some of the world's top wine producers will come to Mark's to participate in Winemaker Feasts that include a wine tasting and seminar, followed by a four-course dinner that showcases featured wines.

Garden Room with a Park View

Even the name suggests a garden setting. And Café Botanica (160 Central Park South, 484-5120) in the Essex House takes full advantage of its picture window



Café Botanica

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OF CHICAGO

THE STEAKHOUSE

USDA PRIME AGED BEEF
EXCEPTIONAL WINES
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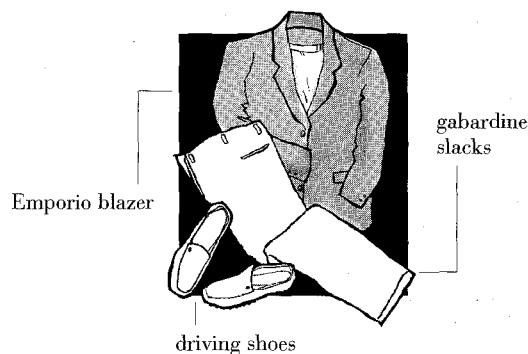
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What to wear with Pan Roasted Maine Lobster.



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views over Central Park to enhance the
tranquil effect of dining by candlelight.

Chef Robert Bagli's Mediterranean-influenced menu dazzles with such inspired combinations as Maryland crab cake over traditional Caesar salad, roasted hake with porcini mushrooms, sauteed spinach and Yukon gold mashed potatoes, and a roasted rack of lamb with crushed potato, tapenade, and braised sunchokes. There's a three-course \$38 pre-theater dinner. For your continued dining pleasure, try the unmatched Saturday Menu Brunch, or the sensational Sunday Champagne Buffet brunch.

Water, Water Everywhere

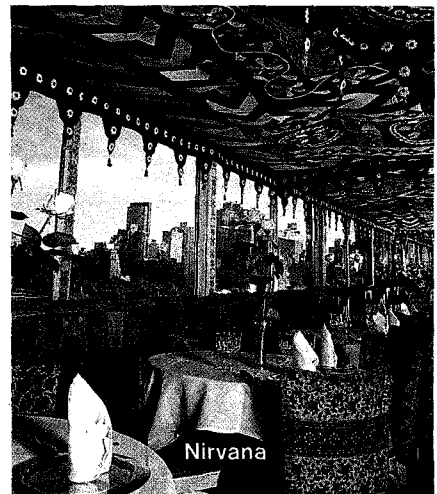
The waters from the San Pellegrino Terme were first discovered in the Italian Alps in the 13th century. No wonder, then that Europeans have journeyed to the Spa at San Pellegrino (interestingly enough, "pellegrino" means pilgrim) for over 100 years. From its first formal analysis in 1782, S. Pellegrino® Sparkling Natural Mineral Water maintains its high standards of quality and purity by analyzing hundreds of samples daily.



Besides being light and refreshing—and a great compliment to a meal—S. Pellegrino is good for you. Very low in sodium, the water is a superior source of such minerals as calcium, chloride, fluoride, magnesium, and potassium. The combination of light carbonation and mineral content is what makes it perfect for any meal.

Heaven on Earth

A sumptuously serene decor that recalls a maharajah's pleasure palace perched in a penthouse, fifteen floors overlooking Central Park, is the perfectly spectacular setting for what may be the grandest



Nirvana

Indian restaurant anywhere, Nirvana (30 Central Park South, 486-5700). Tables along the panoramic plate-glass window that forms an entire wall have become objects of desire for celebrities the likes of Leonardo DiCaprio, Goldie Hawn, Mick Jagger, Sir Anthony Hopkins, Billy Crystal, and Elton John. The latest spin on the menu is the "unique cuisine menu" that draws on tastes from the four corners of the globe. Entrees start at \$46.95. And there are the fabled special feasts—ranging from the \$199 Vegetarian Feast for two that includes 22 items, to the \$699 Badshahi Feast for eight to ten that includes 40 options. Any questions? Feel free to consult the in-house astrologer.

The Thursday Night Place to Be

When summer's Friday night exodus for the beach begins, a magical thing happens at the Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge



Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge

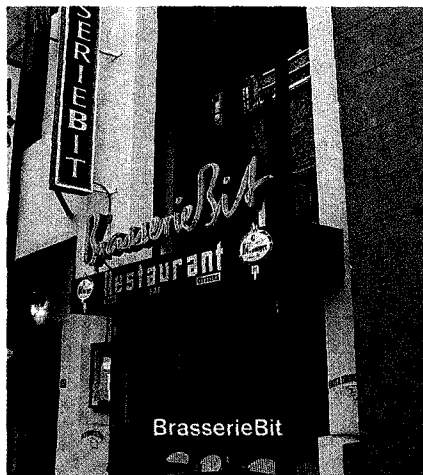
Night VISION hot bars & restaurants

(1340 First Ave. at 72nd St., 249-3600 and 477 Amsterdam Ave. at 83rd St., 787-7199). The weekend begins Thursday night. The 50-seat outdoor café at the West Side Hi-Life swells to overflowing, while inside a downtown DJ spins the latest grooves from 10:30 p.m. until 3 in the morning. Same scene in the David Rockwell designed cruise ship-style East Side Hi-Life, minus the sidewalk seating.

The warm weather menu features oversized salads, sushi, lobster, shrimp cocktail, and silly-looking but power-packed "little umbrella drinks" like rum runners, Singapore slings, frozen margaritas, and daquiris.

A Traditional Brasserie in the Theater District

The newly arrived BrasserieBit (258 W. 44th St., 869-4440) sprawls over three floors—a true-to-tradition partnership between the famed German brewery Bitburger and a traditional restaurant.



Executive Chef David Ruggerio has prepared a menu that includes such brasserie staples as choucroute and cassoulet. A raw bar, of course. And lighter fare such as grilled sea bass, as well as other options ranging from terrine of foie gras to hamburger, making all the stops along the way. The third-floor bar features a tapas-style menu



of French savory snacks typical of the south of France—little plates of classic items like stuffed pig's foot with lentils, and a variety of ceviche preparations of seafood such as octopus and calamari. Pastry Chef Tieaka Blocker, who began her career in 1993 with Jacques Torres at Le Cirque, appropriately combines French and German influences on her dessert menu.

Adding Some Taste to the Party

The cavernous Flatiron district nightclub Ohm (16 W. 22nd St., 229-2000) has hired Robert P. Gagnon, former sous chef at Tavern on the Green, to create a sophisticated menu for its on-site restaurant Fusion, to make Ohm more than just a hip late-night hangout.

Ohm is a multi-leveled space that mixes such elements as soft-textured furnishings with industrial artifacts. Hand-painted, curving wall surfaces meet metallic and wooden accents, and various lighting effects add bursts of jewel tones. A long, winding copper-coated bar, lit to appear as if it is floating, forms one edge of the main dance floor. The discotheque covers two levels, there are three bars, three, cozy lounges, and the two-tiered Fusion restaurant, where the menu includes a



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"At Ohm, a long, winding copper-coated bar, lit to appear as if it is floating, forms one edge of the main dance floor."

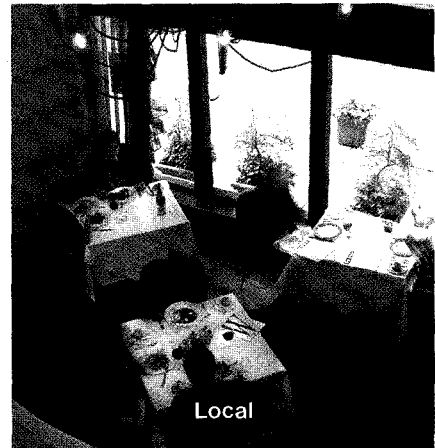
southwestern grilled Gulf shrimp cocktail with pineapple mango salsa, Vietnamese vegetable spring rolls, pastas, a 16-ounce sirloin steak with green peppercorn sauce, and Asian barbecue grilled salmon served with stir-fried vegetables and cellophane rice noodles.

Eat to the Beat

With its Mediterranean cuisine and live jazz performances, **Metronome** (915 Broadway at 21st St., 505-7400) moves to a rhythm all its own. Executive Chef Robert Candelosi's spring menu blends the cooking styles of southern France, Italy, and north Africa. His terra cotta sea bass is roasted in a clay pot layered with spring vegetables in a saffron and garlic infused broth. Roasted duckling is a crisp half Long Island duckling served with fresh fig chutney and mashed sweet potatoes.



Metronome



Local

Metronome takes its inspiration from the 1920s and 1930s with design elements that include details on ceilings, walls, and columns. And this New York in the Jazz Age atmosphere is complete with live music Thursday through Saturday from 7:30 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner is served Tuesday through Saturday from 5 p.m. to midnight.

Think National, Eat Local

The two-story dining space at **Local** (224 W. 47th St., 921-2005) welcomes you with a soaring, double-height entry that opens into the main dining room furnished with intimate, warmly lit booths, in the midst of which is the "Chef's Counter"—a place to sample food and chat with the chefs about their creations. Upstairs is a more subdued, even sexy area. Begin your dinner with chicken'n' dumplings in herbal chicken soup, vidalia onion and black olive tart, then move on to grilled rabbit loin confit, pan-roasted Maine lobster with sweet corn succotash, or honey-miso lacquered Chatham cod.

Night VISION

hot bars & restaurants

Chef Franklin Becker scores major hits with the supporting details. His pan roasted sea scallops, to pick just one example, are served on a crab cake with tiny corn shoots adding sparkling accents all their own.

Keep it Quiet

Steve Steckel, who once ruled the velvet ropes at Studio 54, then managed the Palladium, the Grand, and the Whiskey, now operates **Hush** (17 W. 19th St., 989-4874) a supper club that turns into a disco every night at 10:30 p.m. Chef Brett Winter's menu features sharable "fun food" like a tower of tuna tartare with sesame rice crisps, pan-seared salmon with soba noodles, baby bok choy, and ginger beet sauce, and a chili-rubbed pork chop with fried plantains and poblano corn flan. His imagination runs wild on the pizza list—Peking duck, lobster with garlic pesto, tandoori chicken, and the thoroughly over-the-top gorgonzola, marinated tomato, and walnut pizza.



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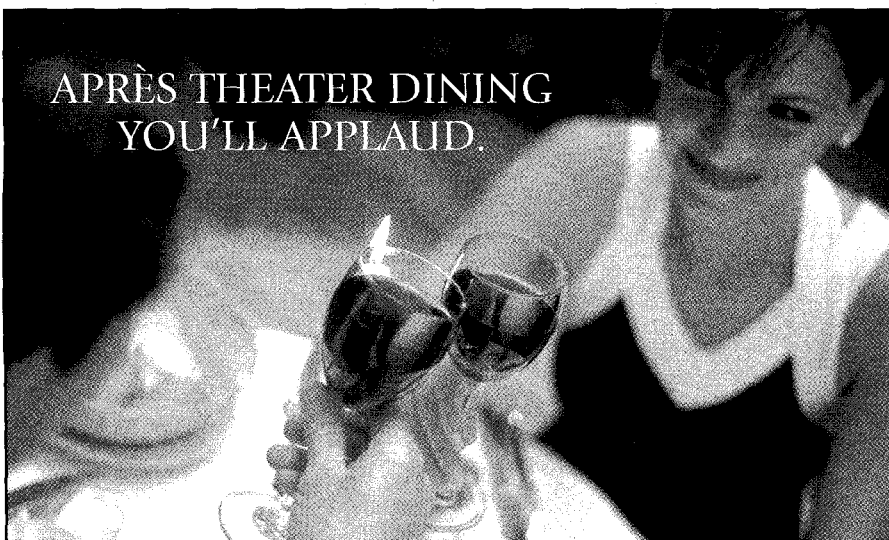
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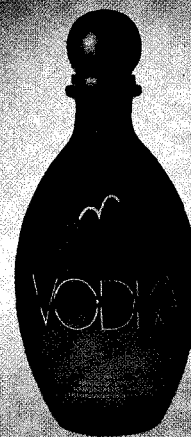
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Hamptons Elan in a Bottle

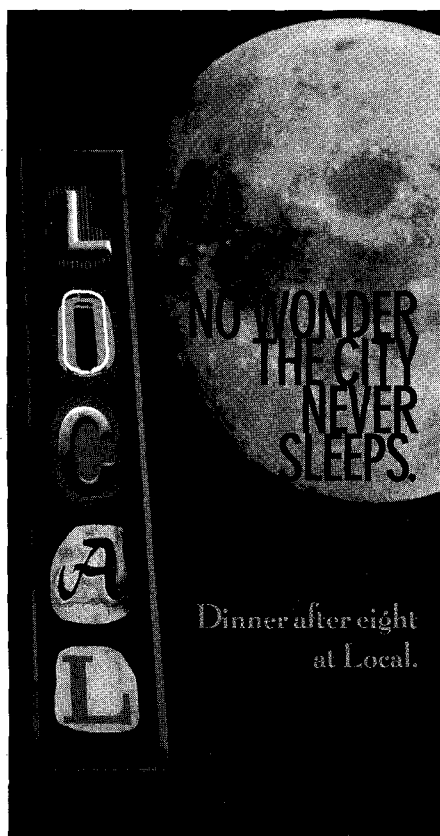
Hamptons Vodka (1-800-378-6388, www.hamptonsvodka.com) is the brainchild of Ronne Bonder, Hamptons resident, and a designer by trade. So it is no surprise that the distinctive, hand decorated bottle is as much an attention-grabber as the fine, high-end vodka he created to fill it.

Billed as the first premium American vodka, made from 100 percent yellow corn and the purest double-filtered spring waters, Hamptons Vodka is quadruple filtered for the smoothest, cleanest possible taste, with absolutely no aftertaste—the very basis of the perfect martini.

The molded, gracefully rounded bottle, which feels like surf-smoothed beach glass, incorporates all the elements of the Hamptons mystique—beach, blue sky, and sunshine. And, because they are hand decorated, each one is unique.

Refining Family- Style Dining

After seven years of packing in the regulars at Carmine's on 44th Street, chef David Mannes went looking for an opportunity to explore more refined tastes in big-flavored cooking. And he's found it, at Osso Buco (1662 Third Ave. at 93rd St., 426-5422), a bright, festive tri-level space



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decorated in tropical shades of sunshine yellows and reds that's a virtual clone of the original, hugely popular Osso Buco, a Village favorite since 1992.

What sets the new Osso Buco's menu apart from the usual family-style fare is the extraordinary quality of the ingredients—and the chef's creative sense of preparation and presentation. Everything but the dry pastas is house-made. Even with all the menu upgrading, the new Osso Buco maintains two of the most popular features of traditional family-style Italian dining. Every order easily serves two or more. And, of course, the prices are quite reasonable.

A Neighborhood Favorite

It would be easy to settle in for the evening in one of the plush velvet easy chairs or couches in the very relaxed bar-lounge at **Mormando's Steakhouse** (73 W. 71st St., 874-3474). But then you'd miss the thrill of one of the city's most romantic dining rooms—a showplace of exposed brick and wide-plank hardwood floor, with a large booth in each corner, beneath a 20-foot ceiling that is all skylight.

Mormando's is what you'd have to call a posh neighborhood joint, drawing regulars who live on the tree-lined side streets, as well as revelers from nearby Lincoln Center. The Steakhouse menu warms up with oysters on the half shell topped

with salmon caviar, and a fine carpaccio of filet mignon, then seals the deal with a 20-ounce porterhouse or T-bone steak, priced at \$27.95. Other options include aged Black Angus au poivre, pork chops with homemade apple chutney, and a steamed or broiled Maine lobster priced by the pound. The ample and well chosen wine list is strong on California labels, backed up with impressive French and Italians.

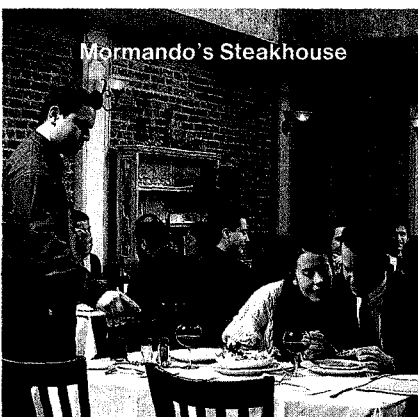
English Pub in the East Village

The three bright red English phone booths embedded in the façade and the London cab parked at the curb announce **Telephone Bar & Grill** (149 Second Ave. between 9th and 10th streets, 529-5000). Inside, the decor is exposed brick walls adorned with whimsical murals complete with hidden phone booths, pressed copper ceilings, and a grand marble and cherrywood bar. The sidewalk café offers plenty of crowd watching opportunities.

The menu boasts heaping portions of hearty fare such as pub classics shepherd's pie and fish 'n chips, as well as fresh New American cuisine like the half roast chicken with challah bread and apple stuffing, served with freshly made mashed potatoes and sweet-and-sour red cabbage.

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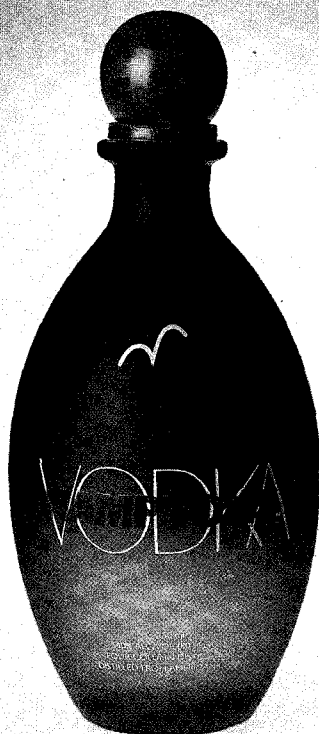
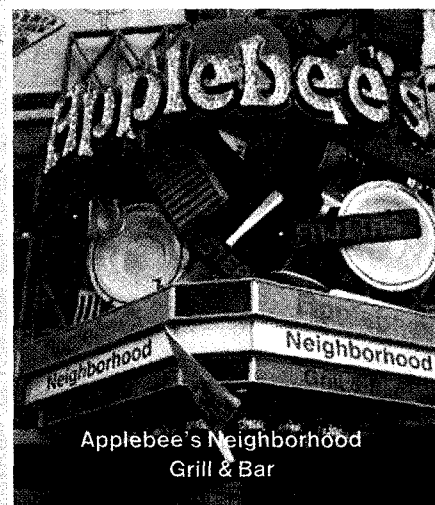
dinner cruise aboard **World Yacht** (Pier 81, W. 41st St. & The Hudson River, 630-8100).

In an extraordinary collaboration, star chefs Ed Brown of The Sea Grill, Marcus Samuelsson of Aquavit, John Villa of Park View at The Boathouse, Richard Sandoval of Maya, David Burke of Park Avenue Café, and Rémi Lauvand of Montrachet have each contributed one favorite dish to a "Best of New York" menu executed by World Yacht's Executive Chef Wayne Tuman, with desserts by François Payard of Payard Pâtisserie & Bistro.

On July 4th, which coincides happily with OpSail 2000, World Yacht will cruise among 400 tall ships and 40 U.S. and foreign naval vessels, for an evening that includes dancing to a live band and a front row seat for the largest fireworks extravaganza in history. The July 4th cruise is \$300 per person, exclusive of tax and gratuities.

Family Fare on 42nd Street

America's biggest chain of casual-dining restaurants (1,177 at last count) is making its first foray into the white hot Times Square area in a big way. Applebee's Neighborhood Grill & Bar (234 W. 42nd St., 391-7414), which opened in March,



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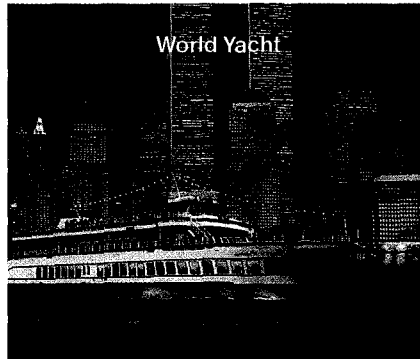
announced itself with a \$700,000 neon sign that practically fills the height of the restaurant's two-story plate glass façade.

The menu hits every comfort food stop from Buffalo wings and pizza, to grilled steaks, chicken, and seafood, as well as finger food, salads, burgers, specialty sandwiches, and even a selection of "low-fat and fabulous" options.

As part of a complex that will include a 500-room hotel and a 25-screen movie theater, look for Applebee's to become a beehive of activity on the bustling block between Seventh and Eighth avenues.

Indian Gem

Adding a distinctively exotic touch to the Lincoln Center dining scene, **Sapphire Restaurant** (1845 Broadway between 60th and 61st streets, 245-4444) is as close as you can get to touring the regional cuisines of India without actually going there. The decor of intricately handcarved antique woodwork and art objects creates a dramatic setting for the highly refined menu that takes special note of tropical specialties from the fabled resort area of Goa. Unusual for an



World Yacht

Indian restaurant, Sapphire's wine list is broad and deep, with a certified sommelier to act as your guide.

Music, Mets, and BBQ

Mike Piazza is a silent but ever-present partner in the three-month-old **West Village Saloon** (51 Grove St. between Bleecker and Seventh Ave. South, 924-1443), and he likes to show off the place to his teammates. A rock band plays Thursday and Friday, with weekend nights going strong 'til four in the morning. The place is all brick and wood, and the menu features steaks, chops, seafood, and pasta. Wednesday's all-you-can-eat baby back ribs special includes a sauce the chef discovered in Texas.



The Word is Prosecco

The hottest grape on wine lovers' lips these days is Prosecco, the traditional crisp white from the Valdobbiadene hillsides north of Venice. And **Mionetto Valdobbiadene Wines** (414-5961, www.mionettousa.com), one of the leading producers of Prosecco for

the past century, has introduced the only lightly sparkling variation called "frizzante," to shops and restaurants in New York ranging from Le Cirque 2000 to John's Pizzeria. The bottle is easy to spot, with its rustic, "spago" or string-tied cork, an old Venetian tradition lovingly preserved by the company.

Mionetto's Prosecco frizzante wines are young and smooth, with about half the "fizz" of a fully sparkling wine—a refreshing change of pace from the usual chardonnays and Champagnes. These sparklers are made using the charmat method, fermenting in hermetically sealed, stainless-steel vats in order to preserve the aromas and freshness of Prosecco. This is truly an easy drinking wine. Andiamo!

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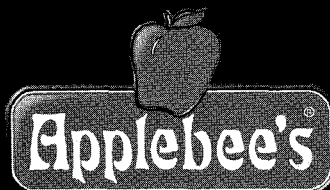
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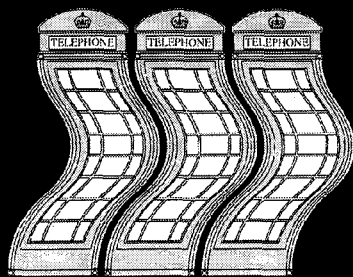
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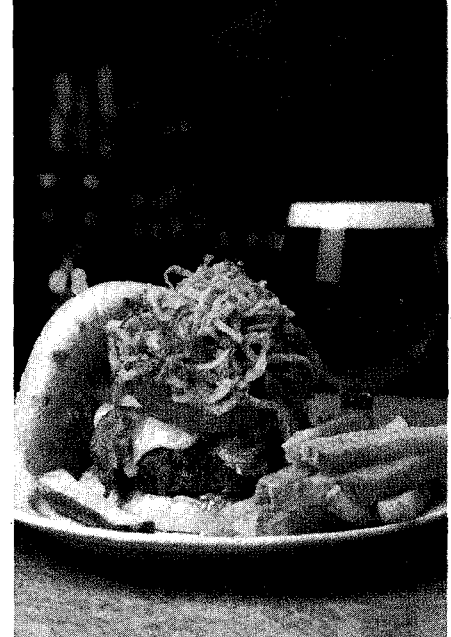
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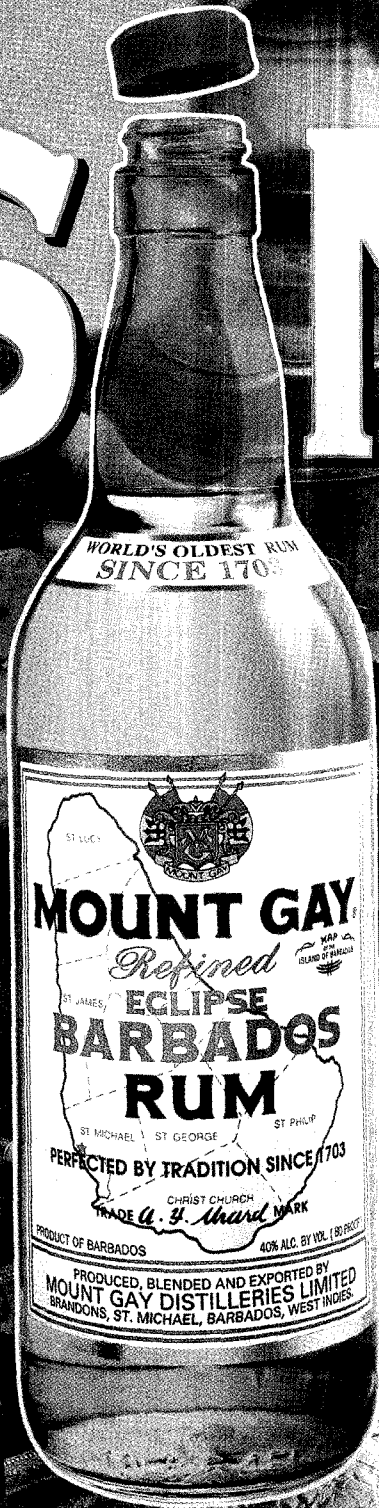
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For City Opera, Mark Morris takes Rameau's delectable, very un-p.c. farce 'Platée' even further out of bounds, reconceiving the heroine as a chick with flippers.

SATIRICAL OPERAS DO NOT COME WITH MORE politically incorrect subjects than that of Rameau's *Platée*, the latest novelty to arrive at the New York City Opera. The figure of fun here is the titular heroine, an ill-favored but supremely self-confident marsh nymph so convinced of her feminine charms that she sets out to land the king of the gods himself. Everyone gangs up to humiliate her, even that chronic philanderer Jupiter, who intends to mollify Juno by showing his wife just how grotesque the object of her jealousy really is. In fact, *Platée*'s on-target if cruel humor is so effective that it's a wonder the composer escaped with his life after the first performance. That took place in 1745 at Versailles during the wedding festivities of the Dauphin and María Teresa, a Spanish princess whispered to be the ugliest woman in Europe.

Platée has had plenty of descendants, from those middle-aged, man-hungry dragons of the Gilbert-and-Sullivan operettas to Margaret Dumont, one of the Marx brothers' favorite victims. Like those famous laughingstocks, Rameau's nymph is a brilliantly drawn creation and too good to lose to p.c. scruples. Much of the biting musical satire will probably be lost on audiences unfamiliar with the stylistic conventions of Baroque *tragédie lyrique*, which are as unsparingly parodied as the hapless heroine. No one, though, can miss how wittily the composer has characterized the vain, chattering, physically and socially challenged *Platée*, whose leaping, irregular vocal lines mirror her every fatuous attitude and sudden mood shift. The attendant gods, goddesses, animals, and humans are no less vividly depicted in a score that is every bit as instrumentally pungent, rhythmically infectious, and melodically rich as Rameau's tragic masterpieces.

It would be a mean soul who did not enjoy the City Opera production, a spirited romp with Jean-Paul Fouchécourt's exquisitely sung, deliciously funny, and, at times, oddly touching impersonation of *Platée* at its center. To make the joke even more pointed, Rameau wrote the role for a high tenor in drag; director-choreographer Mark

Morris and costume designer Isaac Mizrahi have gone one step further by presenting their leading lady as a human-size frog, a vision in green with enormous flippers for feet and hands. Fouchécourt seizes the idea and positively relishes its possibilities as he fastidiously arranges his toilette, delicately hops over his paddling pool, waddles seductively up to Jupiter, and shivers at the god's touch—a comic characterization of extraordinary imagination, resource, and precision.

In the prologue, instead of the Greek vineyard specified by the libretto, Thespis, Cupid, Momus, Thalia, and other mythical figures of theater and folly gather in a modern New York bar—a rather too predictable update of the typical Baroque-opera introduction in which the gods set the scene for what's to come. Once the main action begins, though, Adrienne Lobel's misty, terrarium-like swamp creates a delightful froggy fantasy, while Morris's droll showbiz inventions at least raise a smile: a zany Momus with an arrow through his head, Mercury as a balloon-descending dandy, a dancing vaudeville horse, a comic-opera Jupiter straight out of Offenbach, an officious lizard-in-waiting. Energized by the nonstop sight gags, Morris's indefatigable company of dancers, and the crisp playing of the orchestra under Daniel Beckwith, the large cast performs with Broadway spit and polish, with the most stylish vocal work provided by Amy Burton (*L'Amour and La Folie*), Matthew Chellis (*Mercury*), Bernard Deletré (*Jupiter*), and Katharine Goeldner (*Juno*).

Ribbeting performance:
Jean-Paul Fouchécourt, center, in the title role of *Platée*.



Photograph by Carol Rosegg

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SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH *PLATÉE* AT THE CITY Opera, a musical satire from another century surfaced at the Juilliard School of Music: Kurt Weill's long-buried 1935 operetta **Der Kuhhandel**. We have already discovered a great deal of unknown Weill during his centenary this year, and it has been an exciting if sometimes frustrating adventure. A too-short life coupled with the shattering aesthetic and political upheavals of his time prevented Weill from developing into the consistently great music-theater composer he most surely would have become in a quieter age. What this prodigiously industrious creative spirit did manage to produce is astonishing enough, and even a light piece like *Der Kuhhandel*, conceived by the librettist Robert Vambery as an operetta in the manner of Offenbach or Strauss, is crammed with good things. Weill began the score shortly after fleeing Germany for Paris in 1933, but by the time he had finished, he found himself in London and forced to rework the material into a West End musical comedy. Renamed *A Kingdom for a Cow*, the show flopped and instantly disappeared.

The Juilliard production returned to the original unproduced *Kuhhandel* (literally, "cow trading," or, in German slang, shady dealing), an edition prepared by Weill scholar Lys Symonette and translated into English by Jeremy Sams. Apparently every scrap of music Weill wrote for both versions is included, a three-and-a-half-hour evening too long for its own good. Neither the crooked politicians of this imaginary Caribbean island nor its sorely beset citizenry are drawn with much wit in a libretto that lacks both the mordant political satire of Brecht and the rich vein of sentiment that Weill would soon explore in his American period. Still, the music is endlessly inventive as the composer broadens his command of international vernacular idioms to include Latin rhythms and jazz inflections as well as Central European cabaret and operetta. Judiciously pared down and provided with a sharper libretto, *Der Kuhhandel* might yet succeed on the strength of its music alone.

That said, Juilliard has generously filled a major gap in our knowledge of Weill. Franco Colavecchia's sets conjured up a deliciously overripe Caribbean paradise, the score cohered beautifully under Randall Behr's astute musical direction, and Frank Corsaro maneuvered a huge cast of talented students and guests over the stage with his customary skill and wry comic invention. What we badly need now is a detailed reexamination of Weill's later adventures on Broadway during the forties. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997-2000 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

ARCHITECTURE JOSEPH GIOVANNINI Pier Glint

Frank Gehry's proposal for the Guggenheim would float a titanium cloud above the East River, a blaze of light illuminating downtown's dark canyons.

THERMODYNAMICS TELLS US THAT CLOSED systems, un replenished with new energy, die; by the same logic, cities expire when they no longer grow and change. But rare is a city truly so perfect that it is "finished." Gorgeous Paris was long considered aesthetically complete until the progressive *grands projets* of the eighties opened its Beaux-Arts vistas and medieval lanes to different forms of modernist beauty and a more contemporary mind-set. Venice, etherealized in mists of time, is still open to change: Even in this most complete, and completely beautiful, place, plans are pending for new buildings.

Smug about its image as the tallest asparagus patch in the world, Manhattan only grudgingly cedes ground to change, and the city we think of as the center of the universe has become, architecturally, conservative and even provincial, keen on gazing on its past architectural glories while relegating the zanier attempts at innovation to a safe distance in, say, California or Ohio (which emerged over the past decade as the new experimental "coast"). Even the Museum of Modern Art, supposedly in the business of originality, relinquished design leadership in 1997 when it selected a retro modernist design for its expansion/renovation. Predicating its style on that of buildings in its immediate context, MOMA opted for a known quantity and stayed inside the box.

Last week, the Guggenheim unveiled speculative plans for a new downtown branch, proposed for a sprawling East River site on the piers just south of the South Street Seaport. The scheme, by Frank Gehry, is an epiphany of beauty that leaves MOMA—and, for that matter, every other building done in New York since the gull-winged TWA Terminal was built at JFK in 1962—in the dust. You won't have to trek to the Sydney Opera House, or even to the Guggenheim in Bilbao, Spain: Just take a downtown train to Wall Street. If built, it will rank with the Empire State Building, the Statue of Liberty, and Frank Lloyd Wright's original Guggenheim as a wonder of the city.

Gehry is proposing a cloud—more specifically, a cumulus cloud of titanium—to hover some 100 feet above the water at Piers 9, 13, and 14, at the foot of Wall Street. The nebulous apparition will envelop galleries for architecture, the post-1945 part of the permanent collection, education, traveling shows, and art and technology,

and it will be pierced by a 40-story tower housing executive offices, possibly a restaurant, and amenities for corporate and individual sponsors of the 550,000-square-foot structure. Gehry lifts the billowing folds of the \$500 million building to assure views of the river from the street and the FDR Drive, and he plants a skating rink among floating parklike terraces that bring the city to the water's edge. Visitors enter the museum surrounded by water and ice, at the base of a glass foyer so vertiginous it makes you feel as though you were falling up. A master of perspectival illusion, Gehry transports the body by accelerating the eye through space. The lines of this building induct you into its movement, pulling you into its turbulent dance. As with a vigorous Abstract Expressionist painting, the strokes are gestural and the eye roams the complex façades without stopping. Curvaceously open-formed, Gehry's Guggenheim is a portrait of energy, and the turning forms guarantee plays of light shining against involutions of shade. It will look alive.

The watery site heightens the fact that unlike the sheer Cartesian cliffs in the background along South Street, the design belongs to a nonlinear family of forms more akin to the mountains, waves, and swirling leaves of nature than to man's gridded world. If, as Churchill said, "we shape our buildings; thereafter, they shape us," Gehry's Guggenheim is intriguing because its manifest freedoms are liberative. Like a John Cage score composed outside regular measures of time, Gehry's fantasia exists outside a regulating space structure: He thinks beyond the grid. Still, this magisterial scheme, done with associate Edwin Chan, is not a piece of improvisation tossed off lightly but the work of a virtuoso at the height of his powers.

As real as the models seem in the show, "Project for a New Guggenheim Museum in New York City," which opened Wednesday at the

Off the waterfront: The new museum could shift Manhattan's center of gravity southward.





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ARCHITECTURE uptown Guggenheim, the design is just a speculative sketch. Director Thomas Krens, fresh from his success with Gehry's spectacular Guggenheim in Bilbao, is heading into another lap of his long-running high-wire performance, proposing with breathtaking audacity a design much more sophisticated than even the Bilbao. More than twice the size of that building and many times larger than the Wright Guggenheim, the new Gehry has a critical mass and power of radiant attraction capable of shifting the city's center of gravity south toward the harbor and recasting the collective mental map of New York.

Krens correctly believes that a ranking art collection and a spectacle building add up to a destination point greater than the sum of its parts. Mayor Giuliani has reportedly so far declined invitations to see it, and city-planning director Joseph Rose,

*"In his commitment to
using architecture as a
driving force in shaping
the Guggenheim, Krens
has consistently
raised architectural
expectations for
other institutions . . ."*

who visited the Gehry office in Santa Monica, told the architect the building would not be built because it would block the classic postcard view of lower Manhattan. Somehow, cities often fight their own landmarks-in-the-making. Especially because the design is dazzling and self-confident rather than bland and meek, the Guggenheim should brace for opposition, ranging from passive-aggressive indifference to outright hostility. The city is considering the proposal, along with others, for the eventual use of the site.

THERE ARE REASONS TO QUESTION THE building architecturally, but given the vision, they amount to quibbles. We know, for example, that the Bilbao Guggenheim, the immediate progenitor of the New York proposal, is a façade building whose curving shapes have surprisingly little to do with the interior galleries. But in this scheme, Gehry seems to have solved the problem: Exterior forms relate directly to interior spaces. In many ways, the apparently radical buildings in both Bilbao and New York are really nineteenth-century structures, with a central atrium feeding a ring of galleries, as in a Beaux-Arts design. With an armature clad in sheets of metal, their structure and surfaces actually resemble Eiffel's Statue of Liberty.

With his ambitious building program, Krens has emerged, de facto, as the foremost architectural curator in the United States. In his commitment to using architecture as a driving force shaping the Guggenheim, he has consistently raised architectural expectations for other institutions and even for the field.

But the ambitious building program has taken its toll elsewhere. Collections have suffered the most. Since he famously deaccessioned a Kandinsky, a Modigliani, and a Chagall to buy the Panza Collection of conceptual and minimalist art in 1990, Krens has not seriously expanded the collection (unlike MOMA, whose well-oiled engines of acquisition have scooped up rare works). The whole question of building a post-1945 collection has not been systematically addressed. Exhibition quality and content have also been uneven. The Guggenheim mounted an intellectually vacant motorcycle exhibition in 1998, and it simply got the wrong show when it opted for traditional Chinese art over contemporary art in "China: 5,000 Years" that same year. October will bring a questionable show dedicated to the work of Giorgio Armani, who has contributed \$15 million to the museum's coffers.

NO INSTITUTION HAS BEEN MORE DEFINED by its architecture than the Guggenheim. Even when Wright's Guggenheim is empty, visitors come to admire the spaces. That is a hard act to follow, but Gehry is succeeding with designs that, like good churches, are inspirational. Robert Rauschenberg recently said he's giving 100 paintings and sculptures and a selection of drawings to the Guggenheim on the strength of the Gehry designs, on the condition that it be built. Artists want their works displayed in museums that are significant.

The spaces inside the Wall Street Guggenheim have been only tentatively designed, but on the evidence of the show, even simple boxlike spaces will tap into the aura of the exterior. At Bilbao, the shell alone convinces visitors they are entering a very special precinct. Galleries that are plain and simple bask in the lingering afterimage of the exterior. Visitors see the paintings differently.

The same may be said for how the proposed Guggenheim could change attitudes about New York. As object and as symbol of innovation, the museum promises to leave a strong afterimage of Manhattan for anyone who has stepped within its spell. With its unexpected beauty, it is the rare building that will alter the way we see and understand the city. It will be the postcard of postcards. ■

Joseph Giovannini's 2000 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD *Ali Bubbe*

The stories in ABC's 'Arabian Nights' may be familiar, but the Borscht Belt humor and cute Israeli star add a frisson of Peace Accord to the project.

AS IF EDWARD SAID HAD WRITTEN IN VAIN, IT'S "Orientalism, the Mini-series!"—with magic lanterns, flying carpets, concubines, and camels. Such pillow talk. I will not impede the progress of this notice with excessive scholarship. About **Arabian Nights** (Sunday, April 30; 8 to 10 P.M., and Monday, May 1; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC)—filmed mostly in Turkey and Morocco, although the Chinese dragons were computer-generated in London at the Jim Henson Creature Shop—we already think we know enough. A parent read to some of us from Sir Richard Burton's 1885 translation of *A Thousand and One Nights*, leaving out the kinky parts. The rest of us have picked up snippets from *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves* (1944), with Maria Montez and Andy Devine. And from *Sinbad the Sailor* (1947), with Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Maureen O'Hara. And from *Aladdin* (1992), with a genial Robin Williams, animated and Disneyfied. Or maybe from *Sesame Street*—named not for the bagel but for the magic words that sprung the door to the cave of treasures: "Open, Sesame!"

But you ought to know that only 480 of these bedtime stories go back as far as A.D. 942, to Persian, Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, Iraqi, and Greek oral sources. The haphazard rest have been added since, to include new stuff from invading Mongols and propaganda for the counter-Crusades of militant Islam. And you should be forewarned that, out of all of these, the playwright Peter Barnes (*Merlin*, *Noah's Ark*, and *The Magical Legend of the Leprechauns*) and the director Steve Barron (*Merlin*, *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, and music videos for Michael Jackson, Def Leppard, and Dire Straits) have jettisoned on just six, none of which is, alas, *Sinbad*.

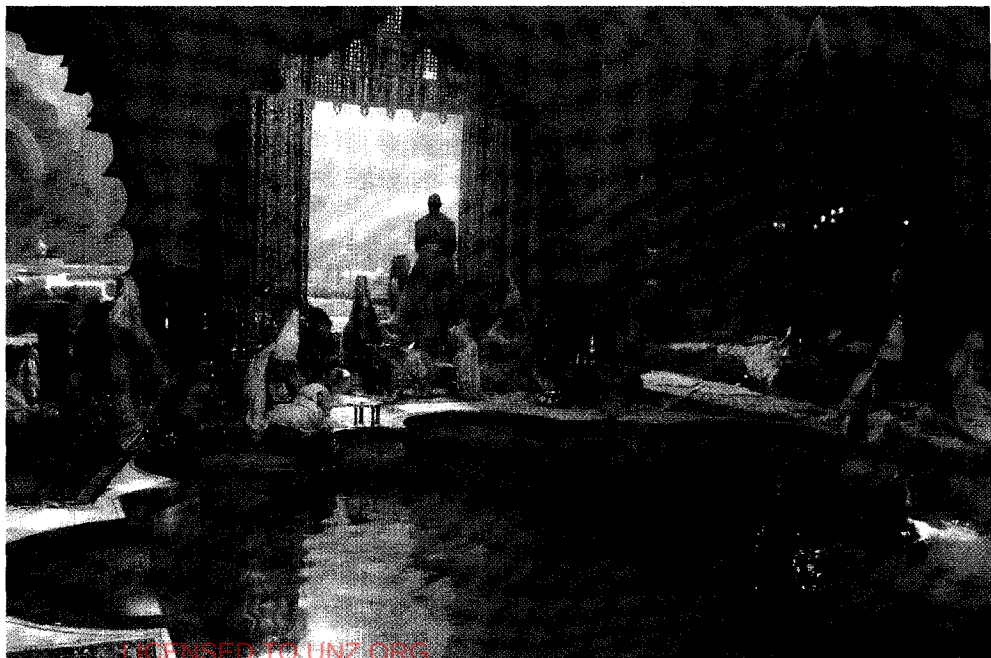
Because almost all the men wear beards and almost all the women veils, it's hard to tell them apart. Nevertheless, Dougray Scott plays Schariar, the sleepless sultan whose paranoia is practically Nixonian. Rufus Sewell is Ali Baba, Jason Scott Lee is Aladdin, John Leguizamo impersonates two different genies, Alan Bates is the all-pro Baghdad Storyteller who dispenses tips on narratology, and Israeli cutiepie Mili Avital lounges about as Scheherazade. That an Israeli cutiepie should play the heroine in a televised version of a classic of Arabic literature—perhaps even its Hypertext—may not say anything profound about the Oslo Peace Accords, but it does give me an opening to talk about the odd Catskills humor. From Sir Richard

Burton, I don't recall the hunchback Bacbac saying of a prince that he's "so ugly even starvation can't stare him in the face." Nor a sultanness advising her sons to "wrap up warm, boys, and don't get lost," as they are about to embark on a yearlong quest to fabled Zirot, among other places. Or Commander of the Guard Nouz playing to the peanut gallery when his own pasha, the trickster Abraschid, is stabbed to death: "His last joke was a killer!" And certainly not Scheherazade telling us that Ali Baba "wasn't the sharpest tool in the box."

Anyway: Funny hats and flashing swords! Desert demons and Nubian slave girls! An all-seeing bronze telescope and an all-curing green apple! White stallions, Black Coddas, minarets, singing chairs! I was going to say that *Arabian Nights* is harmless family entertainment, with more F/X than you can shake a magic lantern at, except that, as we are told, almost in italics, "stories show us how to win." In the case of this mini-series, all of Scheherazade's stories add up to a war strategy, showing Schariar how, instead of having his wife executed, as has been his serial habit, he can instead slaughter an opposing army and kill his own brother. In other words, stories may be thought of as counterinsurgency scenarios.

They should have adapted, instead of *Arabian Nights*, a children's book that derives from (while modernizing) the same classic text—Salman Rushdie's *Haroun and the Sea of Stories*. A storyteller, Rashid, and his young son, Haroun, are deserted by their wife and mother. The sorrowful storyteller can no longer speak, except to say "Ark." His loving son embarks on a dream journey, leaving behind the "glumfish" and "factories of sadness" in a city that's forgotten its own name, for a wonderland worthy of Jim Henson and called Kahani, where there

**Pool for love:
The luxuriant
setting of
Arabian Nights.**

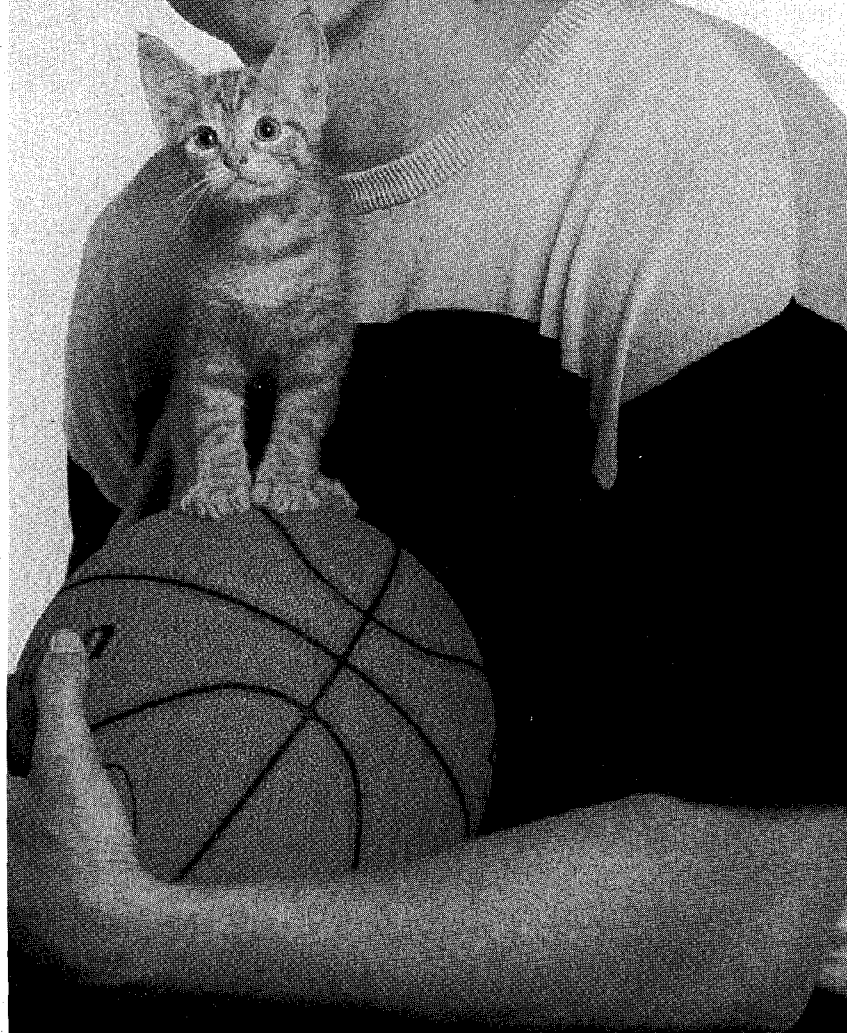


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Love Needs No Pedigree

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Keith Van Horn of the New Jersey Nets with 12-week old "Muffin"

are not only Children of Light (with a library instead of an army and pages instead of soldiers) and Creatures of Darkness (whose lips are sewn up with twine so that they cannot speak) but also water genies and shadow warriors, gryphons, trolls and manticores, Plentimaws and Blabbermouths. There, before he brings back speech, he will learn that by Naming, we create Being—and that the world is full of things we haven't seen but nonetheless believe in, like submarines, Africa, kangaroos, and the North Pole; like the past ("Did it happen?") and the future ("Will it come?").

In brief: HOPING TO SCORE AS BIG AS THEY did with *The '60s*, the greedheads at NBC follow it up with **The '70s** (Sunday and Monday, April 30 and May 1; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC), in which four bosom buddies at Kent State react in very different ways to the National Guard shootings during an anti-war protest. Byron (Brad Rowe) goes to work for Richard Nixon's Committee to Reelect the President (CREEP), has to testify on Watergate, and then becomes an environmentalist while building the Alaska pipeline. Eileen (Vinessa Shaw) is radicalized by the women's movement and sex discrimination at her ad agency. Dexter (Guy Torry) turns a Watts movie house into a black-power community center and marries the fabulous Yolanda (Leslie Silva), after which he is shot. Christie (Amy Smart) abandons a career in modeling for a cult in California after her record-producer boyfriend Nick (Michael Easton) overdoses on drugs. All this to achieve disco. (Okay, there's also Bob Marley, Jefferson Starship, Marvin Gaye, and Blondie.) The mini-series doesn't quite suck as much as the decade did. . . . **Take Me Home: The John Denver Story** (Sunday, April 30; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is worth looking at for maybe half an hour only to see Chad Lowe's almost creepy impersonation of the Aspen geek. Not since Gary Busey did Buddy Holly has there been so unlikely and unnerving an embodiment. "Far out" are not the words for it. Think "anti-Dylan." . . . **It's the Rage** (Friday, April 28; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Cinemax) has the week's best cast (Joan Allen, Andre Braugher, Josh Brolin, Jeff Daniels, Robert Forster, Anna Paquin, Giovanni Ribisi, David Schwimmer, Gary Sinise, Bokeem Woodbine) in a black comedy about screw-loose citizens who shoot each other just because they happen to have guns. Don't miss Braugher as the gay lawyer who falls for Paquin's sociopathic tramp, Sinise as both Howard Hughes and Bill Gates, and Allen as a survivor who ends up writing short stories and moving to Norway, where they tend not to shoot each other quite as often. ■

John Leonard's 1997-2000 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

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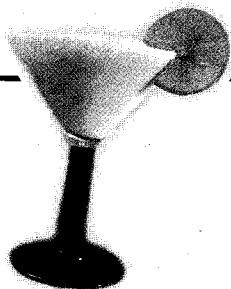
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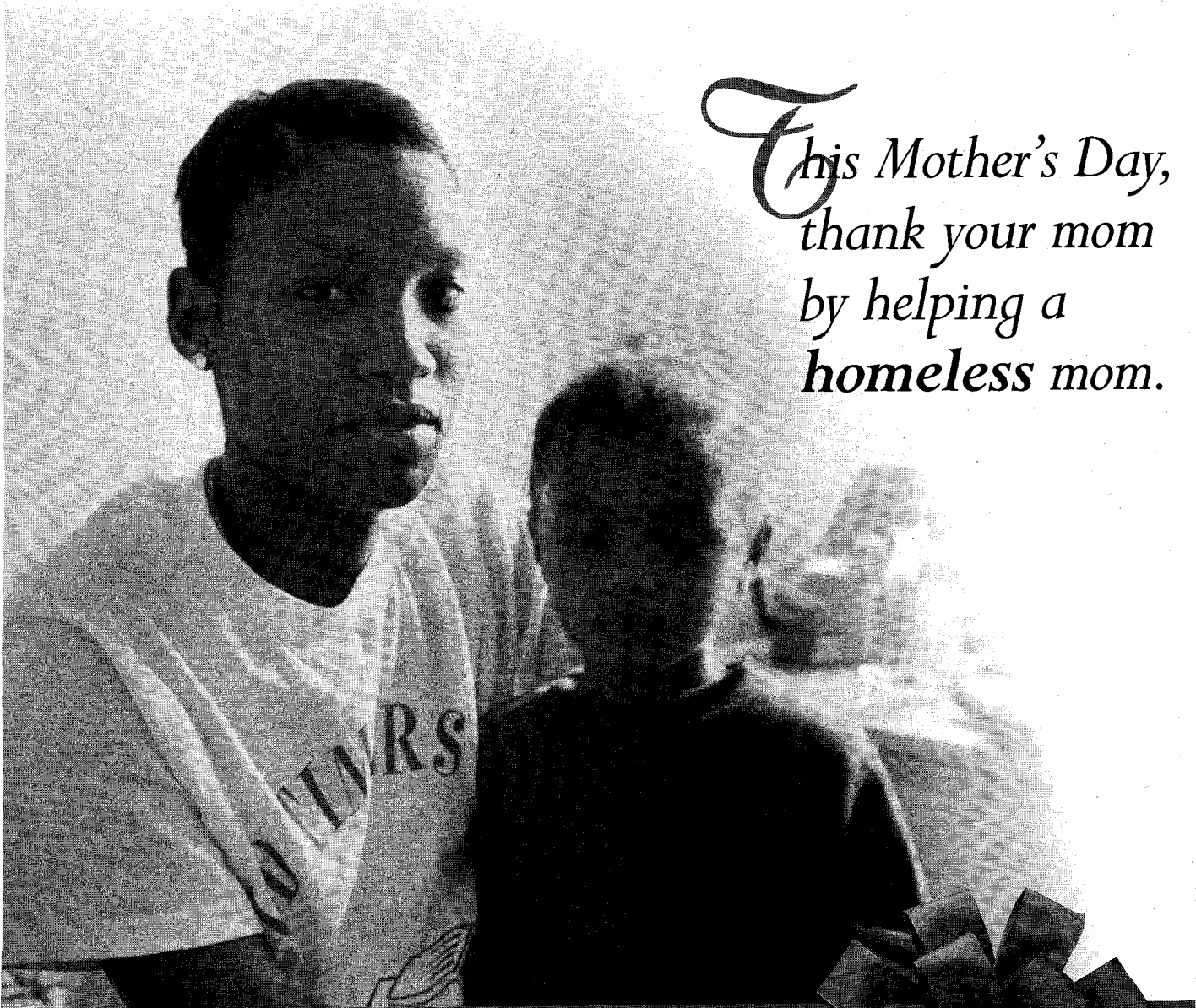
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RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN Burn This

*Sometimes even the most dutiful critic can barely bring himself to risk
ruining his favorite new place by naming it, but if you promise not to tell . . .*

DENTISTS STILL GET PLAGUED BY NOVOCAINED clowns asking them why they're always "so down in the mouth." Female flight attendants continue to deal with bedroom-eyed seniors offering "coffee, tea, or me?" And know what food critics hear? "I found this really great place, but I don't want to tell you about it, because then you're going to tell everyone and wreck it!" Thank you. Nice to know our words have such a positive effect.

Well, guess what. I've found a place I like a whole bunch and I don't want to tell you! So there. Not that I'm the only one who knows about it. Exuberant locals are already mixing with inveterate seekers of the real deal, eager to be engulfed in the kind of boisterous coziness one hardly expects from a concrete-floored former garage on Elizabeth Street.

What attracts them? Exactly what will hook you too . . . if I ever decide to tell you the name. Against the far wall, three redbrick archways reveal the mesmerizing layout of chef Frank de Carlo's handmade, backlit solid-

brick kitchen, featuring a Hansel and Gretel-size pizza oven, an open grill, and a rotisserie large enough to qualify as a Ferris wheel for dead chickens. Come closer, and note the absence of any conventional stovetops, closed ovens, deep fryers, or steam table. De Carlo has limited his menu to what can be cooked over an open wood-burning grill.

His scheme is designed to produce the big, open flavors reminiscent of the rustic Italian dishes one stumbles onto along hillsides too far from Florence to see the Duomo, at a roadside inn north of Naples, or an outdoor taverna right before you board the boat to Ischia. Remember when this was called *home cooking*, a phrase that meant hearty, soothing nourishment, before a cable-ready world taught us that we really *don't* want to eat what most people whip up in their kitchens, even if they do have six-burner Vulcan ranges? Evidently, De Carlo has been too busy grilling and roasting to notice, and the results of his self-imposed constraints—the antithesis of fusion cuisine—have been renewed inventiveness and focus. By looking backward, instead of ahead, he has come up with food that tastes awfully fresh and stirringly new.

From his mortar-lined kitchen come earthen crocks that release the rousing aroma of razor clams, oysters, and mussels baked in garlic, olive oil, and herbs; also cuttlefish in a fine, bright tomato sauce with sweet onion. A faro-bean-and-mushroom soup, dense and coarse as *The Gleaners'* aprons, tastes almost too hearty and filling for summer. Nestled in terra cotta, thick, gutsy prosciutto barely girdles hunks of luxuriantly gooey mozzarella bocconcini that have been roasted into a delicious taffy, the perfect bonbon to chomp on during a film by the Taviani brothers. Roasted white anchovies sweeten rather than sting, brash arugula and bresaola are eagerly subdued by the silken touch of sliced ricotta salata, warm mozzarella is so smooth as to almost slip past your tongue entirely, and roasted peppers are so bracing that save for the texture, you might mistake their sweetness for apricots'.

De Carlo displays three strengths, all ideal for this kind of cooking. He is not afraid of pepper, garlic, or salt. He lavishes maternal attention on side dishes. And he loves to soothe. So the pepperoncini and soppressata on his pizza, when combined with a vibrant bottle of Amarone, will have you giddily diving for more bread. The root vegetables surrounding a handsome bronze-edged roasted cod commit uncontested sabotage. Potato gnocchi, a pasta I have always equated with sugarless cookie dough, is sultry and tender in brown butter and sage. And the briny piquancy of the broths that hold together his risotto with razor clams or bucatini with lobster make the addition of seafood to both dishes almost unnecessary.

De Carlo admitted he is still tinkering with his Ferris wheel, because golden and crisp as his Cornish hens

Secret sharer:
This impeccable
bucatini with
lobster is
served at a
restaurant to be
named later.



Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewing.

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appear, they've stayed a bit too long at the fair. And a seasoned steak is fine but no match for the other plates at the table, like the succulent rotisserie lamb resting on fragrantly herbed polenta or tearably good osso bucco with an added bonus of brilliantly full-flavored faro.

Even his desserts are unnerving, unexpected, and unavoidable. Most ricotta cheesecakes lumber down your gut like one of those religious floats making its way through the San Gennaro festival.

De Carlo's floats under a shower of pistachio praline. Panna cotta bathes in chestnut honey. Pear tart is so devoid of bakery-imposed sweetness, its subtlety is wiped out by a bite of an absolutely terrific chocolate-hazelnut cake with hazelnut gelato. Have I gushed enough? Actually, no, I left something out. There is nothing on the menu over \$24, and most of it is under \$20.

So how does it feel, knowing there is something out there so good that someone doesn't trust you to know about it, for fear the peasants you tell will descend on and destroy it? Maybe that's why De Carlo and his partner, John LaFemina, called it **Peasant**. Because they're smart enough and confident enough to take you on. And because they're pretty sure they know what you'll like. Be nice to this place, okay? And then maybe one day I'll tell you about this great Cantonese joint on Union Turnpike. But not yet.

Peasant, 194 Elizabeth Street (212-965-9511). Dinner Tuesday-Saturday 6 P.M.-midnight, Sunday till 10 P.M. Appetizers \$6-\$10; entrées \$16-\$24. AE, MC, V.

OCCASIONALLY—OKAY, ABOUT AS OFTEN AS the week's news leads off with something other than a new youthcentric saga (Jon-Benét, Elián, 'N Sync, Harry Potter: Do grown-ups ever do anything noteworthy anymore?)—a fellow gastroenthusiast does talk to a critic as if we were something other than Cassandra's illegitimate spawn.

"Have you eaten at **Judson Grill** recently?" the diner asked.

"Sure, it's near my office. I eat there a lot."

"But *recently*?" he insisted.

"Actually, no," I replied. "I've been busy savoring places I don't feel like telling you about."

"Well, get back over there and tell me if you don't notice something different about the chef's cooking," he said. "I always thought he was good, but maybe he was just having a really good day, or maybe I was too glad to be away from the kids. Nah—I swear I had the most extraordinary meal there the other night. Go. Let me know what you think."

After four extraordinary meals there, I think the guy's right. Bill Telepan has al-

ways been not only an excellent and underappreciated chef (is anyone at the Food Network reading this?) but the first ever to possess a palette dynamic enough to stand up to Judson Grill's daunting, brass-accented mess hall. But whereas certain noted chefs have been cited, lately, for their too-comfortable, lazy approach to their esteemed reputations, Telepan could show Emeril a thing or two about kicking it up a few notches.

His new spring menu at Judson is one sensational plate after the next, propelled by a rousing level of confidence, in bold flavors and pairings. The food is full of bravado—unusually so, considering it comes from a man who looks so Clark Kentishly mild. Each choice he makes—whether selecting yellowtail instead of salmon for a gravlax enhanced by anise oil, or encrusting crab cakes in a thin layer of potato, or pitting marinated quail against veal sausage, or filling pierogi with farmer cheese and chard in a funky sauce of green onion—is full of sly but never tricky originality. Telepan is inspired by vegetables, thus the gravlax is accompanied by a lovely golden-beet-and-fennel salad. Asparagus is fired up with lemon, egg, and a hail of pistachios. His vegetable plate, anchored by a pea pancake, white-bean-and-spring-green strudel, and stuffed onion, is the best in town.

For entrées, salmon is wrapped in artichokes; herbs form a superb casing for a delicate loin of lamb balanced wonderfully with white-bean gratiné; and roasted organic pasture veal will spoil you. The pinkness of roasted organic pork will offer you a night of living dangerously, and balsamic-laced Muscovy-duck breast seared with foie gras will make you forget about whatever play you just came from, unless it's *Aida*. (For that, you need to place a call to the nearest trauma center.)

If I take the time to single out all the smashing desserts (though a piece of the rhubarb napoleon should be taken every day, like vitamins), there will be no room left to let you in on one more secret. Crowded as it is at lunch, few seem to realize that Judson Grill is a great pre- and after-theater spot. Resist the old tendency to walk west once the curtain comes down. (Or, as in the case of *Aida*, to throw yourself in front of a moving vehicle.) Change direction. Come north. Bill Telepan is currently having a really good day. Every day. Just don't tell everybody and wreck it, will ya?

Judson Grill, 152 West 52nd Street (212-582-5252). Lunch Monday-Friday noon-2:30 P.M.; dinner Monday-Thursday 5:30-11 P.M., Friday 5:30-11:30 P.M., Saturday, 5-11:30 P.M. All major credit cards.

Hal Rubenstein's 1997-2000 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

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NEW YORK

Dusty Springfield

Neil Young sings paeans to Buffalo Springfield as he cashes in on CSNY nostalgia. Of all his musical personas, maybe band member was best?

NEIL YOUNG'S ON THE ROAD AGAIN WITH CROSBY, Stills, and Nash, reliving his days as just another guy in a band. At the same time, a gentle tune on his new solo album remembers sixties rock's ragged glory and reflects on that era's friendships and excesses. Its innocence is striking, but there's one problem: The song is called "Buffalo Springfield Again," and it's about the group he was in before CSN&Y.

Young probably isn't the easiest guy to be in a band with. He's always been a mercurial musician with one foot on his distortion pedal and one foot out the door on the way to his next project. As a result, he's spent his career caroming from Crazy Horse to the Stray Gators and into CSN&Y reunions on a restless musical walkabout that's included detours into country, blues, and even synthesizer-driven pop.

His new **Silver & Gold** (Reprise) is a retrenchment that returns him to the reflection of albums like *Harvest* and *Harvest Moon*. Hushed and spare, it couldn't be more different from his last, loud albums with Crazy Horse or the delicate harmonies he's performing on the road with CSN&Y. But "Buffalo Springfield Again," which conjures up an idealized state of rock-band camaraderie with lines like "I'd just like to play for the fun we had," points to one of the few constants in his career: his restless search for a new way to reflect on an idealized past. More often than not, that past is heavily mythologized—the guys in Buffalo Springfield never actually seemed to like each other all that much—but that's not the point. The thread that runs through almost all of Young's work is the desire to get back to before the gold rush.

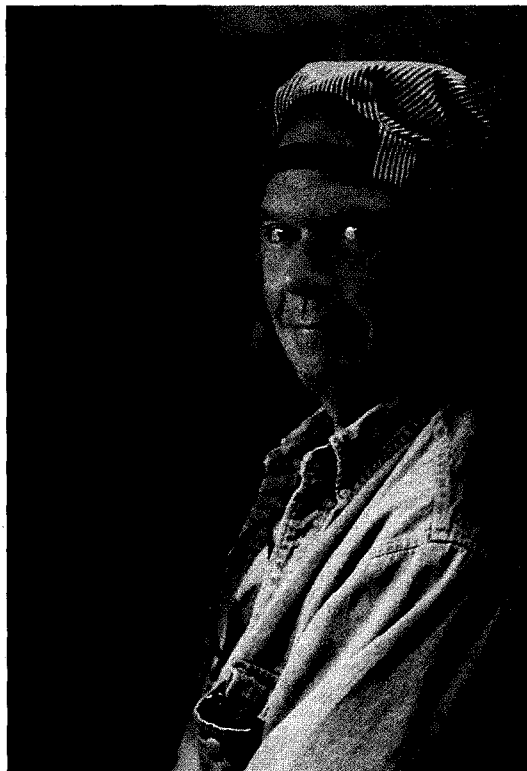
On Young's first albums, the past he plumbed was that of the counterculture, and *After the Gold Rush* has been heard as a funeral dirge for the hippie dream. Later, he tried to get back to the idea of an early America he never lived in by looking back to rockabilly on *Everybody's Rockin'*, and celebrating down-on-the-farm values on the country-oriented *Old Ways*. Even

some of his politics—he co-founded Farm Aid and supported Reagan—have been strikingly traditionalist.

In the latter half of the nineties, Young allowed himself the unappealing luxury of looking backward as a legend: 1996's *Broken Arrow* had the bogus simplicity of Restoration Hardware ad copy, and his soundtrack for Jim Jarmusch's *Year of the Horse* was overblown even by guitar-god standards. In contrast, *Silver & Gold* is potent, partly because the idyll it pines for is far enough removed to be beguiling but not far enough to let Young become

bombastic. Its stories are of homecomings ("Good to See You") and reunions ("Daddy Went Walkin'") rather than tragedies or conquistadors. Its modest instrumentation merely serves to complement his impressionistic lyrics, and Young sings in a stretched, quavering voice that wrings emotion even out of simple lines like "But I got faith in you / It's a razor love that cuts clean through."

On *Silver & Gold*, the past is personal—even sixties icons like Buffalo Springfield are remembered in terms of what they meant to Young. It's the sound of a man looking back but shying away from speaking to his generation—or even another one as he did when he played with Pearl Jam—and speaking, quietly but firmly, for just another guy in a band.



In brief: LONG BEFORE FATBOY Slim was the electronica

icon who wrote that song in the Nike commercial, he was resident D.J. at Brighton, England's Big Beat Boutique, where he mixed rap, rock, and electronic music with all the subtlety of early Aerosmith. Which is a good thing. As if to show that the scattered, whatever-makes-them-dance aesthetic of "Praise You" has roots on the dance floor as well as in the ad agency, he's released the long-imported **On the Floor at the Boutique Mixed by Fatboy Slim** (Astralwerks). Veering between dance-floor classics, hyperactive hip-hop remixes, and his own tunes, Fatboy Slim sounds less like a clever sampler than a deft D.J. willing to throw on anything to keep people moving. Which is a good thing. ■

Robert Levine's reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

Still Crazy after
all these years:
Neil Young.

Culture

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment Arts in New York

Oh, We've Got Trouble

That starts with T which rhymes with P and that stands for boo! Professor Harold Hill leads the big parade back to Broadway (page 105).

art 110
concerts 125
dance 125
kids 129
the mix 126
movies 98
nightlife 122
online 128
restaurants 115
sports 128
television 126
theater 105
the written word 127

movies

Mike Figgis... Stanley Kubrick... *The Big Kahuna*

New Films

★**All About My Mother**—Pedro Almodóvar's movie about a mother, magnificently played by Cecilia Roth, who becomes a caregiver to an entire carnival of lost souls is his best in years. It's a heavily sentimentalized vision of femalehood, a cross between Tennessee Williams and Ross Hunter. In Spanish with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

American Beauty—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with a harried real-estate-agent wife (Annette Bening) and morose daughter (Thora Birch) who despise him. Sam Mendes, celebrated for his direction of *Cabaret* and *The Blue Room* onstage, makes his movie debut; the script is by Alan Ball. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) UA Union Square; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

American Gypsy—Jasmine Dellal's documentary focuses on the efforts of activist Jimmy Marks to publicize civil-rights issues involving the 1 million Gypsies currently living in the United States, but more broadly it's a portrait of a widely dispersed yet extremely insular group. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) Cinema Village.

American Psycho—Christian Bale plays the designer serial killer and Wall Street hotshot Patrick Bateman in this over-conceptualized movie adaptation of Bret Easton Ellis's controversial, over-conceptualized novel. Director Mary Harron has done an admirable job paring down Ellis's numbing catalogue of conspicuous consumptions, and the film is less gory than the book. (Rainer; 4/24/00) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 72nd St. East; UA East; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; BAM Rose Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Centre Sunny-side; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★**Being John Malkovich**—This debut feature from director Spike Jonze and screenwriter Charlie Kaufman is a stunning piece of metaphorical vaudeville. John Cusack plays a dejected puppeteer who, working as a file clerk, discovers in the wall of his office a portal leading directly into the head of John Malkovich (playing himself). The plot is a series of riffs and spirals, a neo-slacker's spin on the sort of thing Pynchon or Borges might have dreamed up. Cameron Diaz and Catherine Keener fill out the spectacular cast. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) Clearview's Waverly.

The Big Kahuna—Written by Roger Rueff, who did the play on which it's based, this collaboration between director John Swanbeck and friend Kevin Spacey has a cast of three (Spacey, Danny DeVito, and Peter Facinelli)—all salesmen holding a convention in Wichita, all facing their own life crises. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) Opens 4/28.

★**Black and White**—James Toback's free-form movie about white teenagers, crime, and hip-hop has an aliveness that compensates for a lot of old-style plot devices. The film owes as much to Toback's continuing racial obsessions as it does to the cul-

Previews All In the Timing

Contrary to the message of all car commercials, the journey is rarely more interesting than the destination. *Time Code*—a digital experiment from *Leaving Las Vegas* director Mike Figgis—is the exception. "When I came up with the idea," Figgis says, "I thought, well, the story should be funny, ironic, and in itself a cliché. Without the technique, it would have been a short TV film." An L.A. showbiz melodrama told in related vignettes, it could have been low-grade Altman—if Altman had decided to run his vignettes simultaneously. *Time Code*'s screen is split into four panels, each following a subplot, with the sound directing the eyes to pivotal moments in each. The resulting chaos feels like real time, and it was shot that way, too. Using nonstop digital cameras, Figgis filmed each panel in the same 93-minute stretch, with no edits. The movie was shot fifteen times in its entirety, the cast and crew working

with synchronized watches to make sure they hit their marks as scenes converged and split off again. The characters and dialogue developed with each shoot, and Figgis used the fifteenth take. "It had a certain tension to it because it was the last time," he says. "There was a non-negotiable deadline, and the feeling that we hadn't quite cracked it yet, because this was a monumental task." Since the cameras were portable and relatively cheap, this big-studio production was actually a bargain. "I don't give a fart about the technology," he says. "It's only a tool." A fan of multimedia performance art and a musician who scored many of his own films, Figgis likes the fact that the new hi-fi is so democratic, it's D.I.Y. "There's no longer such a gap between good and bad," he explains. "So there is not the elitism, because there is a choice now. It's now hip to shoot on low budget, where it never was hip in America before. People were not aspiring toward Cassavetes, they actually wanted to be Spielberg." Figgis isn't looking for Spielberg-size returns, either. "This movie," he says, "will get a huge amount of exposure and will prove certain things. Even if it's not naturally a success, it's already done what it's set out to do."

Time Code (starring, clockwise from top left, Salma Hayek, Jeanne Tripplehorn, Saffron Burrows with Kyle MacLachlan, and Stellan Skarsgård) opens April 28.

BORIS KACHKA



tural moment. Robert Downey Jr. gives a peerlessly funny performance as a gay husband bitch-slapped by Mike Tyson. (Rainer; 4/17/00) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; UA Criterion; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.

Bossa Nova—The music and the scenery are as important as any of the situations involving Amy Irving and her Spanish-speaking supporting cast in a comedy about mostly middle-aged singles looking for sex and love. In Spanish, with subtitles, and English. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) Opens 4/28.

★**Boys Don't Cry**—Directed by first-timer Kimberly Peirce, the film is about Teena Brandon, who, as Brandon Teena, passed as a boy, romanced the girls, and was killed for her deceptions by two ex-cons in Nebraska in 1993. The talented Hilary Swank plays Brandon. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) Quad Cinema; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St; North Shore Towers.

The Cider House Rules—Michael Caine, Delroy Lindo, and Tobey Maguire star in Lasse Hallström's sweet coming-of-ager, based on the novel by John Irving. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; PG-13) CC Angelika Film Center; CC Crown Gotham; UA Criterion; Cinemat.

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The Color of Paradise
boy, stunned by his
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he car. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R)
page 56. (1 hr. 29 mins.;



unday—Don't see this movie any day of the week. Not to be outdone by prudish Americans, director Didier Le Pêcheur has crafted something edgier than *Crash* but almost as rapid and senselessly controversial. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema*.

★**East Is East**—The great Indian actor Om Puri towers in this jagged, well-made comedy about a Pakistani father in England trying to cope with his unruly family and his own fundamentalist ways. It could have come across as a mixed-race *Life With Father*, but Puri's complex performance transforms it. (Rainer; 4/24/00) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

★**East-West**—A hokey, melodramatic, enjoyable Cold War drama from France about a Russian émigré physician (Oleg Menchikov) who returns to Stalin's postwar police state with his French wife (Sandrine Bonnaire) and pays the price. Catherine Deneuve plays the French actress who helps save the day, and her cheekbones and lip gloss have never seemed so politically correct. In French and Russian with English subtitles. (Rainer; 4/17/00) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Paris Theatre*.

★**The End of the Affair**—This Neil Jordan adaptation of Graham Greene's 1951 sin-and-redemption novel has a hushed, spectral atmosphere that, at times, resembles *Brief Encounter* crossed with *Tales From the Crypt*. It's an impressive, and oppressive, achievement, featuring Ralph Fiennes as an acidulous novelist in torrid, soulful involvement with the wife (Julianne Moore) of a meek civil servant (Stephan Rea). (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *UA Gemini*.

Erin Brockovich—Julia Roberts plays a high-heeled, cleavage-enhanced, sparsely educated, twice-divorced mother of three who also spearheads an investigation leading to the largest payoff ever made in a direct-action lawsuit in this intermittently enjoyable crusading-underdog movie directed by Steven Soderbergh. For a while, it promises to be something more than conventional; it has a nice, uncondescending feel for the little moments that make up little lives. (Rainer; 3/27/00) (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews New York Twin; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA MovieWorld; UA Movies at Staten Island*.

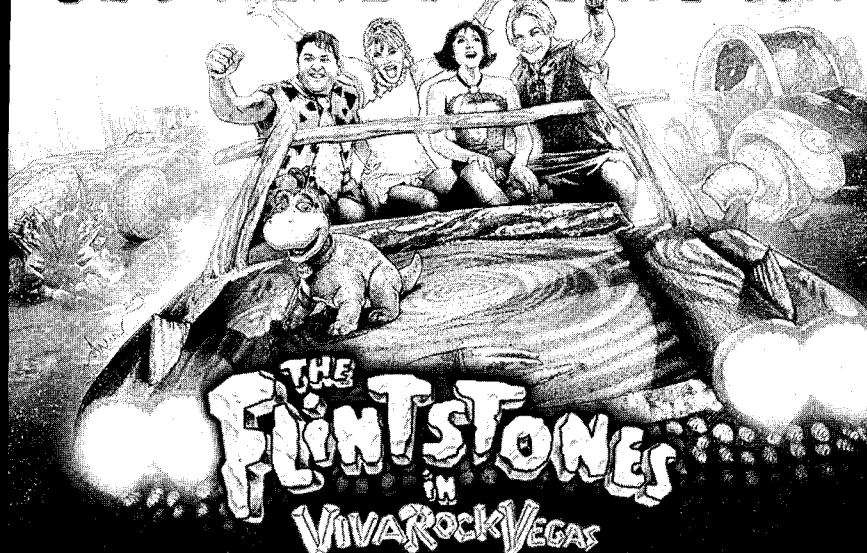
Family Tree—A 9-year-old boy opposes his father's plan to bring a plastics factory into town—which would mean hundreds of much-needed jobs—because Dad would have to destroy an oak tree that has stood for generations. Naomi Judd, in her first starring role, is the boy's understanding mother. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; CC Sutton*.

Fantasia/2000—A restored print of *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* and seven other animated extravaganzas are set to the sounds of the Chicago Symphony. (1 hr. 25 mins.; G) *Sony Lincoln Square's IMAX*.

The Fifth and the Fury—Julien Temple creates yet another documentary about the Sex Pistols, this time without letting Malcolm McLaren take all the credit. New concert footage and an interview with Sid and Nancy may they rest in peace. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Film Forum*.

Final Destination—A young man gets a premonition and tells his friends that their plane is going to crash. They don't get on, but they die anyway. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Astor Plaza; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza;*

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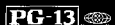
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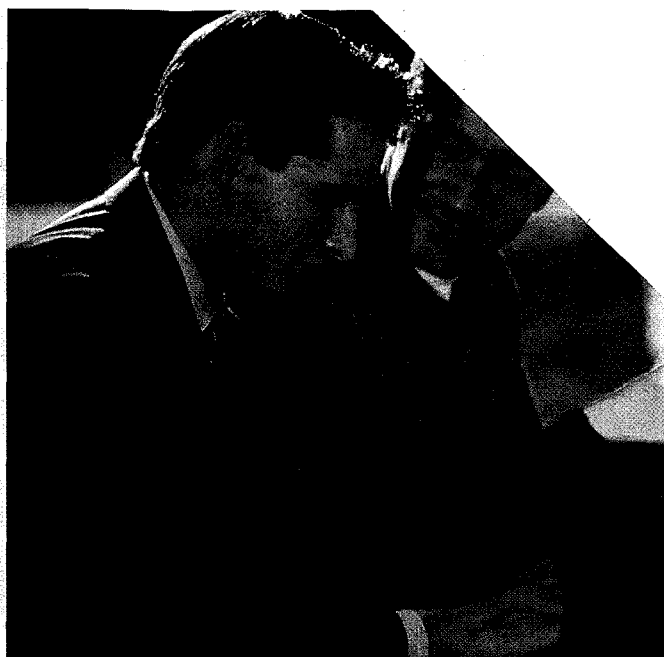
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Previews The Play's the Thing

Kevin Spacey, the producer, has a habit of casting Kevin Spacey, the actor, in movies that feel a lot like plays. He did it in 'Swimming With Sharks,' the bulk of which was a tense dramatic dialogue with Frank Whaley. His production company, Trigger Street, produced 'The Iceman Cometh' for the stage, and it was on the set of 'Hurlyburly' (a film based on a play) that he met John Swanbeck, the theatre director behind Trigger's first American film release, 'The Big Kabuna'—starring none other than Kevin Spacey. Danny DeVito and Peter Facinelli (pictured left, with Spacey) play the only other characters in the movie, based on Roger Rueff's play about three industrial-lubricant salesmen who set up a hospitality suite during a convention in Wichita, Kansas, hoping to lure a whopper of a client. Opens April 28.



Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas—Prequels being all the rage, the Flintstones take us back to Fred and Barney's youth, when they were courting their future wives. Mark Addy and Stephen Baldwin star as Fred and Barney, respectively. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG) Opens 4/28.

Frequency—An old ham radio becomes a portal to the past when Jim Caviezel, playing a bitter Queens cop, communicates with his dead father (Dennis Quaid) on it. Now he has to prevent his father's 1969 death by altering history. (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) Opens 4/28.

From the Edge of the City—Greek refugees from Kazakhstan, shunned in their new homeland, live on the margins of Athens and survive by hustling at night. In Greek with English subtitles. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) The Screening Room.

Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai—Forest Whitaker gives a resonant and affecting performance as a hit man who pores over ancient samurai texts in this allusive Jim Jarmusch movie that is by turns irritating and inviting. (Rainer; 3/20/00) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) CC Angelika Film Center; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

The Girl Next Door—Christine Fugate's documentary on Stacy Valentine, housewife turned porn star. Stacy moved to L.A. in 1995 to pursue the career full-time, leaving behind the lot of a husband who'd persuaded her to pose in the first place. (1 hr. 24 mins.; R) The Screening Room.

Gossip—Three college students doing a journalism-class assignment on gossip manufacture a rumor that spirals out of their control, resulting in arrest, betrayal, and high drama. (R) CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA MovieWorld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★High Fidelity—John Cusack is the owner of a retro record store in Chicago whose girlfriend (Iben Hjejle) has just walked out on him in this raffish, highly entertaining comedy directed by Stephen Frears. It's one of the few comedies around that really get into the way men try to make sense of themselves. (Rainer; 4/10/00) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★The Hurricane—Denzel Washington gives a powerhouse performance as Rubin "Hurricane" Carter

in this film about the middleweight contender's fight for exoneration after he was wrongfully arrested on a murder rap and imprisoned for almost nineteen years. The entire film needed to be as ferocious as Washington's performance. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (2 hrs. 26 mins.; R) UA Criterion.

The Idiots—Director Lars von Trier's latest Dogma film, about a commune of sorts whose inhabitants pretend to be mentally retarded, is at various times funny, poignant, and offensive. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) Opens 4/28.

★Joe Gould's Secret—Stanley Tucci directed and co-stars in this movie about legendary New Yorker writer Joseph Mitchell and his relationship with the subject of two of his profiles, Joe Gould, the Greenwich Village sot and crackbrained philosopher played by Ian Holm. There's a bit too much of a nimbus around Gould's head, but the film is extraordinarily well-acted, and it gets into a great subject—how a writer can be taken over by his subject. (Rainer; 4/17/00) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.

Kadosh—The story of two sisters who live in Mea Sharim, Jerusalem's ultra-Orthodox Jewish quarter, and whose lives and marriages are dictated by the strict hermetic community. In Hebrew with English subtitles. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) Cinema Village; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Keeping the Faith—Edward Norton is a hotshot priest and Ben Stiller is a hotshot rabbi in this wan romantic comedy that wants us to think Noël Coward but too often has us thinking Aaron Spelling. Jenna Elfman plays their childhood friend and mutual love interest. (Rainer; 4/24/00) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; PG-13) Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA MovieWorld; UA Hyland Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★The Last September—See Rainer, page 56. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) CC Angelika Film Center; CC Eastside Playhouse; Sony Lincoln Square.

Love and Basketball—See Rainer, page 56. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; PG-13) Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; BAM Rose Cinemas; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Magnolia—Boogie Nights writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson is extravagantly gifted, but this San Fernando Valley-based epic of alienation comes

across like a concatenation of soap-opera stories. A remarkable cast, including Julianne Moore, Jason Robards, and William H. Macy, is featured in mostly unremarkable settings. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (3 hrs. 15 mins.; R) UA Union Square.

Me Myself I—Rachel Griffiths is a depressed single woman who wonders what might have been... until she trades places with her married-with-children alter ego, in Australia's quirky answer to *Sliding Doors*. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) UA Union Square; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Mifune—A strange and amusing film about a successful businessman (Anders W. Berthelsen) who moves back to his rural hometown to care for his retarded, middle-aged brother after their father's death. To help out, he hires an ex-hooker as a housekeeper, and soon her younger brother, a delinquent prep-schooler, moves in. It's an unlikely family film: *Rain Man* meets *Pretty Woman* meets the Danish New Wave. In Danish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) Cinema Village.

Mission to Mars—Brian De Palma directs this futuristic space odyssey about a recovery mission that discovers traces of life on the red planet. Great effects with extra cheese. Stars Gary Sinise, Tim Robbins, Connie Neilson, and Don Cheadle. (PG) UA Union Square; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.

My Dog Skip—The late Willie Morris's best-selling memoir about his growing up in Mississippi with his beloved fox terrier, Skip, is now a sweet, warm family film (starring Kevin Bacon, Diane Lane, and Frankie Muniz) about a boy growing up in Mississippi with a Jack Russell terrier. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) CO Worldwide Cinemas; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas.

Price of Glory—Jimmy Smits is Arturo Ortega, a former boxer who once had a shot at the world championship but now lives vicariously through his three sons, whom he trains to become championship boxers. (PG-13) Plaza.

Ready to Rumble—David Arquette and Scott Caan play losers obsessed with professional wrestling who try to coax champion Jimmy King (Oliver Platt) out of retirement. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) New Coliseum; Nova; Concourse Plaza; Canarsie; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Return to Me—A widowed architect (David Duchovny) meets and romances Minnie Driver, the waitress who just got his wife's heart in a transplant. (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG) Art Greenwich Twin; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews State; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews New York Twin; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Road to El Dorado—Dreamworks' animated movie has some thrilling, swoopy visual sequences, lots of corn, and enough shimmering gold surfaces to make you think the Yucatan is an adjunct of Trump Tower. Actors voicing the animated characters include Kenneth Branagh, Kevin Kline, and, unmistakably, Rosie Perez. (Rainer; 4/10/00) (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG) CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Clearview's Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Romeo Must Die—Hong Kong film veteran Jet Li is an ex-cop looking to avenge his little brother's murder in gang-torn Oakland. Li hooks up with pop star Aaliyah in her film debut as the rival gang leader's daughter in this hi-fi action flick based loosely on *Romeo and Juliet*. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) Loews Village; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay.

Rules of Engagement—In yet another movie about military discipline, a colonel turned lawyer played by Tommy Lee Jones must defend his friend (Samuel Jackson), who saved his life in Vietnam but is now accused of killing civilian demonstrators. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Set Me Free—French-Canadian director Léa Pool's sixth feature film is her most autobiographical. In 1963, the 14-year-old Hannah copes with distant parents and sexual confusion in a stylish Quebecois feature that owes much to the French New Wave. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) Quad Cinema.

The Sixth Sense—Bruce Willis, Toni Collette, a little boy with a dark ability, and a nice twist. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) UA Criterion.

The Skulls—Dawson's Creek star Joshua Jackson plays a New Haven townie who gets accepted to Yale—which is good—and then joins a secret, elitist fraternity—which is bad. Very bad. (PG-13) UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.

The Specialist—This new documentary is composed entirely of original footage from the 1961 Israeli trial of Adolf Eichmann for crimes against humanity. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) Film Forum.

Third World Cop—Jamaica's highest-grossing production yet, this local action flick features a cop named Capone and his old friend the gun-running kingpin Ratty. Each tries to persuade the other to break ranks. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) Linden Boulevard Multiplex.

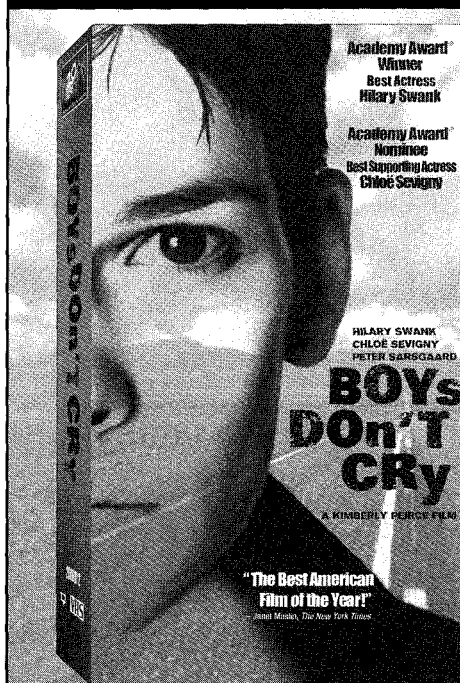
The Virgin Suicides—See Rainer, page 56. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square.

Time Code—Groundbreaking in technique if not in Altmanesque plot, Mike Figgis's latest project is split into four screens following related story lines,

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

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★★★★★

- Susan Stark, *The Detroit News*

"ASTONISHING."

- Jay Carr, *The Boston Globe*

★★★★★

- Steven Rea, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*

"EXTRAORDINARY."

- Jim Beckerman, *The Bergen Record*

★★★★★

- Roger Ebert, *Chicago Sun-Times*

"A MUST-SEE!"

- Leah Rozen, *People*

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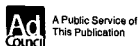
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MOVIES

all filmed and screened simultaneously with no edits—an occasionally confusing but highly original way to make and watch a movie. Salma Hayek, Saffron Burrows, and Jeanne Tripplehorn star. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Opens 4/28.*

★**Topsy-Turvy**—Mike Leigh's movie about Gilbert and Sullivan and what led to *The Mikado* is an uncharacteristic work for a filmmaker devoted almost entirely to modern-day movies about the messes of the lower-middle classes, but Leigh moves right into the late-Victorian era without a hitch. Jim Broadbent's Gilbert and Allan Corduner's Sullivan are marvelously played. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Clearview's 59th Street East.*

28 Days—Sandra Bullock is a pill-popping alcoholic who, after ruining her sister's wedding while sloshed, is sentenced to a touchy-feely rehab center. But what about her pill-popping alcoholic boyfriend? (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews 42nd Street EWalk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; UA Movies at Sheephead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA MovieWorld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**U-571**—See Rainer, page 56. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheephead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Where the Heart Is—A very pregnant 17-year-old country bumpkin (Natalie Portman) is stranded at an Oklahoma Wal-Mart and ends up living there for a while, subsisting on its bland bounty, giving birth, and becoming a celebrity. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Opens 4/28.*

Where the Money Is—Paul Newman stars as a jailed bank robber who scams his way into a nursing home and, with the help of an attendant, played by Linda Fiorentino, and her husband, played by Dermot Mulroney, pulls off a fresh heist. It's wan and wistful and barely breathing. (Rainer; 4/24/00) (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews State; Clearview's Beekman; Loews 84th Street; UA Marboro; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97-101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *Return to Me; Topsy-Turvy.*

Previews Irving Place

There's something about veteran Brazilian director Bruno Barreto's *Bossa Nova* that evokes *Three's Company*. Maybe it's all those desperate, oversexed singles, the wacky yet reassuringly predictable comic mix-ups, or the easy-listening strains of "The Girl from Ipanema" and other soft Latin hits. But it's also light, frothy fun, thanks to a beautifully shot Rio as backdrop, and Amy Irving (right) starring as a widowed American English teacher who tumbles into bed with an amiably grumpy divorcé. *Opens April 28.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *All About My Mother; The Cider House Rules; East Is East; Ghost Dog; The Way of the Samurai; Joe Gould's Secret; The Last September.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *Gossip; High Fidelity; The Road to El Dorado; Winter Sleepers.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *American Gypsy; Kadosh; Mifune; The Color of Paradise.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Being John Malkovich; U-571.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *The Filth and the Fury; The Specialist. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")*

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *American Psycho; Black and White; Erin Brockovich; Keeping the Faith; Love and Basketball; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Virgin Suicides.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Beau Travail; Boys Don't Cry; Don't Let Me Die on a Sunday; Set Me Free.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *From the Edge of the City; The Girl Next Door. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")*

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *American Beauty; Family Tree; Final Destination; Magnolia; Me Myself I; Mission to Mars; Return to Me; The Skulls; 28 Days; U-571; Where the Money Is.*

14th-41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Gossip; High Fidelity; 28 Days.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Black and White; Final Destination; Keeping the Faith; The Road to El Dorado; The Virgin Suicides; U-571.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Return to Me; 28 Days.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *American Psycho; Erin Brockovich; Gossip; High Fidelity; Love and Basketball; Rules of Engagement.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *American Psycho; Black and White; Erin Brockovich; Keeping the Faith; Love and Basketball; Return to Me; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado; U-571; Where the Money Is.*

42nd-60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *High Fidelity; Keeping the Faith.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *The Cider House Rules.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *The Last September.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *Family Tree; Love and Basketball.*



Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Topsy-Turvy*.

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *American Beauty*.

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Green Mile*; *Mansfield Park*; *My Dog Skip*; *Sweet and Lowdown*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*; *The Whole Nine Yards*; *Wonder Boys*.

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *American Psycho*; *Erin Brockovich*; *Keeping the Faith*; *Love and Basketball*; *Return to Me*; *Romeo Must Die*; *Rules of Engagement*; *The Road to El Dorado*; *28 Days*; *The Virgin Suicides*.

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Final Destination*.

Loews Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Rules of Engagement*; *U-571*.

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Beauty*; *Croupier*; *Return to Me*; *The Skulls*; *Where the Money Is*.

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *East-West*.

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (212-354-0900) *Black and White*; *Boys Don't Cry*; *The Cider House Rules*; *High Fidelity*; *The Hurricane*; *The Sixth Sense*.

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Black and White*; *Final Destination*; *Keeping the Faith*; *Where the Money Is*.

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *Where the Money Is*.

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *All About My Mother*; *American Beauty*; *Boys Don't Cry*; *Final Destination*; *The Skulls*; *28 Days*.

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Erin Brockovich*; *Return to Me*.

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *American Psycho*.

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Erin Brockovich*; *Return to Me*.

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Gossip*; *High Fidelity*; *Love and Basketball*; *Romeo Must Die*; *Rules of Engagement*; *The Road to El Dorado*; *28 Days*; *U-571*.

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *American Psycho*.

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Black and White*; *The End of the Affair*; *Gossip*; *The Road to El Dorado*.

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *American Beauty*.

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *The Road to El Dorado*; *U-571*.

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *American Psycho*; *Rules of Engagement*.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *All About My Mother*; *Beau Travail*; *East Is East*; *Joe Gould's Secret*; *Me Myself I*; *The Color of Paradise*.

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *American Psycho*; *Black and White*; *Final Destination*; *Love and Basketball*; *U-571*; *Where the Money Is*.

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *Gossip*; *Ready to Rumble*; *Rules of Engagement*; *The Road to El Dorado*.

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *Love and Basketball*; *Ready to Rumble*; *Rules of Engagement*.

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Erin Brockovich*; *Fantasia/2000*; *Gossip*; *High Fidelity*; *Keeping the Faith*; *Return to Me*; *Romeo Must Die*; *Rules*



Previews Playing Dumb

As an adherent of the "Dogma 95" movement, Danish director Lars von Trier eschews props, lighting, and gratuitous violence in "The Idiots" (with Nikolaj Lie Kaas and Louise Mieritz, above), but he still manages to cross boundaries Quentin Tarantino wouldn't touch. The title characters live on a modern commune, subverting the bourgeoisie (and getting their kicks) by taking field trips and pretending to be mentally retarded. As their real problems gradually surface and the group falls apart, Von Trier's story graduates from a one-note gimmick to something a bit more complex . . . and more disturbing. Opens April 28.

of Engagement; *The Last September*; *The Road to El Dorado*; *28 Days*; *The Virgin Suicides*.

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *American Psycho*; *Black and White*; *Final Destination*; *Gossip*; *Keeping the Faith*; *Love and Basketball*; *Romeo Must Die*; *Rules of Engagement*; *The Skulls*; *The Road to El Dorado*; *28 Days*; *U-571*.

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *American Psycho*; *Black and White*; *Final Destination*; *Love and Basketball*; *Ready to Rumble*; *Romeo Must Die*; *Rules of Engagement*; *The Skulls*; *The Road to El Dorado*; *U-571*.

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *American Psycho*; *Black and White*; *Final Destination*; *Gossip*; *Keeping the Faith*; *Love and Basketball*; *Romeo Must Die*; *Rules of Engagement*; *The Skulls*; *The Road to El Dorado*; *28 Days*; *U-571*.

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *American Psycho*; *Joe Gould's Secret*; *Love and Basketball*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Rules of Engagement*; *Sweet and Lowdown*; *U-571*.

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Love and Basketball*; *Ready to Rumble*; *The Road to El Dorado*.

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *American Psycho*; *Erin Brockovich*; *High Fidelity*; *Keeping the Faith*; *Return to Me*.

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *American Psycho*; *Rules of Engagement*; *The Road to El Dorado*; *28 Days*; *U-571*.

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *The Cider House*

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Rules; Final Destination; High Fidelity; Keeping the Faith; Mission to Mars.

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) Call theater for showtimes.

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) Call theater for showtimes.

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) American Psycho; Erin Brockovich; Final Destination; Gossip; Love and Basketball; My Dog Skip; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado; 28 Days; U-571.

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) Gossip; Keeping the Faith; Rules of Engagement.

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) American Beauty; Erin Brockovich; Final Destination; Gossip; Hadh Kar Di Aapne; High Fidelity; Keeping the Faith; Mission to Mars; My Dog Skip; Return to Me; The Skulls; 28 Days; Where the Money Is.

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) All About My Mother; American Beauty; American Psycho; Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai; Kadosh; My Dog Skip; Rules of Engagement.

Retrospective Stan the Man

It took about a year—and a little financial assistance from Tom and Nicole—for Film Forum to acquire the prints for its three-week tribute to Stanley Kubrick. The retrospective's centerpiece, 'Barry Lyndon,' whose week-long run ends April 27, swept the key visual categories at the 1975 Oscars (and stars Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson, top right). Film Forum screens the rest of his features—with the exception of his first, 'Fear and Desire,' which he hated anyway—from 'A Clockwork Orange' on April 28 and 'Lolita' two days later (starring Sue Lyon, bottom right) through 'Eyes Wide Shut' on May 11. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for details.

Ozone Park (718-641-5330) American Psycho; Gossip; Keeping the Faith; Rules of Engagement; The Road to El Dorado; 28 Days; U-571.

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) Erin Brockovich; Love and Basketball; Return to Me; Romeo Must Die; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado; 28 Days; U-571.

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) Rules of Engagement; 28 Days; U-571; Where the Money Is.

UA MovieWorld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) American Psycho; Erin Brockovich; Gossip; Keeping the Faith; Rules of Engagement; The Road to El Dorado; 28 Days.

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) Erin Brockovich; Gossip; Keeping the Faith; My Dog Skip; Ready to Rumble; Return to Me; Rules of Engagement; The Road to El Dorado; 28 Days; U-571; Where the Money Is.

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New

Cinema." 4/26: Zero de Conduite (1935); L'Atalante (1934); shorts. 4/29: Rien Que Les Heures (1928); Le Sang D'une Poete (1930); shorts. 4/27: Models (1997). Through 4/29: "Fritz Lang Restored" continues. 4/27: Destiny (1921). 4/28-4/29: Contempt (1963), with The Dinosaur and the Baby (1967), a dialogue between Lang and Godard. 4/30: Day Ashore (1966). 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); \$8.

Avignon/New York Film Festival—Through 4/30. Fourteen new independent feature films from the U.S. and France, twenty shorts, and several retrospectives. At the French Institute, 55 E. 59th St. Call 355-6160 for tickets and info.

BAM Rose Cinemas—4/26: William Wyler's silent classic The Shakedown (1929) hadn't been seen in decades when the owner of the last surviving 16-mm. print donated it to the George Eastman House for restoration to 35 mm. in 1997. After only a handful of screenings, it makes its New York premiere here, for the conclusion of BAM's series "The Sound of Silents." 4/25: Le Doulos (1962). 4/27: I Don't Kiss (1991). 4/28: Strawberry and Chocolate (1993). 4/29-4/30: "Herzog-Kinski" continues with Wings of Hope (1999). 5/1: A Season in Paradise (1996). 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Cinema Classics—"Noir: Visions of Dark." 4/25: Scandal Sheet (1952). 4/26-4/27: Thieves Highway (1949). 4/28-4/30: Niagara (1953). 5/1-5/2: The Third Voice (1941); House of Bamboo (1955). 332 E. 11th St. (212-675-6692); \$5.

Film Forum—Through 5/11: Stanley Kubrick retrospective. Through 4/27: Barry Lyndon (1975). 4/28-4/29: A Clockwork Orange (1971). 4/30: Lolita (1962). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); \$9.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 5/4: "Blame Canada! Classic and Contemporary Films From North of the Border." 4/25: Le Sexe Des Etoiles; La Region Centrale; Cosmos. 4/26: Just Watch Me: Trudeau and the '70s Generation; Picture of Light; Crash. 4/27: Le Sexe Des Etoiles; Cosmos; Band of Outsiders. 4/28: La Demoiselle Sauvage; White Room. 4/29: The Time Machine; La Demoiselle Sauvage; The White Room; Isabel. 4/30: The Time Machine; Twilight of the Ice Nymphs; Isabel. 5/1: Kitchen Party; Nô. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); \$8.50, \$5 members, \$4.50 seniors, \$3 "Movies for Kids."

Guggenheim Museum—Through 5/3: "Generation N: New Latino Films and Videos." 4/26: Staccato Purr of the Exhaust. 4/29: Staccato Purr of the Exhaust; La Ciudad; The Manhatitlan Chronicles (short). 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (212-423-3587 or boxoffice@guggenheim.org; 212-360-4312 for more information). Tickets \$10 (\$7 members, seniors, and students).

Ocularis—4/30: Lucia (1969). 5/1: Spanish Earth (1937). At Galapagos, 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn. (718-388-8713); \$5.

The Screening Room—Through 5/4: "Bond (James Bond): Shaken Not Stirred." 4/28: Dr. No (1962); 4/29: Dr. No; From Russia With Love (1963); Goldfinger (1964); Thunderball (1965); You Only Live Twice (1967); Diamonds Are Forever (1971). 5/1: Goldfinger. 4/30: "Weekend Classics": Breakfast at Tiffany's; Willy Wonka & The Chocolate Factory. 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); \$9 (\$6 for Sunday-brunch patrons).

Two Boots Pioneer Theater—4/25-4/26: Divine Trash: The John Waters Documentary. 4/27-5/1: The Lifestyle. 4/29-4/30: All I Wanna Do. 4/28: Modulations. 4/29: Wild Style. 155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300); \$9, \$6 seniors.

YWCA Cine-Club—Opening 4/29: "The Surreal World of Luis Buñuel." 4/29-4/30: Un Chien Andalou (1928); Viridiana (1961). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); \$6 members, \$7 non-members.



Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) American Psycho; Gossip; Keeping the Faith; My Dog Skip; Rules of Engagement; Snow Day; The Road to El Dorado; 28 Days; U-571.

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) Boys Don't Cry; Wonder Boys.

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) Price of Glory; Rules of Engagement.

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) Call theater for showtimes.

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) Call theater for showtimes.

Sony Trilux—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) Call theater for showtimes.

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) American Psycho; Love and Basketball; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Road to El Dorado; U-571.

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) Gossip; Where the Money Is.

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) Final Destination; Love and Basketball; Romeo Must Die.

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St.,

Dorp (718-351-0805) 28 Days; Keeping the Faith; Rules of Engagement; The Road to El Dorado; U-571.

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) American Psycho; Erin Brockovich; Final Destination; Gossip; High Fidelity; Keeping the Faith; Love and Basketball; Ready to Rumble; Return to Me; Rules of Engagement; The Road to El Dorado; 28 Days; U-571; Where the Money Is.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 4/30: "Vision and Modernity: The Films of Fritz Lang." 4/29: Rancho Notorious (1951); While the City Sleeps (1955). 4/30: Beyond a Reasonable Doubt (1956); The Thousand Eyes of Dr. Mabuse (1960). See also Anthology Film Archives. 36-61 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, \$4.50-\$8.50. Members and children under 4 free.

Anthology Film Archives—4/25: Eat-Mate-Die: The Lives of Insects (1999). 4/26: "New Queermakers": shorts; Isle of Lesbos. 4/26 and 4/29: "Essential

theater

Eric Bogosian... *Jitney*... *The Music Man*

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Dirty Blonde—Brash actress-author Claudia Shear stars in her new play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West, sampling delicious vignettes from the life of the woman who said, "I'm no angel, but I've spread my wings a bit." \$55-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 5/1 opening. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Music Man—Choreographer Susan Stroman (*Contact*) opens her second Broadway show of the season, a revival of Meredith Wilson's giddy musical. \$20-\$85. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/27 opening. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Now Playing

Aida—The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Directed by Robert Falls with a book by Linda Woolverton and David Henry Hwang. Sets and costumes by Bob Crowley. \$25-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).*

Amadeus—Nearly two decades after its London and Broadway triumphs, Peter Shaffer's play returns, again directed by Sir Peter Hall. Michael Sheen purrs, hisses, and farts as Mozart; David Suchet plays his conniving nemesis, Salieri. \$25-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. \$35-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back (No, not the mouse). Andrea McArdle blanches and blushes as the fair maiden; Steve Blanchard roars and repents as the Beast. \$25-\$85. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. This revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. \$25-\$90. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—Eight lives and counting. \$40-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. Through 6/25. *Winter Garden Theatre, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) \$20-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Opening Fares in the Mirror

Just as a rash of murders has left New York's livery cab drivers stunned, Second Stage Theatre is welcoming the first New York production of *Jitney*, two-time Pulitzer-winner August Wilson's play about Pittsburgh jitney (or gypsy or livery) cab drivers in 1977. Like Mamet's *American Buffalo*, Wilson's first play is a gruff portrait of an underground economy and a marginal community of friends, including (from left to right) the gossipy Turnbo (Stephen McKinley Henderson), the grizzled father figure Becker (Paul Butler), and his conflicted son Booster (Carl Lumbly). Wilson wrote this tough but affectionate tribute to the drivers because he admired their unusual family and "the way they'd created jobs out of nothing." He says he's surprised to hear about the recent killings in New York, because "in all of the years I lived in Pittsburgh, I never heard of a jitney driver getting killed." He's always believed that Pittsburgh's drivers are protected "because they're seen as such a part of their community and they provide such a valuable service in lieu of other options." Wilson is currently presenting his most recent play, *King Hedley II*, in Chicago, set in the eighties, leaving just two decades untouched by his century-spanning odyssey of African-American life. One is the nineties; the other is the first decade of the century, and Wilson's already busy with a new play set in 1904. Once again, he's writing about history's extras instead of heroes like DuBois and Booker T. "There are just too many stories to be told about people who we haven't heard about," says Wilson. "You can go back and read about the rest of that stuff." Opens April 25. (See "Off Broadway.")

LOGAN HILL



Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the

girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. (Simon: 10/25/99.) \$55-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Copenhagen—A major hit in London, Michael Frayn's heady play about what might have happened when German physicist Werner Heisenberg visited Niels Bohr in 1941 stars Philip Bosco,

Blair Brown, and Michael Cumpsty. \$40-\$65. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre*, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Other performers have invented running stage personas for themselves like Australia's Barry Humphries and his Dame Edna Everage, but have they been this amusing? I am prepared to declare him the funniest man in today's theater. Also the funniest woman. (Simon: 11/2/99.) \$45-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theatre*, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maximalist adaptation, but the lead does have his haircut. \$20-\$75. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre*, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. \$65-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre*, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Green Bird—See Simon, p. 58. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre*, 138 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

Jackie Mason—Much Ado About Everything—Jackie Mason is not so funny as Dame Edna (who is?) but still damned funny. He is politically incorrect, and glories in it with ecstatic gloat. (Simon: 1/17/00.) \$65-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre*, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. \$45-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre*, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Jesus Christ Superstar—See Simon, p. 58. \$26-\$81. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts*, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. \$25-\$80. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Martin Beck Theatre*, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cossetting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsisizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) \$20-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater*, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightfully swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. (Simon: 12/1/97.) \$20-\$90. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater*, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. \$20-\$80. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater*, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Thanks to Eugene O'Neill's artistry, the character of Josie is true enough to be a riveting character when incarnated by the right actress, and Cherry Jones is a transcendent actress; when Cherry is in bloom, she is, like her namesake trees, worth a pilgrimage from the four corners of the earth. As James, Gabriel Byrne gives a complementarily moving performance as a lost soul in a dying body, whom we watch superbly enact the painful rites of a redemption as his flesh visibly wastes away. There is

a meatiness, a tenacity of grip, and, finally, a grandeur, which this production captures. (Simon: 4/3/00.) \$60-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre*, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster. \$20-\$80. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater*, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Real Thing—See Simon, p. 58. \$35-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Barrymore Theatre*, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. \$35-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater*, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).

The Ride Down Mt. Morgan—Shakespearean star and Starfleet captain Patrick Stewart plays Lyman Felt, a bigamist businessman who must confront his two wives after a terrible accident, in Arthur Miller's drama. \$55-\$65. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/23. *Ambassador Theatre*, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

Riverdance—This revamped version returns to New York with a more global feel, featuring flamenco and South African vocals, along with Irish singer Brian Kennedy and dancers Pat Roddy and Eileen Martin. \$25-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Gershwin Theatre*, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).

Rose—In Martin Sherman's new play, Olympia Dukakis plays a Jewish woman who sits on a Miami Beach park bench and reflects on her life, from her childhood in Russia, through Warsaw's ghettos, to Don Johnson's Miami. \$30-\$60. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. *Lyceum Theatre*, 149 W. 45 St. (212-239-6200).

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! \$30-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre*, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *St. James Theatre*, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Taller Than a Dwarf—Parker Posey and Matthew Broderick star in a new comedy by Elaine May (*Power Plays*, *Death Defying Acts*). Alan Arkin directs. \$25-\$65. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Longacre Theatre*, 220 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

True West—Sam Shepard's dysfunctional brothers are brought back to life by two old friends: Philip Seymour Hoffman and John C. Reilly, most recently spotted together in the film *Magnolia*. Matthew Warchus (Art) directs. \$65-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/18. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre*, W. 50th St., West of Broadway (212-239-6200).

Waiting in the Wings—Noël Coward's fiftieth play (1960) still remains a minor gem in that bittersweet mode at which Coward excelled. A piece about former star stage actresses living out their declining years in the Wings, a less-than-lavish retirement home, the play is a wise and compassionate address of the problems of aging and death that confront us all. To miss this play (starring Rosemary Harris and Lauren Bacall) would be a major folly; not having a good time at it is a virtual—no, a real—impossibility. (Simon: 1/10/99.) \$25-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and

Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre*, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

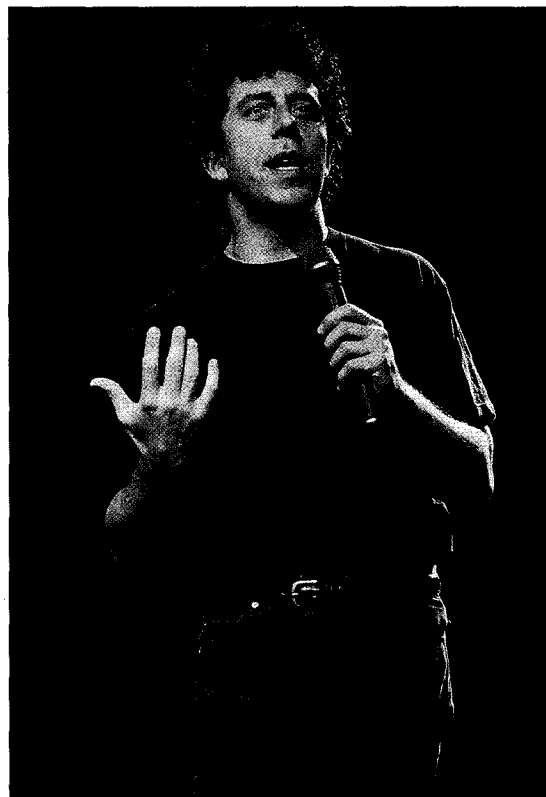
The Wild Party—See Simon, p. 58. \$40-\$85. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Virginia Theatre*, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Abie's Island Rose—The Jewish Rep presents a new musical comedy about a young Jewish medical student and a Caribbean nurse. Music by Doug Katsaros; lyrics by Richard Engquist and Frank Evans; book by Ron Sproat. \$35-\$45. Tues.-Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Previews begin 4/29 for a 5/7 opening. *Playhouse 91*, 316 E. 91st St. (212-831-2000).

Almost Famous—A one-man show about the mad, mad, mad world of Tinseltown by *Hollywood Squares* regular Bruce Vilanch, the man responsible



Previews

Harangue Man

"Maybe your empty life is punctuated by lame and insipid diversions like this one," tormented monologuist Eric Bogosian ('subURbia,' 'Pounding Nails in the Floor With My Forehead') speculates in 'Wake Up and Smell the Coffee.' But Bogosian (pictured) is anything but insipid. Check out the confrontational grump as he takes aim at the mocha-frappuccino set, Tom Hanks fans, John Grisham devotees, commuters, New Age freaks, John Tesh, and Jesus, in his first extended New York run since 1994. In previews for a May 4 opening. (See "Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

for many of those jokes you may or may not have enjoyed at the Emmys, Tonys, Grammys, and Oscars. \$35-\$40. Mon.-Sat. at 8:30. In previews for a 5/11 opening. Through 6/11. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (212-307-4100).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. \$40-\$55. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. In previews for a 5/4 reopening. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-997-1780).*

Hansen's Cab—Mark R. Giesser's new play follows the plight of a woman diagnosed with Hansen's Disease, or leprosy, in 1958. \$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 3, some Sun. at 3. Previews begin 4/28 for a 5/9 opening. *Jose Quintero Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).*

Hotel Universe—Jazz Age legends like Fitzgerald, Parker, Porter, and Dos Passos frolic along the French Riviera in this play by Philip Barry. Presented by the Blue Light Theater Company. \$30. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/27 opening. Through 5/7. *McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).*

Jitney—August Wilson's first play is directed by longtime Wilson collaborator Marion McCClinton. \$51. Tues., Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/25 opening. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).*

Our Lady of Sligo—Sinéad Cusack plays the lead in Sebastian Barry's drama about the destructive relationship of an Irish couple. Directed by Max Stafford-Clark. \$30-\$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/30 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).*

Questionable Quest—Puerto Rican students present a new musical in hopes that they can raise enough to benefit their hurricane-ravaged school, Palmas Academy. \$10-\$45. 4/26 at 7, 4/27-4/29 at 11 and 7, 4/30 at 1. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (212-307-4100).*

Uncle Vanya—The Roundabout presents Chekhov's comedy, starring vets Sir Derek Jacobi, Laura Linney, Brian Murray, and Roger Rees. Michael Mayer (*Side Man*) directs. \$50-\$65. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 4/30 opening. Through 6/11. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).*

Wake Up and Smell the Coffee—The latest one-man wonder by Eric Bogosian. \$29.50-\$49.50. Mon.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10. In previews for a 5/4 opening. Through 5/7. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).*

The Wild Duck—Henrik Ibsen's 1884 tragicomedy is the fifth production in the Century Center's "Ibsen Series." \$12. Wed.-Sat. at 8. Previews begin 4/28 for a 5/4 opening. *Century Center Ballroom Theatre, 111 E. 15 St. (212-982-6782).*

Yard Gal—Two delinquent teens roam the streets of London in this new play by Rebecca Prichard, who won a London Critic's Award for this work in 1998. \$35. Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7, Mon. at 7. In previews for a 4/26 opening. Through 5/21. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (212-727-7765).*

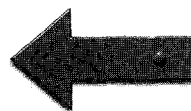
Now Playing

American Buffalo—William H. Macy and Philip Baker Hall, two prodigiously talented actors who started out in the theater and achieved major Hollywood success, play bumbling thieves in David Mamet's 1975 play. \$50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 5/21. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Bad Boy Nietzsche—Richard Foreman pays tribute to Friedrich Nietzsche. \$15. Tues., Thurs.-Sun. at 8. Through 4/30. *Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-533-4650).*

Betwixt—Solo artist David Cale opens his first duet show, a musical tale of expatriate love performed with Cara Seymour. \$20-\$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Theatre @ St. Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (212-279-4200).*

Blood on the Dining Room Floor—WPA Theatre presents a new music-theater work based on Gertrude Stein's text of the same name. Directed



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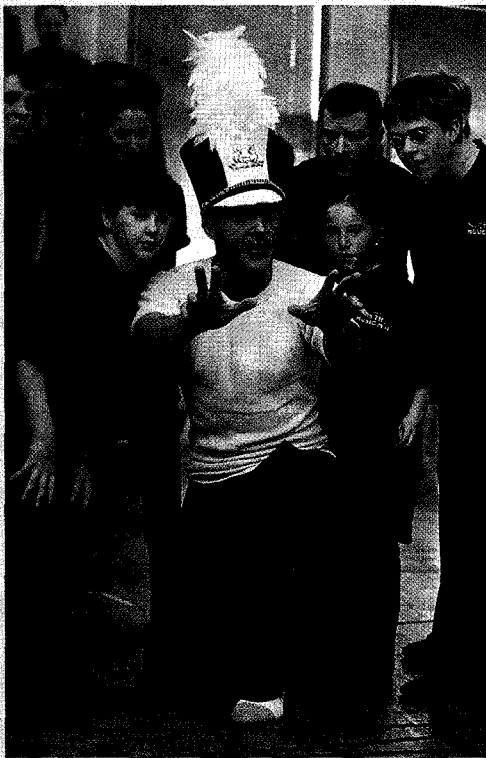
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Opening American Band Stand

During the the first week of previews of Susan Stroman's new production of *The Music Man*, the cast finished singing "Seventy-Six Trombones" and received a surprising standing ovation. The promising tribute would seem to be an early validation for Broadway newcomer Craig Bierko (pictured), who was only offered the role of "Professor" Harold Hill after stars like Steve Martin, Kevin Kline, and Alec Baldwin turned it down (reluctant, perhaps, to reprise a character immortalized on stage and film by Robert Preston). But Bierko is not deluded: "I've been in Hollywood for twelve years," he says, "I've been losing roles to people who are better known than I am for years. It will happen again. There will always be Baldwins." Still, playing Hill, the musical-instrument salesman who cons the residents of a small Iowa town but falls for the local librarian, is a major opportunity. Bierko grew up in Westchester, where his parents ran a community theater in Harrison. Though they never produced Meredith Willson's tuneful 1957 classic, his brother played Hill in the fifth grade. "As far as I'm concerned," Bierko says, "that's the performance to live up to." Bierko admits that Stroman's demanding choreography has been a major challenge. "The first act is like doing three rounds of aerobics while singing show tunes," he says. "They probably have a place like that in West Hollywood, but I've never been this exhausted." (See "Broadway.")

LOGAN HILL



by Jeremy Dobrish. \$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 5/7. *Peter Norton Space*, 555 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. \$45-\$55. Tues.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre*, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

Blue's Clues Live!—The cute and insanely popular Nickelodeon program hits the stage. \$26-\$41. Call for schedule. Through 4/30. *Radio City Music Hall*, 1260 Sixth Ave., at 50th St. (212-307-7171).

The Bomb-itty of Errors—A funky-fresh "add-rap-tation" of the Bard's classic. \$20-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. 45 *Bleecker St.* (212-307-4100).

Cobb—Lee Blessing's play about the life of controversial baseball legend Ty Cobb. \$25-\$35. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. *Melting Pot Theatre*, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-279-4200).

De La Guardia—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. \$37.50-\$45. Tues.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre*, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Dinner With Friends—Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) \$30-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre*, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).

The Director—In Nancy Hasty's new play, a once-famous director has fallen from grace and is working as a janitor, until a young playwright enlists his skills—theatrical, that is, not custodial. Starring John Shea. \$25-\$35. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. *Arclight Theatre*, 152 W. 71st St. (212-279-4200).

Do Jump!—Acrobatic action from Portland, Oregon. Through 4/30. Call for schedule. *New Victory Theatre*, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

The Donkey Show—A loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with even looser morals. \$35. Thurs.-Sat. at 8 and 10:30, Sun. at 8. *El Flamingo*, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

Enough About Me: An Unauthorized Biography—Downtown diva Varla Jean Merman, who may or may not be the love child of Ernest Borgnine and Ethel Merman, reveals all the aorta-bursting heartache that festers behind her dazzling persona. \$30. Thurs., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *Chelsea Playhouse*, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-307-4100).

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$36.50-\$39. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse*, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. Now featuring the disco hit "Stayin' Awake." \$45-\$47.50. Mon. and Wed.-Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre*, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).

Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, and exuberantly enacted by Mark Setlock, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) \$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre*, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. \$49.50-\$55. Mon., Tues., Fri., Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre*, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

James Baldwin: A Soul On Fire—New Federal Theatre presents a new play by Howard Simon about the writer in 1963. \$25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Henry Street Settlement*, 466 Grand St. (212-353-1176).

Kiki & Herb: Playing for Time—The downtown duo open their first open-ended Off Broadway run, after practically reinventing cabaret theater with renditions of crooner classics and slightly less Algonquin tunes by the likes of Patti Smith and Christina Aguilera. \$12-\$15. Fri.-Sun. at 7:30. *Fez*, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).

Manchild in the Promised Land—Joseph Edward performs nineteen characters in this one-man adaptation of Claude Brown's classic autobiography about life in 1950's Harlem. \$15-\$35. Mon., Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 5/21. *American Place Theatre*, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Murdered by the Mob—Interactive off-line entertainment with a three-course dinner, door prizes, death, dancing, and acting awards for best audience participation. \$55. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 7. *Arno Ristorante*, 141 W. 38th (1-800-687-3374).

Naked—Brooklyn native Mira Sorvino (*Mighty Aphrodite*) and Daniel Benzali star in Luigi Pirandello's intriguing tale about a woman, a child's death, and a famous novelist. \$25-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, most Sats. and Suns. at 3. *Classic Stage Company*, 136 E. 13th St. (212-677-4210).

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. \$45-\$65. Mon., Wed.-Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Actor's Playhouse*, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes. Featuring Eric Comstock, Christopher Gines, and Hilary Kole. \$50-\$80. Mon., Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Blue Angel Theatre*, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Over the River and Through the Woods—A comedy by Joe DiPietro about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. \$49.40. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre*, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, it pokes fun at every aspect of travel. (Simon: 12/15/97.) \$20-\$55; optional dinner 90 minutes before curtain. Mon. and Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Ibis Theatre*, 327 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. \$24.50-\$49.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum*, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

The Time of the Cuckoo—The classic romantic comedy about an American woman in Venice (Debra Monk) who finds love in a cute shopkeeper (Olek Krupa). By Arthur Laurents, author of *Home of the Brave*, *Invitation to a March*, and the books for *West Side Story* and *Gypsy*. \$50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 5/7. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater*, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St., then a reception at Vinnie

Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St., with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky. \$65-\$75. Thurs.-Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. (212-239-6200).

Try to Remember: A Look at Off Broadway—Accomplished golden gal Rita Gardner looks back on 40 years in the theater, from her recent role in *Eleanor* to her 1960 success as "the Girl" in *The Fantasticks*. \$30. Sat. at 10. Through 5/6. Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fanny-boos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. Through 4/30: Claire Danes, Jennifer Lewis, and Mary McDonnell. \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8. Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

The Waverly Gallery—Grande dame Eileen Heckert plays a Village art dealer who is forced to give up her gallery because of her age in a new play by Kenny Lonergan, author of *This Is Our Youth* and the recent Sundance hit *You Can Count on Me*. \$40-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).

What You Get and What You Expect—Christopher Ashley (*The Country Club*, *Currently of Palm Beach*) directs Jean-Marie Besset's play about two architects vying for the world's first extraterrestrial commission: a monument on the moon. \$45. Tues.-Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-460-5475).

Off-Off Broadway

Back Seats & Bathroom Stalls—Waiters, stockbrokers, students, and a palm reader pack the stalls and seats of the Lower East Side. \$12. Fri. and

Sat. at 10:30. 4/21-5/27. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-777-6088).

The Beat—Hip-hop, dance, and poetry blend in this new work by Kamal Sinclair, Robbie McCauley, and Mustafa Shakir. Featuring *Bring In 'Da Noise* vet Baakari Wilder. \$15-\$25. Thurs.-Sat. at 8. Context Studios, 28 Avenue A (212-802-9350).

Charlie Victor Romeo (Cockpit Voice Recorder)—A multimedia piece based on black-box recordings. Thurs.-Sat. at 8. Through 5/27. Collective Unconscious, 145 Ludlow St. (212-254-5277).

City Canyons—This new musical follows a young man all the way from Oklahoma to the East Village. \$12. Fri.-Mon. at 8, Sun. at 7. 4/30-5/21. Gene Frankel Theater, 24 Bond St. (212-938-2321).

The Five Hysterical Girls Theorem—Eighteen performers portray a group of bizarre mathematicians in this new play by Rinne Groff. \$12-\$15. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Connelly Theater, 220 E. 4th St. (212-358-3657).

Goin' Sane—Emmy Gay's one-woman show of spoken word and comedy, backed by a live DJ. \$15. Thurs.-Sat. at 8. 4/27-5/13. Five Myles, 558 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn (718-783-4438).

Medea—Eve Adamson directs the brutal classic. \$15-\$30. Call for schedule. Through 5/21. Boww-erie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).

Monday Night Magic—Downtown abracadabra. \$25-\$27.50. Mon. at 8. Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-307-4100).

Moving Bodies—Physics isn't just for Broadway anymore. Arthur Giron's new play tracks physicist Richard Feynman. \$15. Mon., Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/29. Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. (212-247-4982).

New Work Now!—The Public Theater presents readings of new plays by talented playwrights like Nilo Cruz and Suzan-Lori Parks. Free. Call for schedule. The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-260-2400).

Wolff continued from page 27

VC-ers, angel investors, incubators, accelerators, and all-around financial types who have been directing the development of the Internet business, indeed, who have been saying spend, spend, build market share, mind share, total share, no time to waste, no time to worry about profitability, brand is what you live and die for (and bequeath your heirs), suddenly turn to the entrepreneur with his or her hopeful e-commerce company or gallant Internet content play, and say, "So, what are you going to do?"

You can't do a secondary offering, or new VC round, or even get a bridge loan anymore (doing a "down round"—that is, taking money at a lower valuation than you've taken money before—is the business equivalent of cancer). So you better have a plan for getting your burn rate under control. But in many, perhaps most, instances it would take longer to dismantle infrastructure, dismiss staff, discontinue marketing commitments, than the time you have left. Therefore, commencing now, you're going to scramble, and beg, and lie—and never once will you stop calculating your burn rate and counting the days.

"This time is going to be so much uglier than last time," said my friend Chip when I called to reminisce about the last time this had happened and to gossip (with perhaps too much pleasure) about the people we knew who were going to get wiped out this time around. "Last time, people just needed a few million to survive. Now they need ten times more money, which means ten times more pain."

But here is the thing.

The last time this happened, I remember how Halsey Minor, the dislikable founder of CNET, had said that it had been his fondest hope that as soon as practicable after he got his company public and put a war chest in the bank, the door would shut behind him, that the market would close down to everyone else. All of the newbies and pre-IPO competitors and annoying business distractions would then go away, or be his to buy—on the cheap.

It is not that the world goes out of business or even changes all that much. Just, part of the world goes out of business, and, for a time, the world stops changing so damn quickly.

The flip side of the Barron's calculations is that a lot of companies actually do have enough money in the bank to survive and grow and hang in there to the next period of mania.

This isn't finished yet. We'll certainly crash again.

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com



Previews The Wyoming Monologues

In November 1998, one month after Matthew Shepard's murder, director Moisés Kaufman (*Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde*) traveled with his company to Laramie, Wyoming, just as Shepard's death was becoming a catalyst for hate-crime legislation nationwide. Six visits and several hundred interviews later, Kaufman and members of his company will present *'The Laramie Project,'* a set of sampled monologues about the town and the murder (featuring, left to right, John McAdams, Stephen Belber, and Andy Paris). The production, which received excellent reviews after its Denver debut, begins previews April 26. (See "Off Broadway.")

Photograph courtesy of DCTC.

art

Sally Gail... Stephen Mueller... Susana Leval

Galleries Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Bernard Buffet—Paintings made by the French artist between 1985 and his death in October 1999 that have not been previously exhibited; through 5/15. Rienzo, 41 E. 78th St. (212-249-2082).

Jane Egan—New boxes and assemblages that reflect on Americana; through 5/20. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (212-772-9555).

Lucian Freud—Paintings and etchings made by the British artist over the past three years, many of which have not been previously exhibited; through 5/19. Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. (212-734-6300).

Leon Golub/Nancy Spero—Drawings from the sixties and seventies by both artists; through 5/26. Roth Horowitz, 160a E. 70th St. (212-717-9067).

Leon Kossoff—London cityscapes and scenes, nude figures, and portraits by the British painter known for his works' heavily encrusted surfaces; through 5/20. Mitchell-Inness & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-744-7400).

Vik Muniz—New works by the Brazilian-born artist, including the series "Personal Articles," a set of 60 fantasy newspaper articles accompanied by computer-manipulated photographs, each in an edition of six, and small paintings made from memory after snapshots found in family albums; 4/29-6/9. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (212-794-4444).

Francis Picabia—Late paintings and works on paper by this artist who was a pioneer of the Dada movement in Paris; through 6/9. Werner, 4 E. 77th St. (212-988-1623).

Carol Ross—New sculpture; through 5/14. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (212-327-0441).

Fulvio Testa—Small-scale watercolors of landscapes; through 5/6. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (212-734-3670).

Andy Warhol—The artist's iconic silkscreen paintings of Jackie Kennedy, Liz Taylor, and Marilyn Monroe; through 6/3. C&M Arts, 45 E. 78th St. (212-861-0020).

57th Street Area

Craigie Aitchison—The first U.S. exhibition of the Scottish painter's landscapes, portraits, still-lives, and crucifixions; through 5/6. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

Alexander Archipenko—Terra-cotta sculptures made between 1935 and 1948; through 6/2. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

Jennifer Bartlett—New paintings on canvas and steel plates that depict monsters frolicking in trees, reading Proust, and acting as players in an opera; through 5/13. Rubin, Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444).

Hugo Bastidas/Sophia Vari—Paintings that explore the impact of industrialized society on rural cultures/Abstract bronze sculptures that are reminiscent of African art. Through 5/13. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-3550).

Enrique Chagoya—Paintings and works on paper by a Mexican-born artist, including a one-foot by ten-foot-long narrative painting on paper inspired by a Mayan codex; through 5/20. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (212-644-5665).

Chuck Close—Recent prints; through 5/6. Pace Prints, 32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3237).

Happening El Museo's Bright Light

If you visited El Museo del Barrio in the early eighties, after it settled into its present location at 1230 Fifth Avenue, you probably remember wondering why you hadn't been there before, and—perhaps after another visit—when the place was going to get its act together. Certainly the potential for success was there: Besides the building itself, a handsome, somewhat neglected neoclassical structure whose high-ceilinged rooms seemed designed to handle any kind of art, the museum, founded as a Puerto Rican educational institution, seemed poised to become the city's first major venue for Latino and Latin American art. But it was not until 1990 that El Museo began to shake off its sleepy image. That's when then-director Petra Barrera del Rio hired an energetic new chief curator named Susana Torruella Leval, who'd earned her master's degree at NYU's Institute of Fine Arts and worked at MOMA and the Metropolitan. Four years later, Torruella Leval replaced Barreras in the top spot. "I didn't want to be MOMA or the Met, but I did want to be proud," says Torruella Leval, 55, who was raised in Puerto Rico and moved to New York in 1962 to attend Manhattanville College. "I wanted us to be competitive with other museums in this city." Under her leadership the museum, now celebrating its thirtieth-anniversary season, has done exactly that, increasing the budget from \$800,000 to \$2.4 million, presenting a succession of timely scholarly exhibitions, developing a larger and more diverse board of trustees, and securing much-needed funds, the most recent a \$1 million endowment from the



Ford Foundation. "Susana has opened El Museo up to a larger audience while remaining loyal to her immediate audience," says installation artist Pepón Osorio, a winner of a 1999 MacArthur Foundation "genius grant" who had his first retrospective at the museum in 1990. Luckily for El Museo, Torruella Leval still likes a challenge—or two. "Programmatically, we've been growing a million miles an hour," says the director, quickly ticking off a list of upcoming projects, including a possible collaboration with a major New York museum and an exhibition of contemporary Brazilian art scheduled for the fall of 2001. Torruella Leval also plans to increase staff and improve the building's façade. And what next? A café? "Absolutely," she replies proudly, without missing a beat. "Facing the Conservatory Garden, the most beautiful spot in Central Park." EDITH NEWHALL

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Robert Cottingham—New paintings and drawings of vintage typewriters and cameras; through 5/13. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-355-4545).

Dan Graham—A project for children titled *Children's Day Care, CD-ROM, Cartoon and Computer Screen Library* that functions as an interactive space and library for children; through 5/20. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

Anne Harris—Paintings and works on paper, including self-portraits and studies of her newborn son and other babies; through 5/13. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-247-2110).

William King—Eighteen of the artist's sculptures of elongated figures dating from the past twenty years; 4/29–5/26. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-307-5730).

Richard Long—Recent fingerprint drawings on circular stone and a wall drawing made with mud from the River Avon in England; through 5/13. Cohan, 41 W. 57th St. (212-755-7171).

Stephen Pace—New paintings of nudes; through 5/4. Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171).

Fairfield Porter—A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by the American artist and art critic known for his landscapes of Maine and Southampton, Long Island, and portrayals of his family and friends, including examples of his personal correspondence and articles for magazines; through 5/27. AXA, 787 Seventh Ave., at 51st St. (212-554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5.

Andy Warhol and Cecil Beaton—Fashion illustrations and other drawings by Warhol from the fifties and sixties and drawings for stage designs by Beaton from the same period; through 5/20. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (212-489-3331).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Ghada Amer—New sewn works; through 5/27. Deitch Projects, 18 Wooster St. (212-343-7300).

Walter Anderson—Drawings and watercolors by the Mississippi artist (1903–1965), of New Orleans cityscapes in the early forties and images of nature on Horn Island, Mississippi, made during the last twenty years of his life; through 5/26. Ross, 568 Broadway (212-343-2161).

Tony Berlant—Paintings of birds in surreal environments that continue the artist's method of painting on collage compositions of sheet metal; through 5/20. Lennor, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (212-941-0012).

Greg Bogin—Large-scale paintings that depict colorful geometric, sign-like shapes on solid white backgrounds; through 5/28. Koenig, 359 Broadway (212-334-9255).

Lars Chellberg—Bird nests that anticipate genetically engineered birds, made from architectural model building supplies; through 5/6. Fung, 5537 Broadway (212-334-6242).

Chuck Close—New portrait paintings of artists; through 5/6. Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. (212-431-9224).

Bruce Conner—Black-and-white photographs of punk bands from 1978, assemblage sculptures, and photocopy collages; through 5/6. Marcus, 578 Broadway (212-226-3200).

Zhang Huan—An installation; through 5/27. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

Woong Kim—Recent abstract paintings that evoke nature and the passing of time; through 5/6. M-13, 72 Greene St. (212-925-3007).

David Scher—Paintings, sculpture, and works on paper; 4/28–5/27. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (212-941-1775).

George Schneeman—Egg-tempera paintings based on the artist's collages from the past 25 years; through 5/13. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (212-266-1111).

John F. Simon, Jr.—A recent edition titled *Complexity* that features original software written by the artist and displayed on flat panel LCD screens to suggest constantly evolving "paintings";

through 5/20. Gering, 476 Broome St. (212-226-8195).

Robert Zandvliet—Paintings and large-format monotypes that refer to landscape; through 6/30. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Chelsea

Amy Adler—Recent cibachrome photographs and drawings documenting the artist's performances; through 5/20. Kaplan, 416 W. 14th (212-645-7335).

Eija-Liisa Ahtila—*Consolation Service*, a two-screen DVD installation that was shown in the Nordic pavilion of the 1999 Venice Biennale, and related photographs; through 5/27. Gasser & Grunert, 524 W. 19th St. (212-807-9494).

D-L Alvarez—A new work titled *Sculpture Garden* that comprises architectural models, maps, and documentary footage that might be found in a garden-planning office; through 5/20. Eller, 529 W. 20th St. (212-206-6411).

Stephan Balkenhol—Carved wood sculptures of human figures and animals; through 5/13. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (212-206-9300).

Oladele Bamgboye—An interactive computer installation in which viewers can manipulate digital variants of cultural artifacts, by an African-born artist living in London; through 6/10. Erben, 516 W. 20th St. (212-645-8701).

Mayland Blake—New mixed-media sculptures, a video projection, and a group of large-scale drawings that investigate ideas about food and weight gain; through 5/13. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

Janet Cohen—Drawings that appear at first to be compositions of abstract marks but are diagrams of entire baseball games charted through each pitch; through 5/13. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-5937).

Willie Cole—New sculpture, including a six-foot-high pair of ceramic high-heel shoes and a group of doll-like figures configured from ceramic basins and chrome plumbing parts, and a film projection; through 5/26. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474).

René Daniëls—Paintings and drawings by the Holland-based artist spanning the late seventies through the eighties, on loan from the René Daniëls Foundation and various European museums; through 6/3. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (212-206-7100).

Pat de Groot—New work; through 5/20. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-727-7366).

Edgard de Souza—Sculpture and photographs that explore the human form; through 5/20. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (212-645-1701).

Steve DiBenedetto—Small-scale paintings that combine abstraction and representation and were completed during a three-month stay on the estate of Claude Monet in Giverny, France; through 5/27. Baumgartner, 418 W. 15th St. (212-633-2276).

Caio Fonseca—New large-scale abstract paintings from the artist's "Tenth Street" series that explore the relationship between positive and negative space; through 5/13. Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Gregory Green—Recent works that address empowerment, including *M.I.T.A.R.B.U.*, a fully restored 1967 VW Westfalia Campmobile reoutfitted with a complete sound and video recording and mixing studio, a VHF television transmission system, a radio transmitter, and Internet accessibility; through 6/3. Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500).

Madeline Hatz—Paintings and sculpture; through 5/27. Lynch, 147 W. 29th St. (212-967-7584).

Betsy Kaufman—Geometric abstract paintings on canvas and paper; through 5/20. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (212-255-8450).

Roy Kortick/Lynn Stern—New paintings/New photographs. Through 5/6. Debs, 525 W. 26th St. (212-643-2070).

David Lowe/Alan Sonfist—Paintings of Tuscan landscapes/Photographs of disappearing forest trails. Through 5/13. Coploff, 526 W. 26th St. (212-741-1149).

Marilyn Minter—New paintings and photographs; through 5/20. XL, 604 W. 22nd St. (212-482-4111).

Stephen Mueller—Recent abstract paintings; through 5/20. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (212-741-3318).

Elizabeth Olbert—Paintings of oversized human heads; through 5/13. Golden, 526 W. 26th St. (212-727-8304).

Pipilotti Rist—New work; through 5/27. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100).

Susanna Harwood Rubin—Wire-mesh sculptures whose compositions represent maps of walks the artist took related to the writer Marcel Proust; through 5/27. De Chiara/Stewart, 521 W. 26th St. (212-967-6007).

Karin Sander—Sculptures of miniature people that represent a broad spectrum of cultures and occupations; through 5/13. D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-352-9460).

Michael Stevenson—*Daily Practice*, a filmed stage play adapted from a 1992 interview between the painter Gerhard Richter and the critic Doris von Drathen; through 5/6. Lombard Freid, 531 W. 26th St. (212-967-8040).

Gillian Wearing—*Drunk*, a new large-scale video installation that focuses on a group of inebriates who spend their days near the British artist's studio; through 5/20. Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 W. 26th St. (212-352-8872).

Christopher Wilmarth—Sculptures and drawings by this artist (1943–1987) known for his poetic use of glass; through 5/6. Miller, 526 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Andrea Zittel/Gillian Carnegie—Soundproof portable living environments that were conceived to liberate their inhabitants from the dictates of externally imposed time/Landscape paintings that convey anxiety through the artist's obsessive handling of paint. Through 5/27. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (212-627-6000).

Other

Joan Linder—Realist paintings of the artist's family; through 6/23. Queens Museum of Art Satellite Gallery at Bulova Corporate Center, 75-20 Astoria Blvd., Jackson Heights, Queens (718-592-9700), Mon.–Fri. 7 A.M. –7 P.M., Sat. 10–4.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Hunter College—Leubsdorf Art Gallery, 68th St. and Lexington Ave. (212-772-4991). "On Site," travel sketches by architects, among them Harby, Hawkes, Longo, Olin, Wurmfeld; through 5/13.

Sculpture Center—167 E. 69th St. (212-879-3500). "Transposed: Analogs of Built Space," works that engage the idiom of architectural models, drawings, and plans, by Bennett, Brower, Cambre, Komatsu, Lehmann, Oppenheimer; through 5/6.

Winston Wächter Mayer—39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526). Works from the eighties by Basquiat, Clemente, Fischl, Gornik, Holzer, Hunt, Longo, Salle, Schnabel, Sultan, Rothenberg; through 5/20.

York—21 E. 65th St. (212-772-9155). Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and photographs of Bermuda on loan from the Masterworks Foundation in Bermuda, including works by Demuth, Homer, Gleizes, O'Keeffe, others; through 5/26.

57th Street Area

ACA—41 E. 57th St. (212-644-8300). "Months and Moons," abstract works inspired by nature, by Frankenthaler, Hartigan, Nevelson, Milhazes, Ringgold, others; through 5/13.

Baron/Boisante—50 W. 57th St. (212-581-9191). Paintings by Baechler and Byron, photo-based works by Bolande and Guérin, sculptures by MacDonald and Vital; through 5/20.

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (212-245-2888). Works by Andoe, Oppenheim, Simonds; through 5/6.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (212-534-1672, ext. 212). "Painting the Town, Cityscapes from the Museum of the City of New York," works by Audubon, Hassam, Hopkins, Marsh, others; through 6/23.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734). Late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century portraiture in Austria and Germany by Corinth, Gerstl, Jawlensky, Kokoschka, Nolde, Schiele, others; through 6/10.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Albus—25 Thompson St. (212-966-1758). Abstract paintings from the seventies by Hayes, Murray, Remington, Stamm; through 5/13.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (212-226-3970). "Echo," video, photographs, and installations by Binor, Donnelly, King, Nakamura; *Where the Lion*

Juan Carlos Alom—Recent work that explores hidden violence, by a Cuban photographer; through 5/6. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059)

Sid Avery/Jesse Alexander—Black-and-white photographs of Hollywood celebrities that appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Look*, *Colliers*, and other magazines in the fifties and sixties/Photographs of Formula One races and portraits of such drivers as Stirling Moss, Jim Clark, and Jackie Stewart. Through 5/20. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (212-966-6223).

Robert Bourdeau—Images of abandoned industrial sites taken over the past decade in the "rust belts" of the United States, France, Germany, and Luxembourg; 4/29–6/17. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-7070).

Marta Maria Pérez Bravo—Photographs in which the artist uses her own body to muse on the fragility of the human condition; through 5/17. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-741-8695).

Hannah Collins—Large-format color images that capture the human body engaged in a particular activity or situation, such as women working on textiles at the Textile Museum in Barcelona; through 5/20. Castelli, 59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470).

Terry Evans—Color photographs of the prairie by a Kansas native, including aerial views and botanical studies of plant specimens in natural-history museums and private collections; through 5/20. Richardson, 560 Broadway (212-343-1255).

Rena Bass Forman—Large-format photographs taken in rural India, including images of the 15th-century Jain temple of Ranakpur, the waterways of Kerala, and the seventh-century stone sculptures and ruins of Mahabalipuram; through 5/21. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Sally Gall—Large-scale images of caverns and grottoes; through 5/20. Saul, 560 Broadway (212-431-0747).

Gibson—568 Broadway (212-925-1192). "Bizarre!," photographs by Adams,

Beckley, Dunning, Geerlinks, Gibson, Serrano, Sherman, Sigismondi, Witkin; through 5/27.

David Halliday—Still-lives, landscapes, seascapes, nudes, and portraiture by a New Orleans-based photographer; through 5/14. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (212-242-8811).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777). Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution from 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 12–6; \$6, \$4 students and seniors. "Nathan Lyons: Riding First Class on the Titanic," the culmination of a 30-year project by Lyons featuring 200 black-and-white sequenced images revealing his unique view of America and its social landscape; through 6/18.

Mikael Levin—Gelatin silver prints that capture street life in the vicinity of 29th Street and Eighth Avenue; 4/27–6/24. Barefoot, 580 Broadway (212-625-8899).

Michael Martone—*The Scream of AMJ*, a series of 70 images made from a single negative of a woman with a hand placed over her mouth; through 5/6. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819).

Tim Maul—A new series that depicts the interior of a home on the outskirts of Dublin into which

friends of the artist have moved; through 5/13. Senior & Shopmaker, 21 E. 26th St. (212-213-6767).

Viggo Mortensen—New photographs and mixed-media works; through 5/13. Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600).

Pace/MacGill—32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999). Drawings, prints, photographs, and sculpture from the collection of Dr. Torsten Wiesel, a Nobel Prize-winning neurobiologist; photographs of plants from the early 1900s by Charles Jones; 4/27–6/17.

Mark Shaw—Vintage photographs of Jacqueline and John F. Kennedy and their children taken between 1959 and 1963; through 5/20. Meyerowitz, 580 Broadway (212-625-3434).

Arthur Tress—Black-and-white photographs from the recent monograph *Male of the Species* (Fotofactory Press) that suggest male dreams, fantasies, and fears; through 5/13. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (212-242-7767).

Bing Wright—Color photographs; through 5/27. Schoormans, A508 W. 26th St. (212-243-3159).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Defining Craft 1: Collecting for the New Millennium." A selection of works from the museum's permanent collection and works that have been promised as gifts; through 5/7. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535). Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); \$5, \$2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter"; through 5/29. . . . "Body Art: Marks of Identity." The history of body art in the U.S., Europe, Africa, New Zealand, and elsewhere, highlighting objects and practices dating back to circa 2000 B.C.; through 8/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; \$8 suggested contribution, \$6 students and seniors, \$4.50 children.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Roman Glass: Reflections on Cultural Change." More than 200 glass works from the collection of the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archeology and Anthropology that were made in Rome between the late second century B.C. and the early seventh century A.D.; through 6/11. 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000). Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); \$2, \$1 students and seniors.

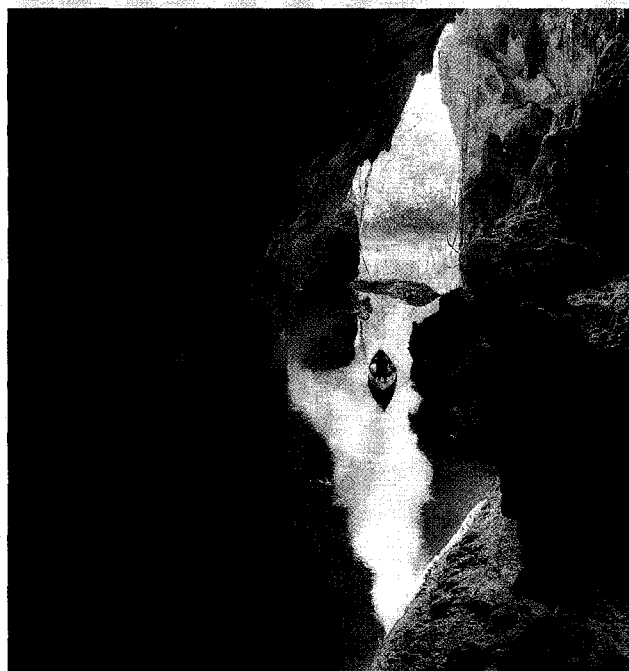
Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Realm of Marvels: Building Collections for the Future." Works from almost every major area of the museum's holdings, representing nearly every culture and almost all of recorded time; through 6/18. . . . "African Masterworks From the Collection of Beatrice Riese." African art collected by the painter Beatrice Riese, who has lived in New York since 1949; through 9/10. . . . "The Guenol Collection: Cabinet of Wonders." Olmec jade carvings, pre-Columbian textiles, American folk art, and works by de Kooning, Cornell, and other twentieth-century artists that were given to the museum by Alastair Bradley Martin and his wife, Edith Park Martin; through 5/7. . . . "Carved Memories: Tombstones of the Russian Jewish Pale, Photographs by David Goberman." Images of Jewish tombstones in Russia taken over a period of 75 years; through 4/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 p.m. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; \$4, \$2 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"National Design Triennial: Design Culture Now." Recent works by 83 American designers and design firms; through 8/6. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300). Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); \$8, \$3 students and seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square*"; through 6/18. . . . "Donald Judd *Untitled*, 1976." A piece from 1976 that is considered one of the late artist's seminal works

Photography Subterranean Style

Looking beneath the surface takes on new meaning in Sally Gall's latest exploration of nature's sensuous forms. She turns her lens on the eerily anthropomorphic interiors of caverns and grottoes in Thailand and Belize (below). At Julie Saul Gallery, 560 Broadway, at Prince Street; through May 20.



Goes Through: Architecture of an Action, an installation by the artist team Dolores Zinny and Juan Madigan; short video works by Balaban, Neff, Martinez, Wright; through 5/20.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (212-966-7745). "Nuevo New York," the non-profit gallery's annual exhibition of works by emerging artists chosen by its directors Jeanette Ingberman and Papo Colo; through 6/10.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956). Conversation exhibit: Aura Rosenberg and John Miller, through 5/6; projects by Goodwin, Keller, Shaw, through 4/30; benefit exhibition, through 5/6.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (212-924-4212). "It's a Cruel World," works that investigate the ever-present potential for disaster and use humor to defuse the horrific, by Ferguson, Hines, Kelley, Larson, Nix, Weeks, others, through 6/11; solo "White Room" exhibitions of paintings by Doug Wada and Lisa Sigal; through 6/11.

and comprises fifteen plywood boxes; through 6/18. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 6/18. . . . "Time Traced: Rodney Graham and Vera Lutter"; through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.-Sun. 12-6; \$6, \$3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"The Prinzhorn Collection: Traces Upon the *Wunderblock*, From the University of Heidelberg." Drawings by psychiatric patients that were amassed during the twenties by the psychiatrist and art historian Hans Prinzhorn; through 6/10. . . . James Castle: *House Drawings*. "The first New York exhibition of drawings and paper constructions by the self-taught artist from Idaho; through 5/4. 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.-Fri. 10-6, Sat. 11-6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—"Michelangelo to Picasso: Master Drawings From the Collection of the Albertina, Vienna." Drawings by Chagall, Dürer, Klimt, Pollock, and others on loan from the Graphische Sammlung Albertina (Graphic Art Collection Albertina), one of Europe's greatest repositories of works on paper; through 6/18. 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; \$7, \$5 students and seniors (admission free on Dec. 19, 1999); children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"The Worlds of Nam June Paik." The first American retrospective of the Korean-born multimedia artist since 1982, including sculptures, installations, videotapes, and projects for television; through 4/26. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.-Wed. 9-6, Fri. and Sat. 9-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$12, \$7 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Paris in New York: French Jewish Artists in Private Collections." Paintings and sculpture by Jewish artists working in Paris from 1907 to 1939, among them Marc Chagall, Sonia Delaunay, Jacques Lipchitz, Amedeo Modigliani, Chaim Soutine, and Max Weber; through 6/25. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5 free); \$8, \$5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"The Art of Japan From the Mary Griggs Burke Collection." Paintings, sculptures, ceramics, and other works dating from the second millennium B.C. to the early nineteenth century; through 6/25. . . . "Painters in Paris: 1895-1950." Paintings by Bonnard, Braque, Chagall, Léger, Matisse, Picasso, and other artists who worked in Paris; through 12/31. . . . "Walker Evans." A retrospective of the American photographer (1903-1975) comprising some 175 vintage prints from public and private collections throughout the U.S. and Canada as well as from the photographer's archive, which was acquired by the Metropolitan in 1994; through 5/14. . . . "Perfect Documents: Walker Evans and African Art, 1935." Photographs by Evans depicting the African sculpture exhibited in MOMA's groundbreaking 1935 exhibition; through 9/3. . . . "Northern Drawings of the 15th and 16th Centuries in the Robert Lehman Collection." French, German, and Netherlandish drawings and illuminations; through 5/21. . . . "Tilman Riemenschneider: Master Sculptor of the Late Middle Ages." An international loan exhibition of carved-wood and stone works by the German sculptor (1460-1531); through 5/14. . . . "Ancient Faces: Mummy Portraits From Roman Egypt." Painted panel portraits made in Egypt from the first to third century A.D.; through 5/7. . . . "Art and Oracle: Spirit Voices of Africa." African sculpture and objects dating from the sixteenth to the twentieth century; through 7/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$10 contribution, \$5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); \$10, \$5 seniors and students.

Morgan Library—"From Bruegel to Rubens: Netherlandish and Flemish Drawings." Northern Euro-

pean master drawings spanning the Gothic through the Flemish Baroque periods from the Morgan Library's collection, and a selection of works by artists working in the tradition of Van Eyck and Van der Goes; through 4/30. . . . "Sacred Songs: Illuminated Choir Books." Music manuscripts used in the liturgy of the Catholic church during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; through 5/14. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.-Thurs. 10:30-5, Fri. 10-8, Sat. 10:30-6; Sun. 12-6; \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Latin American Still Life: Reflections of Time and Place." Paintings, sculptures, and other works depicting still-life by twentieth-century Caribbean, Central American, and South American artists, among them Diego Rivera, Rufino Tamayo, and Wilfredo Lam; through 5/21. . . . "Franco Mondini Ruiz: *Mexico*." A site-specific installation depicting a romanticized, miniature cityscape of the Aztec capital, Tenochtitlán, now Mexico City; through 5/21. 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.-Sun. 11-5; \$4, \$2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Hair in African Sculpture and Art." An exhibition exploring the significance of hair in African society through masks and figures, combs, beads, headrests, and an actual Ghanaian barber shop; through 5/28. 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$5, \$2.50 students, seniors, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Millennial Dreams: Vision and Prophecy in American Folk Art." An exhibition of visionary objects and paintings by self-taught artists on loan from major public institutions and private collections; through 5/14. Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"Children of a Vanished World: Photographs by Roman Vishniac." Images of children living in cities and villages in eastern Europe in the thirties; through 6/4. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (212-968-1800), Sun.-Wed. 9-5, Thurs. 9-8, Fri. 9-2, eve of Jewish holidays 9-2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

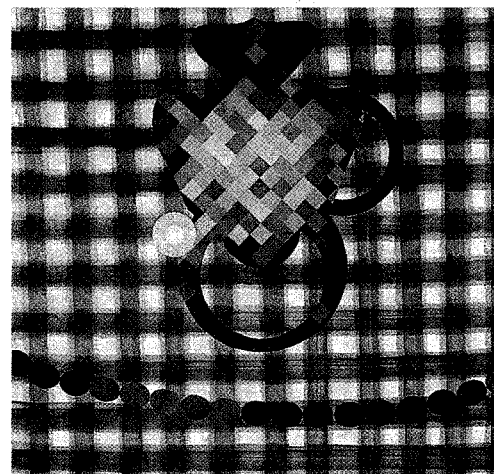
Museum of Modern Art—"Making Choices," the second cycle of MoMA2000 exhibitions: "The Marriage of Reason and Squalor." A survey examining opposites as they occur in single works of art; through 9/19. . . . "The Raw and the Cooked." Works by unschooled, outsider, and naive artists; through 9/19. . . . "Useless Science." The efforts of artists who mimic the methods and conventions of artists; through 9/19. . . . "The Dream of Utopia/Utopia of the Dream." Abstract and Surrealist works by Dali, Ernst, Malevich, Mondrian, others; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Living 1." Post-World War I designs from the de Stijl, Bauhaus, and Constructivist movements; through 8/22. . . . "Walker Evans & Company." Photographs by Evans and by photographers who influenced him or were influenced by him; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Art Despite Modernism." Works by Albright, Balthus, Cadmus, Feud, Hopper, Rivera, others; through 8/22. . . . "Art Is Arp." Works from the twenties, including wood reliefs, string reliefs, cardboard cutouts, prints, illustrated books, collages, and sculpture; through 8/22. . . . "Giorgio Morandi Etchings." Etchings spanning 1912 to 1949; through 8/22. . . . "War." Works created in response to the threats and effects of mass mobilization and violence; through 8/22. . . . "Graphic-Photographic: The European Revolution in Graphic Design and Photography in the 1920s." Works by Herbert Bayer, El Lissitzky, László Moholy-Nagy, Aleksandr Rodchenko, and others; through 8/22. . . . "Projects 70: Shirin Neshat, Simon Patterson, Xu Bing." Banners that play with the written word, displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 5/1. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.-Tues., Thurs. 10:30-5:45, Fri. 10:30-8:15 (4:30-8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; \$10, \$6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Elegant Plate: Three Centuries of Precious Metals in New York City." Objects of silver, gold, and other metals from the museum's collection that were used in or near New York from the early eighteenth century

through the twentieth; through 9/24. . . . "Ordinary People, Extraordinary Lives: 100 Years of Labor in New York City." Photographs and oral histories documenting the lives of New York City's workers over the past century; through 7/16. . . . "New York: Songs of the City." More than 50 pieces of lavishly illustrated sheet music for songs celebrating New York; through 9/10. . . . "The New York Century: World Capital, Home Town, 1900-2000." An exhibition of objects from the museum's collection conceived by the design firm Pentagram; through 7/9. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5 suggested contribution, \$4 students and seniors.

National Academy—"Art in the Age of Queen Victoria: Treasures From the Royal Academy of Arts." Paintings by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Frank Cowper, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir John Everett Millais, and others; through 6/4. 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12-5, Fri. 10-6; \$5.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Picturing the Modern Amazon." Images of physically strong



Talent Stephen Mueller's flair for color and atmospheric, otherworldly effects have rarely coincided as quirkily—and Mueller is nothing if not idiosyncratic—as in his newest abstract paintings, in which his signature tantric forms now pulse against equally vivid patterned backgrounds. At Bill Maynes Gallery, 529 West 20th Street; through May 20.

women in paintings, drawings, videos, sculptures, photographs, and other media by more than 60 contemporary artists, among them Matthew Barney, Judy Chicago, Nicole Eisenman, Jane Hammond, Mary Ellen Mark, Nancy Spero, and Cindy Sherman; through 7/2. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12-6, Thurs.-Sat. 12-8 (free Thurs. from 6-8); \$6, \$3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Historical Society—"Magnum Our Turning World, Photographs 1989-1999." Works by photographers who work or worked for the legendary photo agency; through 6/18. . . . "Jessie Tarbox Beals: On Assignment." Works by America's first female photojournalist; through 7/9. . . . "Without Sanctuary: Lynching Photography in America." Photographs documenting lynchings in America from the 1870s through the 1950s; through 7/9. . . . "New York on the Brink! The Fiscal Crisis of the 1970s." Documentary photographs, newspaper headlines, political cartoons, and objects relating to New York's notorious fiscal crisis; through 5/7. . . . "John James Audubon: The Birds of Winter." Fifteen original watercolor paintings by the naturalist (1785-1851) depicting birds that can be found in New York during the winter months;

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through 4/30. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.-Sun. 11-5; \$5, \$3 seniors and children.

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center—"Greater New York."

The first significant collaboration between P.S.1 and MoMA, an exhibition of works by more than 140 artists who have emerged as vital voices over the past five years; through 5/16. . . . New works by Rob Pruitt, Ricardo Riebenboim, and Luca Vitone; through 6/18. . . . "P.S.1 Special Projects Program." Site-specific projects by Ethan Crenson, Alix Lambert, and Jyung Mee Park; through 5/28. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.-Sun. 12-6; \$5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art—"New York Noir: Crime

Photographs From the *Daily News* Archive"; through 4/30. . . . "William Glackens: A Journey From Realism to Impressionism." A selection of paintings, works on paper, and notebooks by the Philadelphia-born artist, who became one of the Eight and worked in Paris, New York, and Cape Cod, most of them drawn from the Glackens family bequest to the Museum of Art, Fort Lauderdale; through 4/30. . . . "Queens Focus: Installation by Leung Chi Wo"; through 4/30. . . . "Community Space: Silk Paintings by Dr. Rikki Asher"; through 4/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 12-5; \$4, \$2 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Collection in Con-

text." A selection of paintings, photographs, sculpture, and works in other media from the museum's permanent collection; through 5/21. . . . "Images of Harlem: Selected Photographs of James VanDerZee." Images of Harlem in its heyday by the Massachusetts-born photographer who moved to New York in 1906; through 5/21. 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed. and Thurs. 12-6, Fri. 12-8, Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Biennial 2000."

The museum's biannual survey of contemporary American art, featuring works in all media by 97 artists; through 6/4. . . . "Edward Hopper, Printmaker." More than 50 etchings and drypoints drawn almost entirely from the bequest of the artist's wife, Jo Hopper, which entered the museum in 1970; through 5/28. . . . "What's New: Recent Acquisitions in Photography." Works by Matthew Barney, Nan Goldin, Vik Muniz, Cindy Sherman, and others; through 5/21. . . . "Highlights From the Permanent Collection"; through 6/4. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8 (pay what you wish 6-8 on the first Thurs. of every month); \$12.50, \$10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—

"Shahzia Sikander: Acts of Balance." The first one-person museum exhibition of the Pakistan-born artist's work, comprising an installation of wall paintings and a mural-sized, three-panel painting that combine Islamic and Hindu artistic traditions with elements of Western art and popular culture; through 7/7. 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.-Fri. 11-6 (Thurs. 11-7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000).

5/1 at 10: "Nineteenth Century European Art." On view from 4/29. 5/1 at 2: "Barbizon." On view from 4/29. 5/2 and 5/3 at 10 and 2: "Nineteenth and Twentieth Century Prints." On view from 4/29.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430).

4/28 at 1: "Prints." On view from 4/22. 5/2 at 1: "Fine Nineteenth Century Art." On view from 4/28.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). 5/2 at 10:

"Couture and Textiles." On view from 4/29.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-

7000). 4/27 at 10:15 and 2: "Rugs." On view from 4/20.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710).

4/27 at 10:30: "Modern Press and Illustrated Books." On view from 4/22.

restaurants

Queens Scene...Easter Eats...Commune

Manhattan

Lower New York

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. 2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barn-like TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. 323 Greenwich St. (212-431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers, curious club kids, and the inevitable tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snack menu includes global bites like fried calamari, barbecued ribs, and sushi. Live music Tuesday through Saturday. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. 127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (212-228-1212). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zep pole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. 90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. 105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. 145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 109 Spring St. (212-274-8883). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. 460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I-M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. 375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Wild Blue—In an intimate room that's warm and plushly comfortable but doesn't try to compete with the famous view, chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steakhouse in sides like creamed spinach and butternut-squash hash. Exceedingly moist chicken gets a Med-rim treatment with olives and preserved lemons, and buttermilk fried oysters with chipotle cream and spoon bread are an inspired take on an American classic. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, East

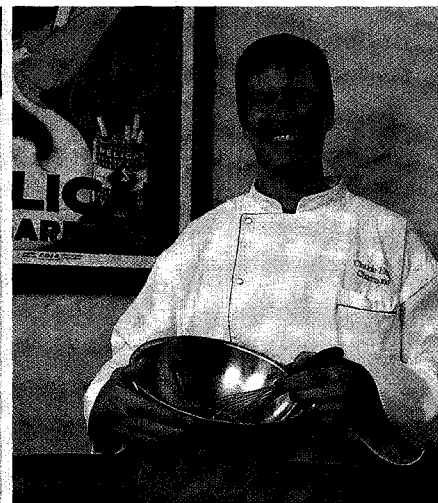
Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Havell—Havell distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an intentionally shattered windowpane. 100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (212-982-0533). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomy and history. 33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. 112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Oso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of



Opening The Nouveau Nouveau Thing

With a new name, a new chef, and a new, entrepreneurial partner (Abraham Merchant of Merchants and La Fourchette), the formerly Mediterranean-flavored Scarabée has gone resolutely gallic as Montparnasse. From country terrine and escargots to braised lamb shank and hanger steak-frites, the menu now reads like a Parisian-bistro primer. It's no accident—chef Claude Chasagne (pictured) was most recently an instructor at the French Culinary Institute. (230 East 51st Street; 212-758-6633.)

the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. 88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. 268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I-M) (\$).

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. 149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. 91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. 168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. 69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Back Porch—An ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (212-685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. 23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Campagna—The Letterman crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that...? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. 24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

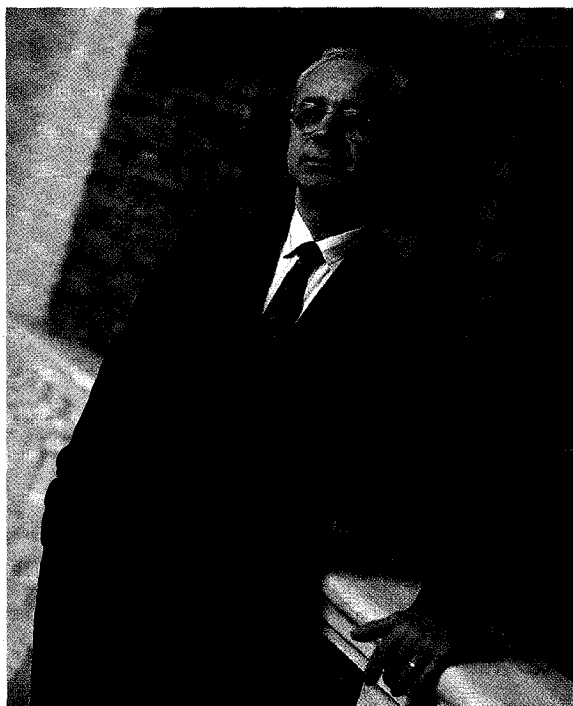
Candela—These vast premises have been decorated with mission-style furniture, iron sconces, and what seems like a thousand votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, and Asian barbecued pork chop. The Sunday brunch costs \$10.95, prix fixe. 116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel—Commuters and business travelers will be glad to know they can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of such French-influenced American fare as foie gras French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal with Swiss chard. 42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Fino Ristorante—Every neighborhood needs at least one restaurant like this: solid, reliable, and unpre-

tentious. Regulars flock to this Murray Hill Northern Italian fixture for friendly, attentive service and well-prepared classic dishes like chicken balsamico and pappardella Boscaiola. 4 E. 36th St. (212-689-8040). (M) AE, MC, V.

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Café, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The



Opening Suit Up

Peripatetic Pugliese chef Donato Deserio (Sign of the Dove, Il Cor-tile, Maria Elena) has swapped chef's whites for dark double-breasted power suits to run the new Astoria trattoria La Sirena. Expect a classic Northern Italian menu interspersed with Deserio signatures like aragosta all' Americana, sautéed diced lobster and shallots flamed in cognac, and uova evolute, fresh mozzarella shaped around a cherry tomato or strawberry "yolk" and drizzled with balsamic vinegar. Il seno di Afrodite, a culinary ode to the love goddess's breasts, combines veal scallopine, prosciutto, slices of eggplant, black truffles, and what the menu calls "domes of mozzarella" in an artistic arrangement worthy of the most inspired erotic baker. (20-01 Steinway Street; 718-278-0601.)

main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. 42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. 102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Metro Fish—Hearty fish dinners with all the fixin's in a "nautical townhouse" setting. Live lobsters, crabs, and other fresh seafood platters are simple, satisfying, and reminiscent of the sort of shore dinners served in seaside towns along the Northeast coast. Those with more of a culinary wanderlust can sample the house-special bouillabaisse. 8 E. 36th St. (212-683-6444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Novità—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. 102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at

the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. 414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (212-689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (212-777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.

Tivoli Bar & Grill—Part Greek diner, part upscale, ambitious restaurant—with the attendant oyster bar and leg of lamb—this midtown restaurant aspires to a hip, young crowd. Thus, live music on Thursday night, a D.J. on Saturdays, and a menu heavy on seafood. 515 Third Ave., nr. 34th St. (212-532-3300). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. 54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco-ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger:

than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. 209 W 38th St. (212-398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. 216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (212-243-4433). (I-M) (\$).

Fusion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese vegetable spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. 16 W 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M-E) AE, MC, V

Hush—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate the New American menu, served in shareable portions. 17 W 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I-M) AE, MC, V

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. 168 W 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

43rd-56th Streets, East Side

Askew—Free French fries! For some, that's reason enough to visit this cheerful little restaurant where virtually everything else conforms to the intriguing theme of marinated meat on a stick. There's skewered chicken and mango, beef au poivre, and panko-crusted salmon, plus stickless soups, salads, and vegetable sides. 1004 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (212-421-8742). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Diners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V

Della Femina—Jerry Della Femina tapped Kevin Penner, the very talented chef from the adman's Hamptons hot spot, to supervise the stoves at his Manhattan outpost. His city food places the same premium on high-quality ingredients in dishes like day-boat halibut, langoustines with black truffles, and rib-eye steak. Sit at the bar, converse with the very able and accommodating bartender, and try to guess the identity of every A- and B-list celebrity in the collage of caricatures. 131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. 9 E. 46th St. (212-983-5018). (I-M) AE, MC, V

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required.

Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. 405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

The Leopard—This townhouse restaurant named for the famous Italian novel is known for its bargain four-course prix fixe, including unlimited house wine. The enclosed garden and the French-Continental menu—roast duckling, stuffed quail, filet mignon—attract a loyal following. 253 E. 50th St. (212-759-3735). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V

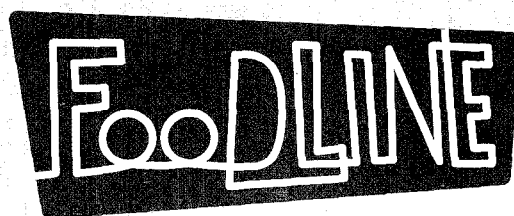
Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Christian Delouvrier's masterful classic French cooking. 2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (212-339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Maloney & Porcelli—A midtown steakhouse with something extra, courtesy of consulting chef David Burke's contributions—including something called "angry lobster"—plus whole leg of lamb, an extensive wine list, and an innovative menu of American classics. A second-floor party room has a fireplace and skylights. 37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2235). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.—It's hard not to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from the balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Central Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog's high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choose from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porterhouse for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crusted buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New York strip. 23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by David Rockwell, this midtown landmark has undergone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has infused the menu and the retro-feeling dining room with new spirit by way of inspired new dishes like coriander-crusted duck breast with Bartlett pears, onion tart with potatoes and bacon, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gras ravioli. Plus a special cocktail-hour canapé menu,

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to be enjoyed in the monkey-mural bar with nightly piano music. 60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. 55 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Oscar's—This contemporary American brasserie is named for the Waldorf-Astoria's longtime maître d', Oscar Tschirky, creator of such legendary dishes as the Waldorf salad and veal Oscar. The menu leans toward updated classics like yellowfin-tuna tartare and smoked Hudson Valley foie gras with truffled red-wine marmalade. Designer Adam Tihany transported the history-laden dining room into the twenty-first century with a much-needed face-lift. Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (212-872-4920). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has broken with mealtime tradition. Rather than offer straightforward appetizers and entrées, Gras divides his menu into categories like ocean/river (lobster soup flavored with chestnuts), field/forest (seaweed and field greens), black truffle (Venetian pasta), and farm (rabbit chop wrapped in pasta). And rather than price each individual dish, he charges by the number of courses one selects: \$54 for three, \$67 for four, and up. 301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. 200 E. 54th St. (212-486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. 59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Aquavit—An elegant midtown respite for sophisticated Scandinavian food, set in the glass-enclosed atrium of the former Rockefeller mansion. The menu offers delicately flavored Swedish versions of tea-smoked duck, lobster salad, venison, and, of course, gravlax and herring. 13 W. 54th St. (212-307-7311). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (212-246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. 123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. 30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. 145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more af-

fordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. 125 W. 55th St. (212-245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. 60 W. 55th St. (212-688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. Italian brunch available Saturday and Sunday, \$15.95 prix fixe. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. 163 W. 47th St. (212-391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

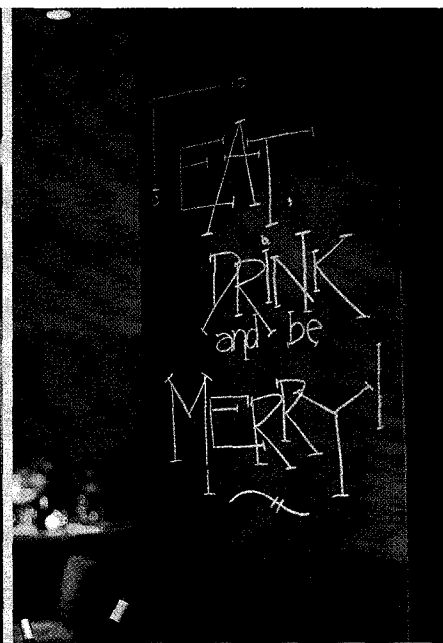
Langan's—American cuisine in a theater-district shrine to the stars of stage and screen. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks and herb-crusted rack of



ASK GAEL

I'm a heat-seeking missile that's lost its way.

Adjust your radar. With their barely year-old Canteen in SoHo a raging inferno, chef Matthew Kenney and partner Mark Wood seem to have cloned the fervor at Commune. Indeed, I can barely hear myself shout in the hellish din from the crush that has converged here from day one. I'll give Kenney time to get some pizzazz in the tuna tartare and a slightly bland pea soup. I'm not sure I want my Parma-ham pizza basted with white-truffle honey, but it is less leathery at lunch than at an earlier dinner. So far, lunchtime is positively calm. We love warm bacon-wrapped shrimp with avocado, rich baked pasta, and the fabulous burger with a hill of great fries. Too bad the same crisp shoestrings grow soggy when served in a paper-lined cup as an essential of elegant but underseasoned fish and chips. Alas, after dark, the brassy taggle from I-know-not-what Zip Codes, apparently discouraged by Canteen's doorman, tends to dilute the glam index here. As we polish off lush German-chocolate cake and warm rhubarb-strawberry tart, all eyes turn to the raucous invasion of five irrepressible blondes. Next to their leader, a whinnying Barbie in turquoise plastic pants and backless tee, a transvestite streetwalker would seem almost quaint. (12 East 22nd Street; 212-777-2600.)



lamb to crab cakes and marinated duck breast. Theatergoers will want to know about the \$23.50 prix fixe dinner, and music lovers about the live jazz and blues on Saturday night and the Sunday jazz brunch. 150 W. 47th St. (212-869-5482). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. 155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Local—This theater-district American bistro has lots of cozy booths and turns out sophisticated, refreshingly imaginative fare with international accents but doesn't go overboard. Try the pan-seared scallops with Maine crab cake and sweet-corn chowder; the roasted North Atlantic salmon with spring vegetables; and the excellent desserts. 224 W. 47th St. (212-921-2005). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Morrell Wine Bar & Cafe—The inspired idea behind this unique restaurant (adjacent to the relocated Morrell wine shop) is to serve a menu that integrates perfectly with the wine list—no small feat, since the inventory runs to 1,000 different bottles and a hundred by-the-glass selections. The kitchen incorporates vino into the victuals, as in Barolo-braised lamb shank with chestnut-flour polenta, and the foie gras club sandwich with porto marmalade. Seating is at the serpentine bar, behind it, and on a mezzanine level. 1 Rockefeller Plaza (212-262-7700). (M-E) AE, MC, V

Osteria del Circo—This place is always buzzing, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. 120 W. 55th St. (212-265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. 250 W. 47th St. (212-575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V

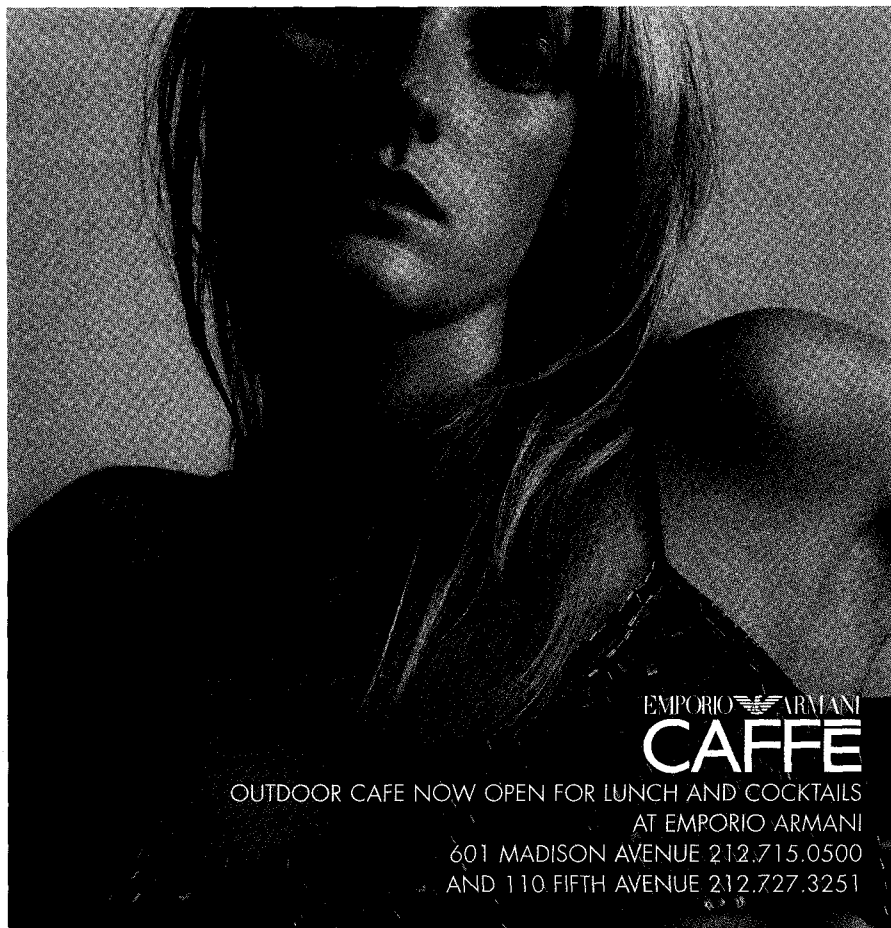
Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. 58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I-M) AE, DS, MC, V

St. Andrews—In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor consists of wine cabinets, old Scottish Rail posters, and pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features dishes like rack of lamb, tenderloin, and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. 120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I-M) AE, MC, V

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. 950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M-E) AE, MC, V

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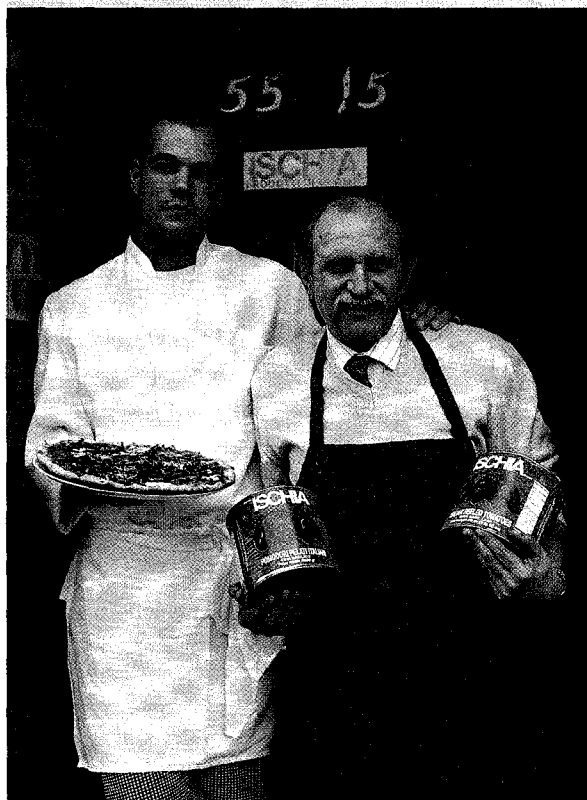
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Shopping Exile in Pieville

What pizza chef Saverio Verde (below, at left) has sacrificed in exposure, having left his position as top pie guy at SoHo's bustling Mezzogiorno, he's gained in a lifetime supply of San Marzano tomatoes. Verde, considered by many, including Mario Batali, to be one of New York's premier pizzaiuoli, has resurfaced in his native Queens, where he's tossing dough and overseeing the small café inside Saponi D'Ischia, the warehouse-cum-wholesale gourmet-Italian-foods store founded by his partner, importer Frank Galano (at right). Slightly handicapped by the lack of an Italian lava-stone wood-fired oven (and a neighborhood demand for American-style pizza, which D'Ischia also offers), Verde's classic Neapolitan pies are still light, crisp, and elusively flavorful. Worth the trip to Woodside—especially when you factor in the steep discounts Galano offers on hard-to-find imported pastas, Italian cheeses, cured meats, and those indispensable tomatoes. (55-15 37th Avenue; 718-446-1500.)

ROB PATRONITE



challah to a "fifteen-bite hot dog," with refreshments like Penfolds Cabernet and chocolate malts. 212 W. 57th St. (212-581-8900). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular and wide-ranging menu. 210 E. 58th St. (212-355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The

DC, MC, V.

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan in an intimate, romantic townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Attracts serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. 354 E. 74th St. (212-249-6619). (M) AE, MC, V.

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. 1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties

weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant—Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars alike manages to be unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs in a sauce of dark beer and sage with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. 11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aioli. 405 E. 58th St. (212-754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street,
East Side

Andruska—Just because you live uptown doesn't mean you need to succumb to the relentless Chinese-and-pasta delivery routine. This understated restaurant serves a variety of Eastern European dishes, from the familiar (beef Stroganoff, blini with caviar or smoked fish) to the less so (Czech roast duck, coulibiac of vegetables). 1370 Lexington Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-369-9374). (M)

like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. 1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (212-223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frittes is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. 160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.

Mark's—Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows to nestle against. Fine French-American cooking (torchon of foie gras with cranberry-kumquat compote, pan-roasted lobster with Armagnac jus), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka-worthy chocolate tea. 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-585-3838). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. 1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro, with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. 373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (212-877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers' Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—slow-cooked to order. 2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (212-234-6114). (I-M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. 383 W. 125th St. (212-864-7326). (I) (S).

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan

locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang buring in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (212-769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

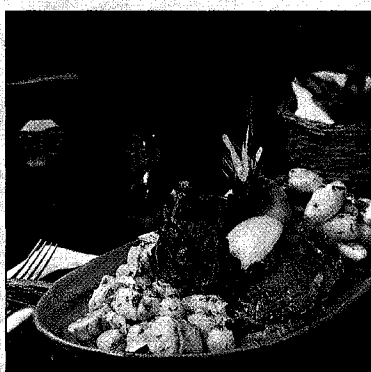
Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the \$29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. 222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. 1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. 423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Data Red Eggs and Lamb

For millions of meat-deprived New Yorkers—and countless juvenile chocolate-egg junkies—yesterday marked the end of Lent. But members of the Eastern Orthodox Church (drawn from the Greek, Russian, Romanian, and Bulgarian communities, among others, totaling roughly one sixth of the world's Christian population) have another week to go. This distinction has more to do with a doctrinal schism a millennium ago than with a macho, who-can-hold-out-longer self-abnegation contest. But religious discrepancies aside, there are a number of culinary constants in the post-Lenten Easter feast. Lamb, for one. Eggs, especially those dyed symbolically red, for another. A handful of restaurants around town have decided to share their traditions with the general populace—or at least the segment of the populace that craves lamb-intestine soup at midnight.



On the lamb: Easter dinner at Molyvos.

CELEBRANT

FEAST-ER SUNDAY (AND BEYOND)

AVRA

141 East 48th Street
(212-759-8550)

This new Greek seafood restaurant takes a respite from purely piscatory pursuits to roast a lamb on a spit, the highlight of a \$45 prix fixe meal that also includes an Easter soup of lamb tripe in avgolemono sauce; green salad; rotisserie-roasted tripe; and tsoureki, a sweet bread with dyed eggs positioned between interwoven braids.

FIREBIRD

365 West 46th Street
(212-586-0244)

Through Sunday, a \$55 three-course dinner begins with zakuska (pâtés, terrines, and sausages), centers on spring lamb with parsnips, and culminates in the traditional pairing of paskha (an uncooked, enriched cheesecake, sometimes made in a flower-pot mold) and kulich (a saffron-scented, fruit-filled coffee cake).

MOLYVOS

871 Seventh Avenue, near 55th Street (212-582-7500)

At midnight on Saturday, chef Jim Botsacos presents his annual \$48 prix fixe Easter supper: traditional meze, the lamb-studded mageritsa soup, dill-flecked salad, and braised and roasted lamb with artichoke fricassee and herbed potatoes. Plus a dessert tasting.

PERIYALI

35 West 20th Street
(212-463-7890)

More midnight mageritsa, followed by Greek country salad, roasted lamb, red eggs, and egg bread, and for dessert, Easter cookies and walnut cake, all for \$65.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM

150 West 57th Street
(212-974-2111)

For the next two weeks, chef Fabrice Canelle offers a three-course, \$56 Russian Easter menu melding the traditional (paskha and kulich) with the not-so (mussels with black bread, mustard, and paprika, and asparagus bisque with pike quenelles). No lamb, alas, but lots of suckling pig and saffron salmon.

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Concerts

Joe Satriani—4/28 at 8. Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171). \$32.50.

"Percussion Masters of India"—With Zakir Hussain and Sultan Khan. 4/29 at 8. Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-997-1003). \$25-\$45.

Ravi Shankar—4/28 at 8. New Jersey Performing Arts Center, One Center St., Newark (888-466-5722). \$10-\$46.

The Smashing Pumpkins—4/25 at 8. Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171). \$30.

Ute Lemper—4/28 at 8. Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-307-7171). \$35.

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—4/24: Metal Karaoke; Ford Falcon Blue; Kaz Silver. 4/25: Jake Speed; Roger Gillan; Lucky Town. 4/26: Imposter Syndrome; Orbis; Kevin Tyler. 4/27: 33 Hertz; Simulcast; Shinebox. 4/28: Huge; Mofo; Les Sans Culottes. 4/29: Tom O'Brien; the Strokes; Kick Busted Radio. 4/30: Racing 8; Jack Tripper; American Boyfriend. 95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). \$.

Bottom Line—4/26: Jules Shear and Friends. 4/27: Richard Shindell. 4/29: Chris Smither; Peter Case. 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).

Bowery Ballroom—4/24: Kelis. 4/25: Melvins. 4/28-4/29: Supergrass. 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—4/26: Chesterfields. 4/27: Rhett Tyler & Early Warning. 4/28: Little Charlie & the Nightcats. 4/29: Christine Santelli. 4/30: Seth Okrend. 73 Eighth Ave. (212-924-9755). \$.

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat, "I Didn't Mean to Turn You On." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays: Kiki & Herb: "Playing for Time." 4/25: Marty Willson-Piper. 4/26: Dave's True Story; Cocktail Angst; Strange Cargo. Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).

Irving Plaza—4/24: MXPX; the Hippos. 4/25-4/26: Built to Spill. 4/28: Bob Mould. 4/29: Dio. 5/1: Dido. 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

Joe's Pub—An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic booking in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: Downtown revue "Damaged Liver Musical." Tuesdays: "Original Roses" with D.J. Beverly Bond. Wednesdays: "Reggae Night." Thursdays: Editors, scene-makers, and boldface names take their turns spinning their favorite records with the "Personality D.J. Series." Saturdays: Leftfield, non-Hot 97-variety hip-hop with "Indie 5000." 4/25: "Night Vision." 4/26: Kathleen Supové and Gloria Deluxe. 4/27: Queen Esther. 4/29: Carl Hancock Rux: "The No Black Male Show." 4/30: "Love Bazaar." 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Knitting Factory—4/24: Birth; Penny Arcade. 4/25: Evan Gallagher. 4/27: And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead. 4/28: Giant Sand. 4/30: Bitch and Animal; Momus; Botanica. 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). \$.

Manitoba's—Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Saturdays: Adam Roth. Sundays: Anna. Tuesdays: "Hardcore," with hosts Mistress Formika and Candis Cayne. 4/26: The Lounge Sharks. 4/27: George Gilmore and the Giblets. 4/28: The Dark Horses; the Boiler Makers. 4/29: Tom Clark. 4/30: "An Evening of Blur," a Lester Bangs book-release party with the Lester Bangs Memorial Tribute Band. 99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).

Performance Pumpkin Pugilism

Since winning the public's attention with *Siamese Dream* and demanding more of it with *Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness*, the Smashing Pumpkins have found themselves in the unlikely position of being stars who don't sell nearly as many albums as they used to. Frontman Billy Corgan chalks that up to "a cat-and-mouse game between what people think you are and who you really are," and the band is now promoting their recent *Machina/The Machines of God* on a back-to-basics tour that will take them to the Hammerstein Ballroom on April 25.

New York: What is it about the Pumpkins that's most frequently misunderstood?

Billy Corgan: I think people overrepresent me in the band—it's like saying David Bowie was Ziggy Stardust. If I was the person that people think I am, I don't see how I could function. I don't see how my band could have stayed together for thirteen years.

What have you been listening to lately?

Pretty much the same old shit. Judas Priest. [Laughs] Things just sort of float in and out of my mind. It's like ice cream. I sort of try to pick

the right moments to indulge. I used to try to listen to music all the time, 24 hours a day; now I try to appreciate silence more.

What do you do during the silence?

I'm really not doing much of anything. I'm dealing with the band's business full-time.

But when you're just chilling? Leisure-time Billy?

Wrestling is really the only thing. I'm driving my girlfriend crazy because I'm so into wrestling.

Have you seen [the wrestling movie] Beyond the Mat? I heard it was depressing.

No—I don't find reality depressing. I thought the movie showed both the glamour and the sad-fuck part. I haven't been kicked all the way down the ladder, but I certainly know what it's like to be kicked. To have that thing of, "Hey, youze guys used to be good." I used to watch athletes and think, "What's that guy's fucking problem?" Now I understand what the problem is.

If the Smashing Pumpkins were a wrestler, which one would they be?

I would say Mick Foley—Mankind. In *Beyond the Mat*, there's some really hard-to-watch scenes where he gets hit with a chair about twelve times. I know why he's doing it—it's sort of a deeper integrity issue about what he's trying to put across as a performer. And I identify that with the band. We haven't spent our energies trying to make people happy in the traditional ways—look good, be good, and make sure we've got funny things to say. We've tried to put all our energies into making visceral, emotional music. And it's hard to explain to people sometimes. Like, one guy could look at it and say, "This guy's in a phony wrestling match." And what I'm saying is, it's all phony: Rock and roll is phony at this point, so you have to be willing to sort of go get hit in the head with a chair twelve times for it to actually mean anything. And that's where my identification comes in. I am that guy. I am that guy who keeps getting hit with the chair.

JENNY ELISCU



Photograph by Anton Corbin

Maxwell's—4/28: Girls vs. Boys. 4/29: The Go. 4/30: Hasil Adkins. 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).

Mercury Lounge—4/25: Josh Rouse; Tim Beattie. 4/26: Shivaree; Michael Hurley. 4/27: Steve Wynn; Willard Grant Conspiracy. 217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 4/25: F.A.T.E.; Rah Digga. 4/27-4/28: King Sunny Ade and his African Beats. 4/29: Brazuca; Karnival! 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 4/24: MF Doom; Cage. 4/26: Troop 47. 4/27: John Brown's Body. 4/28: Mephiskapheles. 4/29: Dick Dale. 161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). \$.

Clubland

"Atmosphere"—4/29 at 10. After a short run this winter, this dancer-friendly deep-house party returns for what we hope will be a much longer run with D.J.'s Randy Finguz, MKL and Kim Lightfoot. The Brooklyn Loft, 70 Washington St., eleventh floor (no phone). \$8 before midnight, \$10 after.

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights. Thursdays: A nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy." Wednesdays: "Soons," an eclectic night of music with D.J.'s Jaymz Nylon and Gamall. Fridays: The friendly, long-running house-music party "Bang The Party." Saturdays: "Direct Drive," a strictly drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Seoul, Cassien, and Reid Speed. 4/26: Drum 'n' bass with Bristol's finest, D.J. Suv; MC Dynamite. Log on to www.baktun.com for complete schedule. 418 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).

Centro-Fly—The club formerly known as Tramp's is now a hot spot to groove to D.J.'s. The owners have managed to snag the house/trip-hop/big-beat promoters "Plant" for their Saturday nights and the "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo (and plenty of D.J. royalty like Armand van Helden and "Little" Louie Vega as their special guests) for their Thursdays. The last Saturday of every month, Plant presents D.J.'s Junior Sanchez and Roger Sanchez (no relation), two of New York house music's finest. Sundays: Dressed-up hip-hop with "VIP Sundays," featuring D.J. Max Glazer and Jessica Rosenblum. 4/25: D.J.'s LTJ Bukem; Blame with MCs Conrad and DRS. 45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).

Cheetah—This Chelsea/Flatiron-district nightclub scored a clubland hat trick with "Twelve West," "Legends," and "Underground Network." But now that "Underground Network" is defunct and "Legends" has decamped to a newer club called True, the future is looking a little less bright for the club. Tuesdays: "Twelve West," D.J. Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy after-work party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Thursdays: The socialite set grooves to the hip-hop beats of fellow upper-cruster D.J. Samantha Ronson. Fridays: "GBH," an acronym for Great British House. 12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).

"Destiny"—4/29 at 10. A new Saturday-night soulful-house party in Brooklyn with D.J.'s Timmy Richardson, Master Kev, and Fred Pierce. 1 Front St., Brooklyn (718-707-1377).

Flamingo—This East Village nightclub was once called Flamingo East. The club now has a hipper, more futuristic bent thanks to parties like Saturday's techno-dominated "Tru Skul." 4/29: Abacus. 219 Second Ave. (212-533-2860).

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-

skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekend straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. 515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). \$.

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays." Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 4/28: Sasha and Digweed's third-anniversary party. 530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Maria Schneider Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra directed by Paul Ellington. 4/26: Tim Ries Quintet. 4/27-4/29: John Pizzarelli Trio. 4/30: Cubarama. 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Blue Note—With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 4/25-4/30: Take 6. 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

City Hall—Mondays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. \$15 cover, \$10 for students. 131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 4/24: Piltown Man. 4/25: Swing Set. 4/26: Vinson Vallega & Friends. 4/27: Mike Fahn Quartet. 4/28: Mike Magilligan Quartet. 4/29: Owen Howard-Dave Lobenstein Quintet. 5/1: The Salt Brothers. 349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).

Iridium—In the surreal basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30 Sun.-Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 4/25-4/30: Millennium Players. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).

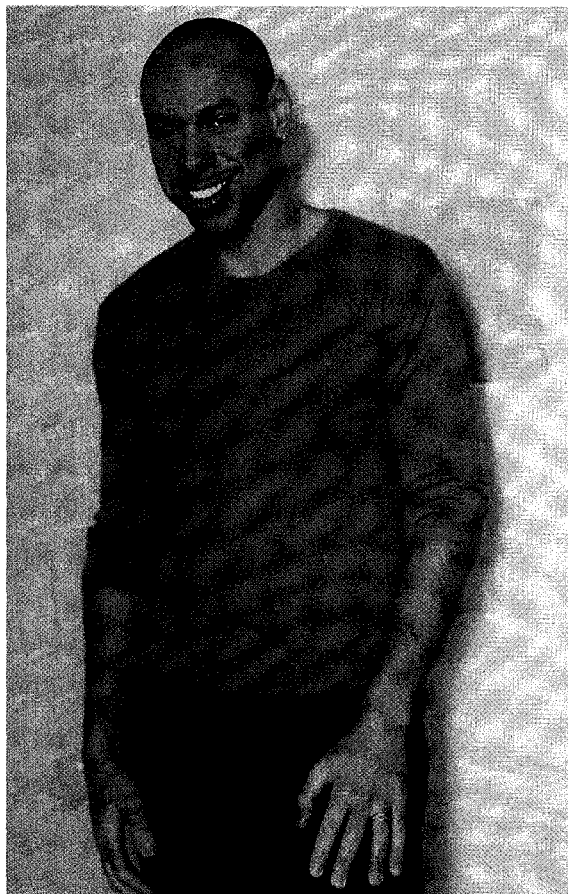
"Jazz Insights: The Vocalists"—Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. Tuesdays, 7:45-9:30 P.M. 4/25: Marlene Verplanck. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5873). \$25.

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, jazz greats, and artists on the rise.

Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.-Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. \$15-\$25 cover; \$10 minimum. 4/25-4/30: Sherrie Maricle & Diva. 116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).

Red Blazer—Mondays: Red Blazer Jazz. Tuesdays: A tribute to Judy Garland starring Tira. Wednesdays: Alan Russell and His Big Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band featuring David Belt. Fridays: Sam Mulano and the Bourbon Street Swingers. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell Quintet featuring Sol Yaged. 32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Van-



Performance Off the Charts

Joshua Redman (pictured) won the Thelonious Monk International Saxophone Competition—and the hype that went with it—when he was just 22 years old. Nearly ten years and seven albums later, he's still trying to live up to that promise and live down comparisons to his famous father, Dewey. On his new album, 'Beyond,' Redman attempts to confront that legacy and prove that he's a more improvisatory (and less traditional) player than his critics say. Expect the tenor saxophonist's dates at the Village Vanguard from April 25 to 30 to do just that. (See "Jazz.")

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is not next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised.
\$ = cash only.

Performance Breakbeat Great

Drum 'n' bass was reviled as bastardized hip-hop until D.J. and producer LTJ Bukem (pictured) came on the scene in the mid-nineties and brought soothing ambient sounds and live instrumentation to a genre known for gunshot effects and rough beats. Bukem's recently released debut album, 'Journey Inwards,' explores rare groove and jazz and steers clear of his usual vaporous sound. But when he D.J.'s at Centro-Fly on April 25, he'll probably mix that in with the New Agey breakbeat that made him famous. (See "Clubland.")



guard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. 183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). \$.

Smoke—A great jazz lounge with low cover to boot. 4/25: Eddie Henderson Quintet. 4/26-4/27: Benny Golson with the Mike Le Donne Trio. 4/28-4/29: Freddie Hubbard Quintet. 2751 Broadway, at 105th St. (212-864-6662).

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 4/25-4/30: Claudia Acuna. 88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (212-242-1785).

Tavern on the Green—Located in a touristic Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its "Crystal Room." Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sundays: Klezmer Sundays. 4/26: Georg Graewe. 4/27: Kevin Drumm; Wax Poetic. 4/29: Tim Barnes & Glenn Kotche; Black Beetle. 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). \$.

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 4/25-4/30: Joshua Redman. 178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). \$.

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Shows Tues.-Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.-Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. 82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).

Bruce Vilanch in "Almost Famous"—Previews begin 4/25. Opens 5/11. The Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (212-307-7100). \$35-\$40.

Carolines On Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. \$12.50-\$24.50; two-drink minimum. 4/25: Hot 97's "Phat Tuesday." 4/27-4/30: Mitch Fatel. 4/27-4/29: Janeane Garofalo. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.-Thurs. at 9. Through 4/30: Colin Quinn; Wanda Sykes; Greer Barnes; Mitch Fatel; Robert Kelly; Godfrey. 117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.-Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is \$15 Fri. and Sat. (\$20 for 10:30 Sat. show), \$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun.: New Talent Showcase. Shows Sun.-Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is \$12 Fri. and Sat., \$8 on weeknights; two-drink minimum. 4/26: "An Evening With Robert Klein." 4/27: "Homo-comicus." 4/28-4/29: Jim Gaffigan; Greg Giraldo; Orny Adams. 34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).

Kevin James—4/30 at 8. The Community Theatre, Morristown, N.J. (212-307-7171). \$28.50.

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6016). Free.

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Cover is \$7-\$12. Shows Sun.-Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30; and Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. 236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.-Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. 4/25-5/13: Iris Williams. 59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill-area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. Through 4/29: Robert Cuccioli. 450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. 13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105).

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. \$60. Through 5/6: Pianist Peter Mintun performs Tues.-Sat., from 9:30 P.M. to 1:30 A.M. \$10. Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).

Cafe Pierre—Tues.-Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis celebrates her fourteenth year at the Cafe Pierre with a special program called "Fascinating Rhythms: 50 Years of American Popular Song and Jazz." Sun.-Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays piano. \$19 minimum; jacket and tie required. Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books—Fri. and Sat. at 9:30 and 11: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin's eleven-piece big band. \$20 cover; two-drink minimum. 156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? 4/29: Steven Brinberg's "Simply Barbra 2000." 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). \$.

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein's cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets are \$60; \$50 food-and-drink minimum. 4/25-5/6: Tony Danza. 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Sets Wed.-Thurs. at 9, Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11. \$30 cover; \$20 minimum. Through 6/3: Steve Ross in "Love & Laughter: Part One." 365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).

Judy's—This cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 4/24: John Angrisani. 4/25: Thayer in "Strangers Here Ourselves." 4/26-4/27: Tennie Leonard in "From Where I Stand." 4/28: Marieann Meringolo. 4/29: Daniel Isengart in "Drama." 4/30: Ellie Dorino; Maureen Kelly Stewart. 169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).

Metronome—Shows at 7:30. 4/26: Carlos Ponce. 4/29: J. C. Faulk. 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400).

in concert

The Cleveland Orchestra... Trisha Brown's 30th

Classical Music

The Juilliard Orchestra—Concludes its season with Rossini's Overture to *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Gershwin's Concerto in F, and Mahler's Symphony No. 1 in D Major, 4/26 at 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center* (212-721-6500); \$7-\$15; free to seniors and students.

Columbia University Department of Music—Premieres compositions of four doctoral candidates, Jason Royal, Miyuki Ito, Carl Voss and Jason Roth, in conclusion of the "New Music for a New Century" season, 4/27 at 8. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St.* (212-247-7800); \$10, free to seniors and students.

St. Francis Brass—Performs *Joyous Music of Celebration*, brass works from the sixteenth to twentieth centuries, 4/27 at 1:15. *St. Francis of Assisi Church, 135 W. 31st St.* (212-967-9157); free.

The Cleveland Orchestra—Plays works by Bartók and Beethoven in the first performance and works by Ives, Adams, and Varèse in the second; conducted by Christoph von Dohnányi, 4/27 and 4/28 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St.* (212-247-7800); \$19-\$71.

Ning An, Piano—Performs an all-Chopin program, 4/28 at 8. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St.* (212-247-7800); \$20, \$10 for seniors and students.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra—Performs Messiaen's *Turangalila-symphonie*; led by Seiji Ozawa, 4/29 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St.* (212-247-7800); \$19-\$71.

Christian Tetzlaff, Violin—Plays Bach's complete solo-violin works in two parts, 4/29 at 5 and 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center* (212-721-6500); \$30.

Yefim Bronfman, Piano—Plays Beethoven's Piano Variation in C Minor, *Sonata Quasi una Fantasia* in E-flat, Op. 27 No. 1, and *Sonata* in F minor No. 23, Op. 57, as well as Berg's *Seven Early Songs* and Piano Sonata, Op. 1, 4/30 at 2, 5/5 at 8, and 5/7 at 5. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center* (212-721-6500); \$35.

Hagen Quartet—The Austrian sibling group plays Beethoven's Quartet in B flat (Op. 130) and Schubert's Quartet in G (D. 887), 4/29 at 8. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave.* (212-996-1100); \$25.

Jeffrey Khaner, Flute—Plays works by Gieseking, Gubaidulina, Prokofiev, Liebermann, and others, 4/30 at 2. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St.* (212-247-7800); \$35, \$15 seniors and students.

Rorianne Schrade, Piano—Performs an evening of Russian music, including works by Glazounov, Tchaikovsky, Medtner, Scriabin, and Rachmaninoff, 4/30 at 5:30. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St.* (212-247-7800); \$15-\$20.

Dora Schwarzberg, Violin—Plays works by Bach, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Dvořák, 4/30 at 3. *Tilles Center for the Performing Arts, Long Island University, C.W. Post Campus, Route 25A, Brookville* (516-299-3100); \$25.

Ilex Slobodyanik, Piano—Plays Chopin's Polonaise in A Minor, Schumann's *Kinderszenen* and *Papillons*, and Stravinsky's *Petrushka*, 4/30 at 11. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center* (212-721-6500); \$35.

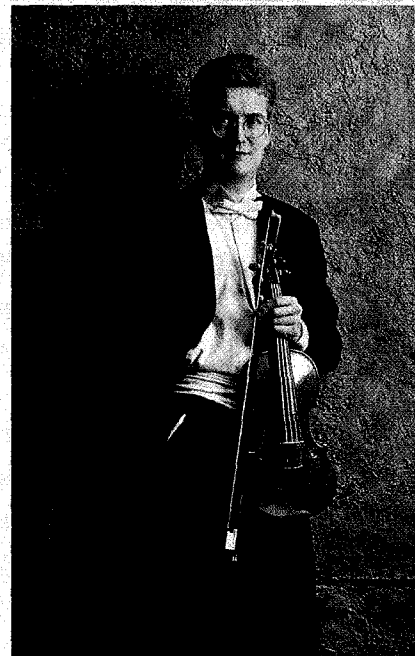
Jawn Upshaw, Soprano—Pays tribute to French mezzo-soprano Jane Bathori in the first part of "Images of Dawn," a three-part project in the "Great Performers" series, 4/30 at 5. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center* (212-721-6500); \$40.

Leatrice Broadwater, Soprano—Sings works by Handel, Debussy, Berg, Walton, and Argento, 5/1 at 8. *Merkin*

Performance A Teutonic Relationship

Although Christian Tetzlaff took on the feverishly challenging Schoenberg Concerto at the 1988 Berlin Festival when he was 22, made his 1993 New York-recital debut tackling unaccompanied-violin works by Bach, Bartók, and Ysaÿe, and this week performs Bach's complete, unaccompanied sonatas and partitas in one evening at Alice Tully Hall, he says he's not specifically drawn to difficult music. "I'm playing it because it's a fantastic piece!" says the 34-year-old German virtuoso. "There must be a reason why a composer makes music so difficult," he says of Johann Sebastian. "There is rarely a phrase where I wouldn't have a specific feeling of what he wanted to express." The three sonatas, composed in 1720, are church music corresponding to the Christian year: Christmas, Passion, and Easter. The partitas, from the same year, travel between joy and sorrow; the D-minor Partita Bach wrote when his wife died is a requiem for her but is immediately followed by a more uplifting adagio of the previous C-Major Sonata, bringing on a sense of hope. That's why Tetzlaff wants the audience to hear all of the music in one evening, in the order in which it was meant to be played, exhausting or not. "I want people to see the journey," he says. "It's a huge distance to travel, but the cycle is the whole statement." (See listings.)

ROSE-ANNE CLERMONT



Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); \$15, \$10 seniors and students.

The Philadelphia Orchestra—Premieres Einojuhani Rautavaara's *The Journey* and plays works by Barber and Sibelius; conducted by Wolfgang Sawallisch, 5/1 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St.* (212-247-7800); \$19-\$71.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—*Das Rheingold*, 4/24 and 5/1 at 8, *Die Walküre*, 4/25 and 5/2 at 6, *La Bohème*, 4/26 at 8 and 4/29 at 12:30, *Siegfried*, 4/27 at 6, *Giulio Cesare*, 4/28 at 7:30, and *Götterdämmerung*, 4/29 at 6. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center* (212-362-6000); \$25-\$225.

Dance

New York City Ballet—Begins its nine-week season with the fourth installment of the *Diamond Project*, a showcase for new works that will feature nine world premieres, 4/25-6/25; call for program information, prices, and times. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center* (212-870-5570).

Compagnie Marie Chouinard—Presents *Les Solos*, a twenty-year retrospective of Chouinard's solo works, 4/26-4/29 at 8 and 4/30 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St.* (212-242-0800); \$35.

Rebecca Kelly Ballet—Celebrates its twenty-year anniversary with the world premiere of *Telemann*, a piece choreographed to the composer's Concerto in F, 4/28 at 8 and 4/29 at 2 and 8. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse at Hunter College, E. 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves.* (212-772-4448); \$25-\$35.

Trisha Brown Dance Company—Marks its thirtieth anniversary with three premieres, *Five Part Weather Invention* and *Rapture* to Leon James, both set to original jazz scores by Dave Douglas, and *Can-to/Pianto*, choreographed to Monteverdi's opera *L'Orfeo*, 5/2-5/14; call for times. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St.* (212-242-0800); \$35.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

the mix

A miri Baraka... Robert Creeley... Stephen Jay Gould

John Leonard's TV Notes

The Expendables (4/25; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) asks Army colonel Brett Cullen to save the president's bacon by training and then leading a half-dozen female death-row convicts—Robin Givens, Tempestt Bledsoe, Idalis de Leon, Jenica Bergere, Christi Conaway, and Jennifer Blanc—on a mission to rescue a Latin American presidential adviser from a Castro Cuban prison. It's up to you to figure out which one of these women is the bad apple with orders to terminate everybody else.

In Our Own Hands: The Hidden Story of the Jewish Brigade in WWII (4/26; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), between swatches of remarkable archival footage, interviews veterans of a group of Jewish volunteers, most of whom had left Europe for Palestine in the first place, who were trained by the British Army late in the war, fought Nazis in Italy, then stayed to hunt down and kill war criminals, run guns, and smuggle survivors of the death camps to their new homeland, and would later lead the War of Independence.

Seeing Red (4/30; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) stars Sarah Lancashire in a Masterpiece Theatre dramatization of the story of Coral Atkins, the seventies London TV soap-opera star who gave up the fast lane to start a home for disturbed children. Although her deeply private Little Red Riding Hood reasons for identifying so deeply with these children will come as no surprise to veteran watchers of American movie-of-the-week weepies, Lancashire is splendid.

Becker (5/1 and 5/8; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; CBS) In "Sight Unseen," series regular Alex Desert, who is blind and black, falls for guest-starring Heidi Mokrycki, who is blind and blonde. Turns out, he doesn't want to date a blind woman and she doesn't want to date a black man. In "Crosstalk," Ted Danson badmouths God to a priest, John Mahoney, while a patient they both care about undergoes brain surgery. In both episodes, Becker smokes. In neither, to the program's credit, is there any sappy reconciliation of opposing views.

Jubilee Singers: Sacrifice and Glory (5/1; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) gives the American Experience treatment to the chorus of ex-slaves who saved Fisk University from bankruptcy by singing spirituals all over the country and then the world in the decades after the Civil War, to the great profit of an enriched American culture but at a great cost to their own well-being.

Lectures and Panels

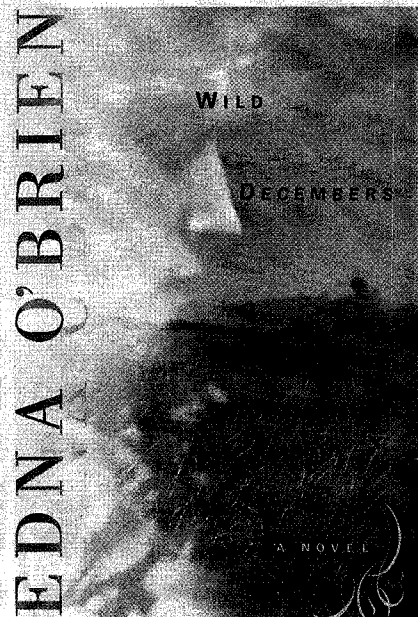
"Getting Real: Literary Fact and Fiction"—4/25 at 7:30 P.M.: A discussion featuring Joyce Carol Oates, Russell Banks, Simon Schama, Charles McGrath, James Atlas, and Millicent Dillon. Stanley H. Kaplan Penthouse, 165 W. 65th St. (212-334-1660, ext. 107); \$5.

Harvey Lichtenstein—4/25 at 6 P.M.: A lecture by the award-winning leader of the Brooklyn Academy of Music Local Development Corporation. The Celeste Bartos Forum of the New York Public Library's Humanities and Social Sciences Library, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-930-0855); \$10.

"Christian Fleck: American Philanthropy and the Rescue of European Scholars and Writers in the 1930s"—4/26 at 6 P.M.: A lecture examining the "Emergency Committee in Aid of Displaced Foreign Scholars," its structure, decision-making process,

In Print Land Lust

Edna O'Brien's *Wild Decembers*—her twenty-fourth book—once again takes readers to a remote town in the Irish countryside: "Cloontha it is called—a locality within the bending of an arm." And once again, the country calm is undone, this time when a local farmer finds himself neighbors with an Australian transplant who has inherited land. "I had noticed in the local papers ongoing battles and skirmishes over cattle trespassing and such in small provincial courts in Ireland," says O'Brien of her inspiration. "But I was always aware of the fear and the desperateness in the psyche of my own people—the desire to possess and the fear of dispossession." While reviewers have commented on the particular resonance of land ownership for the Irish, O'Brien also sees other issues at play. "The hook of the land and the possessiveness of love are similar," she says.



"They spring from the same turbulence. It's the nature of humankind to want to belong somewhere. If you sit someone down, even the most suave person, they have aspirations they fear will not be fulfilled." She pauses. "Although I wonder if you sat Donald Trump down what he'd say." O'Brien has some experience with the way different nationalities' reactions vary—or don't—because she lives in two countries. "I pay the rents in London. But what I think I do is harvest in Ireland and borrow in London. People are rather wonderful to me in Ireland in that I can go to murderers and doctors and lawyers and lunatics and ask them questions, but I'm quite well known there, and to write, you have to go into the prison cell of yourself." She'll be sprung long enough to read at Barnes & Noble Union Square on April 25 at 7:30 P.M. **ARIEL LEVY**

and the grantees who benefited from its work. The Margaret Liebman Berger Forum, Room 227, of the New York Public Library's Humanities and Social Sciences Library, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-930-0084); free, reservations required.

Obrad Savic—4/26 at 7:30 P.M.: Savic, a member of the nongovernmental organization of independent and dissident intellectuals the Belgrade Circle, will speak to celebrate the release of the book *The Politics of Human Rights*. The Brecht Forum, 122 W. 27th St., tenth floor (212-807-9680); free.

"From an Italian Journey to a Middle East Maze... to the Future of the Region"—4/27 at 5:30 P.M.: A conversation with General Brent Scowcroft, former National Security adviser for President Bush, the Honorable Zavard Zarif, deputy foreign minister of Iran, and Giandomenico Picco, former chief U.N. hostage negotiator, to discuss Picco's book *Man Without a Gun: One Diplomat's Struggle to Free the Hostages, Fight Terrorism and End a War*. New York University's Casa Italiana Zerilli-Mari-

mo, 24 W. 12th St. (212-998-8730); free.

"Shakers and Millennial Dreams"—4/27 at 6 P.M.: A gathering of members of the Sabbath Day Lake Shaker Community and friends for conversation and song, featuring Dan Patterson and Gerard C. Wertkin. The Museum of American Folk Art, 2 Lincoln Square, Columbus Ave. bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (212-595-9533); free; reservations advised.

"Provenance and Due Diligence"—4/29, 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.: A workshop/conference addressing the legal and artistic issues involved in establishing the provenance of a work of art and in otherwise exercising due diligence in acquiring art. International Foundation for Art Research, Suite 1234, 500 Fifth Ave., at 42nd St. (212-391-6234); \$125, registration required.

"Camelot to Kent State: Looking Back at the '60s"—4/30 at 11 A.M.: The first of a two-part series, the discussion "Culture and Counter-Culture" will look at the defining moments of the decade, from the Cuban Missile Crisis to the rise of fem-

GAME WEEK

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
METS		CIN FSNY 7:10 P.M.	CIN FNSY 7:10 P.M.	CIN FSNY 7:10 P.M.	COL FSNY 9:05 P.M.	COL FSNY 3:05 P.M.	COL FSNY 3:05 P.M.
YANKEES	MIN MSG 1:05 P.M.	MIN MSG 7:05 P.M.	MIN MSG 1:05 P.M.		TOR MSG 7:05 P.M.	TOR FOX 1:05 P.M.	TOR FOX 1:05 P.M.
METROSTARS						LAQ TLMNDO 4:30 P.M.	
	4/24	4/25	4/26	4/27	4/28	4/29	4/30

● As of press time, the Knicks' and Devils' playoff schedules had not been determined.

inism, with historian Joan Morrison. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); \$25.

"A Conversation With Stephen Jay Gould"—4/30 at 7:30 P.M.: A discussion with the scientist and author hosted by Robert Krulwich of ABC-TV. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); \$20.

"Beyond Segregation"—5/1 at 8:15 P.M.: Journalist, essayist, and jazz critic Stanley Crouch speaks with *New Yorker* staff writer Daphne Merkin about his first novel, *Don't the Moon Look Lonesome*, which tells the story of an interracial marriage. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); \$20.

The Written Word

Daniel Jones—4/25 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his book *After Lucy* at Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Michael Longley—4/25 at 8 P.M.: Reading from his works of poetry *The Weather in Japan* and *The Ghost Orchid* at the Ward Dennis Room of Lewisohn Hall, fifth floor, Columbia University, 116th St. and Broadway (212-854-3215); free.

"American Poetry: The Twentieth Century"—4/26 at 7 P.M.: A panel discussion, moderated by Geoffrey O'Brien, with Robert Creeley, Ann Lauterbach, J. D. McClatchy, Claudia Rankine, and Vijay Seshardi, at the New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5611); free.

Amiri Baraka and Cecil Taylor—4/26 at 8 P.M.: Reading from their works of prose and poetry at the Poetry Project, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-674-0910); \$7 for adults, \$4 for students and seniors.

NYU Creative Writing Benefit Reading—4/27 at 7 P.M.: A ceremony honoring poet Lucille Clifton with an award presented by Ambassador Jean Kennedy Smith, followed by a reading, to benefit the NYU/Goldwater Memorial Hospital Writing Project. NYU's Lipton Hall, 108 3rd St. (212-998-8816); donations accepted at the door.

Harold Kooden and Charles Flowers—4/27 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Golden Men*. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (212-989-4850); free.

Rachel Lichtenstein—4/30 at 3 P.M.: A reading and discussion of her book *Rodinsky's Room* at the Eldridge Street Synagogue, 12 Eldridge St. (212-978-8800); \$8 for adults, \$4 for students and seniors; reservations required.

Jackson MacLow and Anne Tardos—5/1 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-505-3360); free.

Tours

Garment Center Walking Tour—4/28 at 11:45 A.M.: Discover the history of the fashion-business center, including a visit to a showroom or factory, or perhaps a guest speaker. Meet at 1410 Broadway, at 39th St. (212-370-4214); \$15.

Radical Harlem Tour—4/29 at 1 P.M.: Featuring sites associated with the stabbing of Martin Luther King Jr., the Black Panther headquarters, the Langston Hughes house, and Marcus Garvey Park. Meet at 306 Malcolm X Blvd., at 125th St. near Fifth Ave. (718-492-0069); \$10.

"Greenwich Village & NoHo at Sunset"—4/29 at 5:30 P.M.: Journeys through both neighborhoods, with a discussion of noted figures associated with them, from George Washington to Bob Dylan. Call for reservations and meeting place (212-465-3331); \$12.

City and Suburban Homes Historic Landmark Walking Tour—4/30 at 1:30 P.M.: A tour featuring Shively Sanitary Tenements, P.S. 158, Webster Library, John Jay Park, and the former East Side Settlement House, preceded by a slide show at 1 P.M. and a photo exhibit from 1 P.M. to 4 P.M. Meet at the City and Suburban Homes Archive Room, 515 E. 78th St., lower level (212-388-0883); free.

Benefits

Parsons School of Design Fashion Critics Awards Benefit—4/25, cocktails at 6 P.M., dinner and fashion show created by Parsons graduates at 7 P.M.: An evening bringing together top designers, retailers, manufacturers, and fashion media to honor Sears, Roebuck and Co. chairman and CEO Arthur C. Martinez, benefiting scholarships and program needs at Parsons. The Marriott Marquis at Times Square, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-972-2268); \$500-\$50,000.

"Sportsball 2000"—4/26, cocktails at 6 P.M., dinner at 7:30 P.M.: A black-tie fund-raiser for the Arthur Ashe Institute of Urban Health, honoring Hank Aaron, Jessye Norman, and Dr. Robert F. Furchgott and featuring games, dancing, and a live auction. The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Grand Ballroom, 301 Park Ave., at 49th St. (718-270-4226); \$650-\$50,000.

Albert Einstein College of Medicine's 2000 Spirit of Achievement Luncheon—5/1, symposium at 10:45

A.M., luncheon at noon: An interactive symposium on genetic research and luncheon honoring Senator Barbara Boxer, Iris Cantor, Cindy Crawford, Abby Joseph Cohen, Judith Sheindlin, and Emily Fisher Landau, to benefit the Division's Endowment in Cancer Immunotherapy and Vaccine Development at Einstein's Cancer Center. The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, 301 Park Ave., at 49th St. (718-430-4242); \$300.

A Gala Evening of Readings—5/1 at 6 P.M.: Literacy Partner's black-tie gala features readings by Scott Berg, Rita Mae Brown, Arthur Golden, Dave Barry, and Alice McDermott and a dinner dance at Lincoln Center Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-573-6933); \$100-\$50,000.

Events

Macy's Flower Show—Through 4/30; Sun. 11 A.M. to 7 P.M., Mon.-Sat. 10 A.M. to 8:30 P.M.: More than 30,000 varieties of fragrant flowers, exotic plants, and lush trees cover 100,000 square feet of the store, with additional events such as flower-arranging seminars, costumed characters, and musical entertainment taking place throughout the show run. Macy's Herald Square, 151 W. 34th St. (212-494-4495); free.

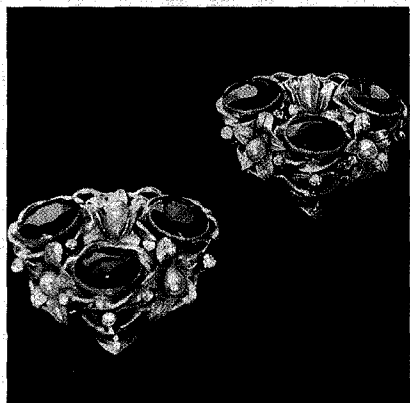
Grand Central Spring Fair and Food Festival—Through 5/12; Mon.-Sat. 10 A.M. to 8 P.M., Sun. noon to 6 P.M.: A range of special events, including international-cuisine preparation, party planning, wine tasting, chocolate molding, pie baking, and daily cooking demonstrations by famous chefs, authors, and other celebrities, in addition to 36 outside merchants on hand with a variety of unique gifts. Grand Central Terminal, Vanderbilt Hall, Park Ave. at 42nd St. (212-340-2210); free.

Wendy's New York Armory Show—4/26, 4 P.M. to 9 P.M.; 4/27-29, noon to 9 P.M.; 4/30, noon to 6 P.M.: Featuring seventeenth- through nineteenth-century American, English, French, Continental, and Oriental furniture and accessories, including garden décor. Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. (914-698-3442 and 212-472-1180); \$10.

The Gramercy Park Antiques & Fine Art Show—4/28-4/29, 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; 4/30, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.: Featuring aesthetic and decorative home fashion and design elements, ranging from eighteenth-century artwork to vintage tapestries. 69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 26th St. (212-255-0020); \$10.

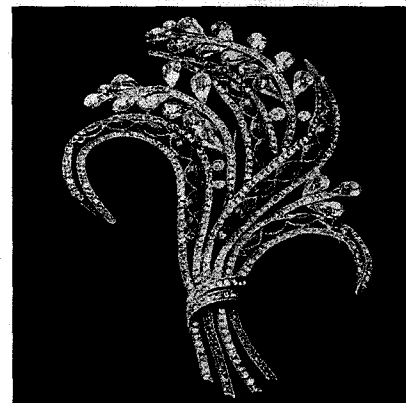
"Speaking of Women's Health" Conference—4/29, 8:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.: A day of pampering and enlightening "edu-tainment" devoted to women's health and well-being, featuring speakers Dr. Marianne Legato, Ruth Jacobowitz, and Dr. Judy Kuriansky, and a breakfast and lunch. Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at 42nd St. (516-367-2100, ext. 8081); \$35.

Crafts on Columbus—4/29-4/30, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.: A sidewalk sale of handicrafts, jewelry, home furnishings, clothing, and artwork. Columbus Ave. from 77th St. to 81st St. and 81st St. toward Central Park West (212-866-2239); free.



Happening Stone Aged

The Metropolitan Vintage Fashion and Antique Textile Show displays and sells its impressive collection of garments by Gucci, Halston, and Chanel, but it will also showcase its gracefully aging jewels. Runs Friday, April 28, through Sunday, April 30, at the Metropolitan Pavilion, 125 West 18th Street (212-463-0200, ext. 222); \$6-\$15.



Online

New York on the Web—Visit www.nymag.com: "Best of New York" is serialized on our site, so check in for a new entry each day. You can also find unique ideas for weekend getaways with "52 Weekends." And as always, our extensive archive of back issues is ready for browsing.

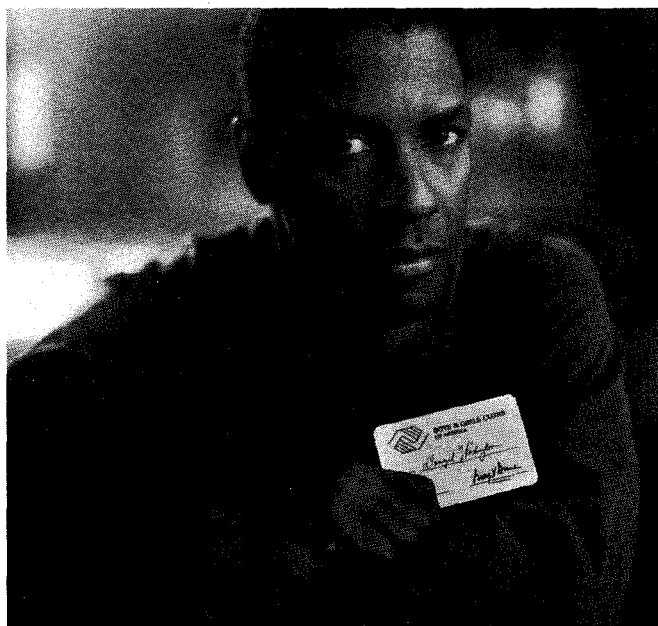
Sports

Heavyweight Explosion—4/27 at 7:30 P.M.: Sure to be a good crowd for the fourth edition of this monthly heavyweight series at the Hammerstein Ballroom, what with the Lennox Lewis–Michael Grant fight in Madison Square Garden 4/29. Features undefeated Robert Davis against Calvin Lampkin in the ten-round main event, and Al Cole versus Willie Williams in the co-feature. Shannon Briggs fights in one of the seven undercards, and a female bout opens the evening. Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. Tickets \$25–\$125; call 212-564-4882 or 212-307-7171 for tickets and information.

L'Oréal Twosome—4/29 at 9 A.M.: Male and female partners square off against other couples in this two-mile and 10K event. Individual runners are invited to join the 10K, which starts first at 9; the two-miler follows after they're off. Numbers and T-shirts may be picked up 4/27–4/28 between noon and 7 P.M. at the New York Road Runners Club, 9 E. 89th St. No race-day registration. Nonmembers \$15. Call 212-860-4455 or visit www.nyrrc.org for more information.

WalkAmerica 2000—4/30: Walk with Broadway Joe Namath and the March of Dimes to help prevent birth defects and infant mortality. Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park, 62nd St. at Amsterdam Ave. (or 46 other sites in the tristate area). Call 212-353-8353, 718-981-3000, or 516-496-2100 for registration, schedules, and other information.

Revlon Run/Walk for Women—5/6, at 8:15 A.M.: A 5K run (or walk, if you prefer) benefiting the fight against women's cancers, starting in Times Square. Prizes to the top three male and female finishers; there are also fund-raising awards; \$20 on or before 4/28, \$25 late-sign-up fee. Call 212-685-3980 or visit www.revlonwalk.com for registration information.



Denzel Washington

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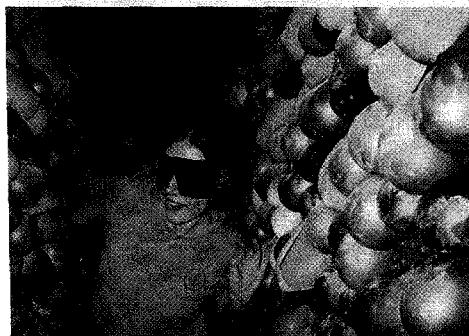
TOUR New Orleans may be the birthplace of jazz, but Queens is surely its retirement home. Louis Armstrong (pictured) and John Coltrane spent their last years there, and Ella Fitzgerald and Billie Holiday also called the borough home. The five-hour bus and walking tour of "The Queens Jazz Trail" includes their houses as well as a soul-food buffet and a concert. Meet at the Flushing Town Hall, at 137-35 Northern Boulevard, on April 29 at 10 A.M. Call 718-463-7700, ext. 222, for required reservations; \$60–\$75.

Photograph courtesy of Louis Armstrong House and Archives

kids

Young Composer... Mister Rogers

Happening Blind Man's Stuff



Oh, my God. This was, like, so cool. I mean, like, they gave us blindfolds and we had to walk through mazes. Then there was this sticky stuff on the walls, which was really gross. (I wiped my hands off on my pants.) Then there was, like, no way out, so I started banging on the walls because I thought I was trapped. The lady told me to calm down. But then I realized that there was a hole at the bottom of the wall, and so, like, I crawled through it. Oh, my God, this was so

cool. Oh yeah, another thing was, they gave us something to eat. It was some sort of sweet Jell-O candy. I didn't like it, so I spit it out. That was okay with them. But, like, the whole time we can't see anything, ya know? Another thing was, they gave us a rope and told us to lean back. I was leaning on my brother, I think, 'cause I couldn't see or anything. Oh yeah, and we had to sing too. That was really funny. The whole thing is cool and kind of freaky. Really, it's, like, about trust. (See "Children's Events: One Less Sense.")

CAMILLE ALMADA, 12, AS TOLD TO SUSAN AVERY, A LOT OLDER.

Children's Events

One Less Sense—No peeking allowed. Experience an installation of performance, music, and art without the benefit of sight. Attendees will be blindfolded and led on a guided tour that calls on every other sense. It's like a 45-minute Outward Bound course. 4/27-30. Tours leave every twenty minutes from 7 P.M. until 10:40 P.M. Tickets are \$13. Special transportation is available for the visually impaired. For kids age 10 and older, or younger if they can handle being blindfolded. A production of **RED DIVE**, an artists collective that produces multisensory exhibits. At the Clemente Soto Velez Cultural Center, 107 Suffolk St. (212-760-4951). ●

Iosanna—The Y2K musical version of something that happened 2,000 years ago is an historical perspective that keeps the facts of the time in place. However, this updated version of **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR** from a few decades back, by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber, includes a particularly bloody scene of 39 lashes. For all its theatrical realism, Glenn Carter in the title role and Maya Days as Mary Magdalene give hauntingly inspired performances. Tickets are \$26-\$81 through the box office or Ticketmaster at 212-307-4100. At the Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 43rd St.

Just Can't Wait To Be King—Calling all 9- to 12-year-olds: **THE LION KING** will hold an open casting call for the roles of the African lion cubs Simba and Nala. If you can sing, dance, and act, you just may be able to join the Los Angeles

company when the show opens there in the fall. Auditions are on 5/6 at Hostos Community College in the Bronx, 5/13 at the Jamaica Center for Arts & Learning in Queens, 5/20 at Middle School 113 in Brooklyn, and 6/3 at the Harlem School of the Arts. For more information, call 212-827-5450. ●

Mellowed Submarine—The very first submarine built by New Jersey schoolteacher John Holland is on display at **THE INTREPID SEA AIR SPACE MUSEUM**. The 1878 craft, which measures fourteen and a half feet long, is featured beside a full-size, interactive replica of the *Turtle*, the 1776 sub that attacked a British warship in the Revolutionary War. Tickets are \$10, \$7.50 for vets and students, \$5 for kids 6-11, and \$1 for kids 2-5. Youngers are free. Pier 86, Twelfth Ave. and 46th St. (212-245-0072).

Magically Ever After—In a twist on the classic, **THE CINDERELLA MAGIC SHOW** combines illusion with live animals and plenty of audience participation. Even Cinderella, played by Alice Bergmann, is different, as she appears driving her own pumpkin. Creator Arnie Kolodner, who also plays the Prince, has a notable comic edge. (In his past life, he performed in Charles Busch comedies.) 4/30, 5/6-7. Performance times are 11 A.M., 1:30 P.M., and 4 P.M. Tickets are \$17.50. At St. Jean Baptiste Church, 184 E. 76th St. (212-279-4200).

Head Trip—Private-school art teacher by day, artist of the unusual by night, Susan Mastrangelo is exhibiting works of more than 240 heads at Locust Media gallery. Through the use of paint, clay, and other moldable material, she creates

a cross-section of the expressive human race. Through 4/29. **HEADS! HEADS! HEADS!** 594 Broadway, near Prince St., Ste. 1010 (212-334-6424). ●

This Is My Quest—After 1998's Hurricane Georges decimated his school in Puerto Rico, 10-year-old William Fox eschewed a typical fund-raising bake sale and decided instead to write a score for a play. All the proceeds from **QUESTIONABLE QUEST**, which makes its Stateside premiere at the Beacon Theatre, will go toward rebuilding the Palmas Academy in Humacao. The show is a musical comedy that takes place in medieval times as well as the present day. A young serf dreams of a better life. By disguising himself as a knight, he meets up with quite a life-altering adventure. 4/26-30. Tickets are \$10-\$45 and are available through Ticketmaster at 212-307-4100. 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. ●

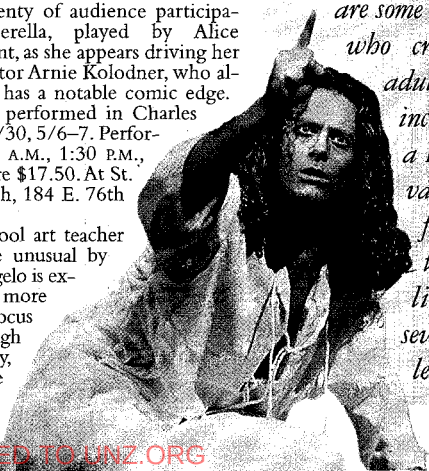
Moral Stories—The Vital Theatre Company performs **AESOP'S FABLES** through a story about Emily, a young girl who calls on her imaginary friends to help her with a book report. Brought to life are "The Boy Who Cried Wolf," "The Lion and the Mouse," and "City Mouse and Country Mouse." Saturdays at 10:30 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. through 5/6. Tickets are \$10. 432 W. 42nd St., third floor (212-592-4508).

Won't You Be My Neighbor—Fans, parents and kids alike, of the legendary **MISTER ROGERS' NEIGHBORHOOD** have a last chance to catch the exhibit at the Children's Museum of Manhattan. Visitors can dress up in Fred Rogers' famous cardigan and sneakers, put on a puppet show at King Friday XIII's castle, and create a tune on the kerplunk machine. The hands-on exhibit also includes artifacts from the television program. Through 4/30. Admission is \$6, \$3 for seniors. At 212 W. 83rd St. (212-721-1234). ●

Marching Mamas—The **MILLION MOM MARCH**, in Washington, D.C., on Mother's Day, May 14, will include mothers and others from across the country protesting gun violence. For information on local organizers, call 888-989-MOMS. ●

Happening Gospel Truth

"I've seen young children in the front row," says Glenn Carter (pictured) of 'Jesus Christ Superstar.' "There are some who enjoy it and some who cry, but so do some adults." A recent audience included Eliza Gombert, a Long Island bat mitzvah, along with her 42 friends. This incarnation of the show is a little gorier than the seventies version, but no less powerful.



● = free
● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Ground Rules:

photographs: top, Chris Fanning; bottom, Ivan Kyncl.

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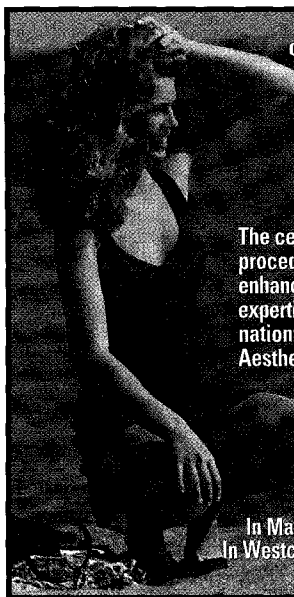
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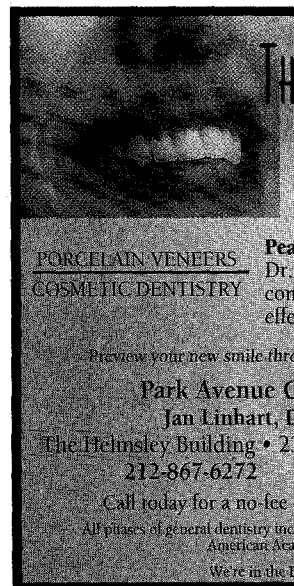
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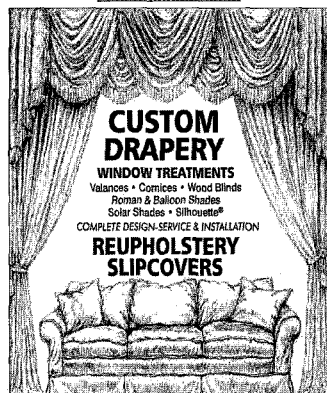
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Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS

New York Magazine, Box # _____
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Seeking Cliff-Dweller—Tall, pretty, white, 44, female divorcee - loves fun and adventure, laughs and sustenance. High places are my home, no fear of falling here. Share these heights with me if you are a man of 42-55, and wanting bliss. Children live on this pueblo - bring yours too. Photo and note, please. 3960 ☎

Intelligent, Attractive, Kind, Slim—Elegant, 5'4" Jewish brunette is looking for a brilliant match. I work in the International Development field and enjoy what I do. I love the arts, literature, foreign languages, travel and my kickboxing classes. I am seeking a best friend and partner, 35-42, 5'8" plus, Jewish, nonreligious, who is intelligent, educated and accomplished, caring, athletic and good-looking. I am looking for the right man for marriage and family. Note/photo/picture. 3975 ☎

Good-Looking, Slender, Tall—Graceful professional woman in academic life, with presence, warmth and realness, focused, humorous, philosophical bent, passionate about music, amateur pianist, enthusiasm for life - good, aesthetic, sensual things. Enjoys physical activity - swimming, hiking, skiing. Adores Italy (of course) - the spirit, art, food and red wine. Seeks relationship with professional, attractive, 5'9"-plus, 60-67 man. 3972 ☎

Tall, Athletic And Good-Looking—34, 5'5", 205 lbs, brown/blue, MBA, Irish-American professional male, sincere, witty and reflective - likes travel, dancing, sports and good conversation. Seeks tall, attractive, sophisticated, sexy professional woman, 27-34, who's down-to-earth and un-loving, for serious relationship. Please send recent photo and note. 3934 ☎

Caring, Intelligent, Good-Looking—Successful, with sense of humor, single white male, late 40s, unfortunately has mild herpes, is seeking single white female who is understanding, enlightened or in similar circumstances, who is down-to-earth and wants to share her life with someone who will appreciate, respect and love her for who she is, someone she can call her best friend. A woman who values honesty, simplicity, truthfulness, who wants to be a wife, mother and grow old with someone who will love her forever and make her feel that she is the most special person in his life. Photo/phone. 3965 ☎

Needle In A Haystack—Young 52, kind-hearted, nice-looking, fun-loving, spiritual, aware NY professional; tennis, golf, skiing. Seeks 30-40, genuine, beautiful, evolved, fun-loving girl, sweet soul, to share a terrific life. Note/photo. 3959 ☎

Clark Seeks Lois!—A caring, kind hearted, handsome, Ivy MD/PhD, upbeat, 5'10", very fit, mid 40s, loves laughter, fun, seeks soul mate under 38. Phone/photo a must. No kryptonite! 3979 ☎

A Classic—Stunning brunette. Slim, great figure. Porcelain skin, dark, exotic eyes. 38, 5'8". Successful, sensual, confident. Quick wit. Loves life. Sometimes daring: went skydiving and loved it. Travels Europe. Bikes, blades, skis, plays tennis. Cultural interests, good artist eye. Dreams: speak French fluently, learn to paint, visit Seychelles. Enjoys surprises, jazz clubs, great wine, deserted beaches. Seeking smart, financially secure, physically active man, 33-56. Honesty, humor important. 3969 ☎

Beautiful, Sexy—Jewish woman, 33, Ivy-educated, seeking sensitive, good-looking, fit Jewish man, 30-40, 5'10" plus, for long-term relationship leading to marriage. Interests include traveling, tennis, cultural events and lust for life. Send note/recent photo. 3970 ☎

Jewish Guy Con Salsa—Successful, highly educated Manhattanite, never married, 5'11", blue eyes, full brown hair, trim, very young 42, seeks slim/slender female, 29-37. 3968 ☎

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Beautiful, Sexy, Head-Turning Blond—Funny and soulful, with an appreciation for what's important in life. I am kind and loving, loyal and affectionate, young looking 30s, 5'6" and in-shape. The man I'd like to meet should be 34-48, kind, very handsome, funny and successful. Looking for something real and lasting yet exciting, with lots of chemistry. Please be serious. Photo important; I will reciprocate. 3927 ☎

Successful, Kind MD—46, Jewish, nonreligious, from Jersey shore, handsome and romantic, enjoys dining, dancing and sports. Seeks attractive, charming, intelligent woman for happily ever after. Note, photo and phone appreciated. Nonsmoker only. 3940 ☎

No Ordinary Love—Single white male, 38, 5'11", 155 lbs, blond/blue, Christian professional. Kind, cute and intelligent. I like movies, museums, hiking, mountains, sunsets and cuddling. Seek kind, affectionate, cute and intelligent, single female to share life with. 3951 ☎

Petite And Pretty—White female, living in southern CT. I am 35, 5'4", 110 lbs, very active, fun, funny and intelligent, looking for a single white male, 30-40, with similar qualities. Someone who is bright, attractive and has a good sense of humor. Nonsmoker/no drugs. Letter/photo. 3961 ☎

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Live, Laugh, Love—Share life, be happy. Slim, attractive, nurturing Bergen County professional seeks mensch, 58-66 years young. My prince is confident, kind, fit, successful and smart. Humor is important. Hair is not. 3939 ☒☐

Striking Dark Blond, 32, 5'8"—Beautiful bright blue eyes. A cat with nine lives. Lean, street-smart, toned. Corporate with a tamed wild streak. Resemble Julia Roberts. Athletic, personable, real. Also published arts writer. Mischievous humor. Penchant for photography, jogging, Brazilian pop, Chopin, sailing, passionate discussions, authentic travel. Will watch basketball. Seeks smart, athletic professional man, 30-39. Photo. E-mail: arealguysgirl@aol.com 3974 ☒☐

Seek Slim, Attractive—Greek-American woman, 40-50. I am a widower, 52, NJ, successful businessman. No games. Photo, please. 3977 ☒☐

Are You Ready To Meet—A mellow, attractive, successful, generous, very youthful, older Jewish exec? We can enjoy many activities including golf, tennis, boating, opera, movies, family and home life. I have a lovely year-round Hamptons waterfront home and NYC apartment. Hopefully you are 55-65, slim, affectionate, nonsmoker, "up", who enjoys laughter, cuddling, kissing, and is now available for a sweet, romantic partnership. For a response, send a clear, recent photo and short bio. 3976 ☒☐

Honest, Very Romantic, Caring—Handsome (you judge) executive at 54, 6', seeking strikingly beautiful, petite partner, early-mid 40s, with an endless capacity for love (like me). You'll see and feel it every moment. Love spectator sports, theater, movies, travel, dancing, great food and, most importantly, being close always and in all ways. Great with kids/teens. Photo, please... Why you? 3958 ☒☐

Pretty, Witty, Practically 70—Senior professional gal seeks dynamic, upbeat, secure guy who loves life, music, theater and travel. Are you there? 3947 ☒☐

Successful, Athletic, Handsome Lawyer—Seeking 28-35, bright and beautiful, together partner, ready for upbeat and serious lasting relationship. Photo/note, please. 3942 ☒☐

Romantic, Youthful Senior Wanted—For pretty, vibrant Westchester widow. Sensual, 60s, elegant blond, fit, shapely, loving. Pinehurst, Puccini, Picasso, travel, laughter. Seeks upscale, caring, 65-plus man - share in life/interests, family-oriented. Note/photo. 3949 ☒☐

Life's Next Chapter—Pretty, 5'7" lady seeks tall, sweet, bright man, 65 plus, for mutual spoiling. 3935 ☒☐

Good-Looking Businessman—Just turned 60, looks 50, acts 40, with good sense of humor - loves people, places and things. Looking for young-at-heart, 45-55, attractive, active, independent and financially secure lady (with summer home at beach a plus), who's seeking friend, lover and companion. Recent photo/note. 3953 ☒☐

Single White Male—35, blue eyes, financially secure, Jewish, never married. First-time ad. First loves: free time, fast cars, high seas and uncomplicated life. Seeking life love: single white female, age 25-35, mature but not so serious nature, any faith. Must be trustworthy, have good humor and want children. Send handwritten note and recent photo. 3945 ☒☐

Is Spring Getting To You Too?—Blond, attractive, slim free-spirit - has many interests from Zen meditation to the Nasdaq. Seeks attractive, successful male, 50-65, with an open heart and an inquiring mind. You would enjoy music, movies, hiking and traveling to faraway places. Photo appreciated. 3964 ☒☐

Too Great To To Be Alone—Very pretty, slim, extroverted Ivy grad, Jewish female, attorney, 49, girl next-door. Addicted to movies, tennis, reading, theater. Strong on commitment. Good guy criteria: bright, caring, fit professional. Photo, please. 3941 ☒☐

The Romantic Spendthrift, Moral Act—Is ultimately the practical one. The practical, expedient, safe move is the one that comes to grief. If you believe this, are 30-37, well-educated, well-read, intelligent and attractive Manhattanite - I'm 39, recently separated, father of 5-year-old, work long hours but usually have Friday night off. Many interests and like to travel. Recent photo/note/phone. 3963 ☒☐

Widowers Arise—Beautiful, funny very intelligent, Upper East Side widow with career, zest for work and play seeks a kind, wise, active, established man, 65ish, for life's sophisticated and domestic pleasures. For one long, up close journey (to 120). 3954 ☒☐

Athletic Female Golfer—Professional white female, 39, 5'7", in good shape (Dana Delaney look-alike), loves working out, playing golf and traveling. Seeking honest, responsible, intelligent and financially stable male, 35-50, in good shape and who shares similar interests. Photo personal note appreciated. 3935 ☒☐

Just Do It!—An accomplished man like you may have hesitated to place an answer an ad before now - wondering it were possible to meet an attractive intelligent, stylish, trim, fun, clever and spontaneous professional woman. If you are ready to take a chance, I would love to hear from you. Seeking ages 52-64. Photo/note. 3971 ☒☐

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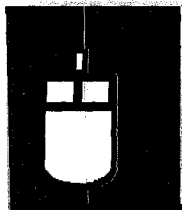
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Report: O my. Bierce this was not. Nor was it a syllable-by-syllable synonym search, as in "**Oregon**—an empty mine." About derivation was this. Among the much-admired but popular: **ozone**—L. Frank Baum's area code. We hadn't room for all the "similarly"s, but we did sneak in a few jokes at the finale. Hoping you the same.

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omelet—var. of *amulet*, charm. Elizabethan actors carried hen's eggs for luck; thus, the familiar theater salutation "Break an egg."
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

ox—1. Ger. *achs*, expressions of dismay; hence, a castrated bull, whose sexual prowess has been reduced to a hug (O) and a kiss (X). 2. Lat.; affectionate signoff for a papal bull.

1. Mike Reiss, Los Angeles, Calif.
2. Joseph Clonick, N.Y.C.

opt—Amer., 20th C. Abbreviation for *optometrist*; derived from the eye doctor's propensity for offering choices ("Which lens is clearer, A or B?").

Russell Marlow, N.Y.C.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to New York to:

oedipal—from *OED*, or *Oxford English Dictionary*, plus *pal*, friend. adj. Fondness for using pretentious medical language.

Brian Plante, Matthews, N.C.
sp. ment.: Paul Rheingold, Rye, N.Y.

oligopsony—from Gk. *oligo*[p]-, few, plus Jp. *Sony*. A market with a very small number of buyers. (Betamax sales plummeted after the introduction of VHS.)

Brian Bracey, Atlanta, Ga.

octopus—from Lat. *oct*-, eight, plus L. *opus*, work. A squidlike marine mollusk. (Gen. 2:3: "And on the eighth day God created the cephalopods.")

Sarah Gay, Atlanta, Ga.

And Honorable Mention to:

oyez—from Yiddish *oy vey izmir* (colloq.:

you think you have problems); hence, the call which marks the opening of a court session.

David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

Ouija—from Fr. *oui*, an assent, plus *ja*, Ger., also an affirmation. An ironic juxtaposition; hence, an exploration of life's improbabilities.

A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

onus—literally *on us*, as in this one's on us; thus, an obligation, burden, charge.

Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

ostentatious—adj.; variation on *Austin, Texas*. To show Dallas and Houston how to live. Hence, showy and tacky.

Robert Reinalda, Oakland Gardens, N.Y.

ostentation—adj.; the gaudy ritual display of an archaeologist's top ten bones.

Margaux McMillan, Orinda, Calif.

oolite—Gk., a spotlight used in burlesque.

L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

obfuscate—W. Russian river *Ob*, a particularly clear body of water, plus Italian, *fuscare*, to muddle or confuse; thus to muddy the water or make unclear.

Mark S. Greenberg, Bronx

Ouse—var. of *ooze*. A English river famed for its mud.

Pete Zouras, Vienna, Va.

odyssey—from *o.d.*, to overdose on drugs, plus O.E. *dyssey*, dizzy; hence, a bad trip.

Douglas Braverman, West Bloomfield, Mich.

offspring—M.E. *offal*, plus *Spring*; literally "Awful Spring." Children born to farmers nine months after a particularly snowy or rainy planting season.

Bob Kopac, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

oxymoron—from Irish *oxy*, bull or draft animal such as a horse, etc; plus *moron*, var. *maroon*, another color of red; thus, an Irish bull that is a horse of another color.

Tom Doyle, Bristol, Conn.

ofay—(1923) A white person, usu. used disparagingly. (A customer at Toronto's Cotton Club remarked, "Look at that white fella tryin' to dance; he's an oaf, eh?")

Herb Martinson, Crofton, Md.

oops—var. of Fr. *l'oupe*, magnifying glass. The Parisian jeweler M. Beurredoigts dropped a gem and called for his glasses, "Ou sont mes oupes?"

Inger Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

ostrich—from Ger. *ost*, east, plus *rich*. The medieval Eastern Europeans adorned their hats with elaborate plumes as an indicator

of their wealth; hence, by extension the bird whose plumes were most sought after.

J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

ostracize—from Eng. *ostrich*. To make into an ostrich, i.e., to forcibly thrust another's head into sand so as to induce an overwhelming desire to be left alone.

John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

ostracize—orig, to circumcise an ostrich. These orthodox birds were shunned by reform birds; hence, to banish anyone as well as an ostrich.

Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

ordinary—from Lat. *or*, gold; *di*, of; and *nary*, meaning not one; therefore, not one of gold, or nothing special.

Melody Bunting, N.Y.C.

oldster—abbrev. *Oldsmobile*, trademark, plus *steer*, to drive. GM introduced the Oldster in 1955, dubbing it "your grandfather's automobile." Now, any elderly person, whether driving or not.

Eric Persson, Mundelein, Ill.

orthodontia—from Italian *or tho*, orders or commands, plus *dontia*, "of the boss." Gangsters following orders; hence, the repositioning of someone's teeth.

Phil Rader, Tarrytown, N.Y.

osculate—from Lat. *os*, mouth, plus Fr. dim. of *cul*, backside. Before jousting, medieval knights kissed their culets, or buttocks armor, for good luck. Later, to kiss one's arse good-bye; now, to kiss.

Bill Harriman, East Lyme, Conn.

oyster—from Heb. *oy*, expression of woe, plus comb. form *-ster*. Upset over the ruinous Assyrian invasion, Hezekiah complained to God, who told him to quit his kvetching. Thus, an extremely taciturn person.

Joel Sitrin, Annandale, Va.

obliterate—from *obsolete* plus *literate*. Originally, to make literacy unnecessary by means of television. Hence, to do away with anything.

Tom Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

ordinary—from Turk. *ordi*-, horde, large group, or plenty, plus *-nary*, not one or nothing; therefore, plenty of nothing, common.

Eric Feinstein, Ossining, N.Y.

ombudsman—from Amer. dial. -high Ger. *om*, or "I am," plus *budsman*, flower grower. A spokesperson for horticultural workers, found primarily in the employ of Anheuser-Busch.

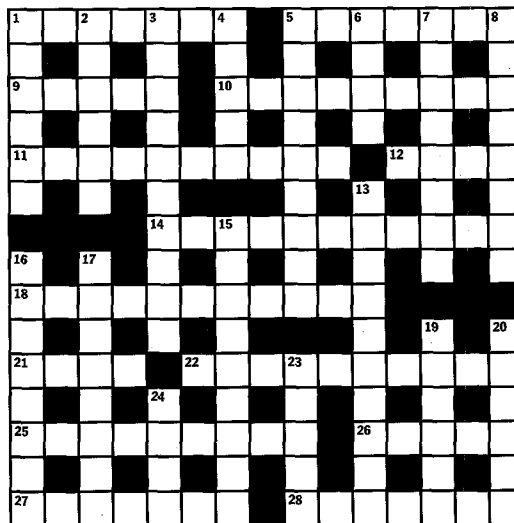
Fran Manne, Mahwah, N.J.

odsbodkins—from *odds*, chance, plus *bodkin*,

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- 1 See 24.
 5 24, 1 ac. a 6 with a 12, with 18, 21, 28. Get him! (7)
 9 France's private oil supply without back-up. (5)
 10 Illustrated by Phiz, a door for single-cell occupants. (9)
 11 Revolutionary Eastern Jew invades Cheshire. (10)
 12 Six points for artistic interpretation. (4)
 14,18, "Ignore errant fatheads. Follow us!" (Here's poor Pope's conclusion.) (5,4,2,5,6,4,2,5)
 21,28 Old world object worker holds very dear. (10)
 22 Skinny slice of meat, a "no-use" mince. (9)
 25 Of which the first sees 14. (5)
 26 Cunning boulder taking up little time with feet! (7)
 28 See 14.



DOWN

- 1 Firm kiss betrays one in the Russian's pocket. (6)
 2 Drove home through the woods. (6)
 3 Food additive extracted from fur slime: that's possible. (10)
 4 Badly hurt, many at a loose end. (5)
 5 Don't get fleas to, ie, jump. (4,2,3)
 6 Othello went up in space. (4)
 7 Uncle Arly's shoes were hot. Got it? (3,5)
 8 Car part that could be left behind. (4,4)
 13 One follows various loveless characters in a boat. (10)
 15 Number 11 bus going around empty: nothing heading for base? (9)
 16 Such appearances can be deceptive. (3-5)
 17 Formal training against current consuming. (8)
 19 He wrote for lawyers and bible classes on English. (6)
 20 Standing firm from point to cover. (6)
 23 Having second thoughts about this exam? (5)
 24 "Single couple" (5 across). (4,7)

1 ACROSS

'No-Such': 'Cue' Crossword . By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 Final golf strokes
 6 Stage of development
 11 Charlie Brown's "Darn!"
 15 Govt. attorneys
 18 Kind of alcohol
 19 Designer Oscar de la Renta
 20 Èlève's milieu
 22 "Sweet as apple cider" girl
 23 Suspicious
 24 Opposite of outer
 25 Scrub hard
 26 Toddler
 27 Exxon, formerly
 28 No such song
 31 Uncomfortably moist
 33 Sign off
 34 Laundromat machine
 35 Merkel of the movies
 37 Notes after dos
 38 Polynesian island where Gauguin lived
 41 Afternoon social
 42 Jazz's Jelly Roll
 44 Enveloping glow
 45 Extreme, as a degree
 47 Therapeutic resorts
 51 No such talk-show hostess
 54 Adjective for Paree
 55 Thigh-high skirt
 56 Mets' stadium
 57 Org. for Tiger Woods
 58 Maui memento
 60 Said to be
 62 "Jeopardy!" emcee
 65 Latvians
 67 Scamp
 68 Ernesto Guevara
 70 No such car company
 73 Historic Eur. realm
 74 Big name in motorcycles
 76 Same sort as 67-Across
 77 No matter who
 79 — for words
 81 Mahal preceder
 82 Half MMCII
 83 Approximately
 86 One of the Simons
 87 Newsman Koppel

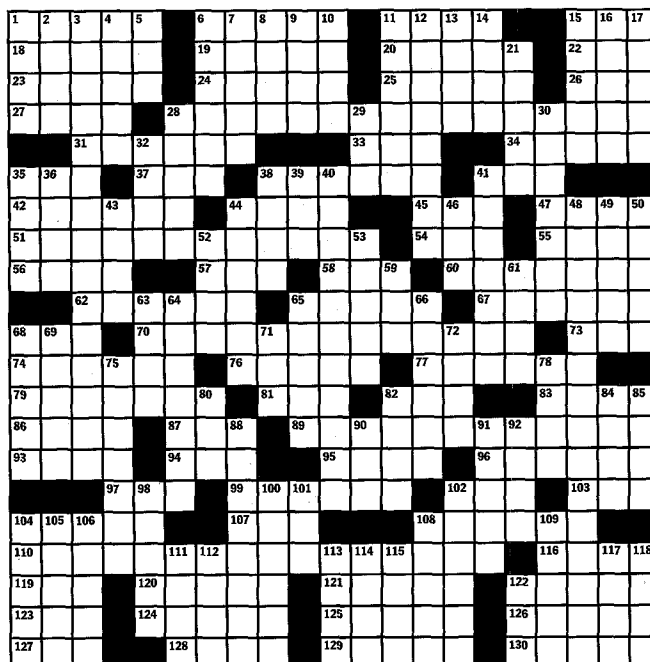
- 89 No such body of water
 93 Northern capital
 94 Palindromic sheep
 95 She played Private Benjamin
 96 African land (onetime spelling)
 97 TV adjunct
 99 Crucial situation
 102 Oregon's state tree
 103 Get sun-bronzed
 104 Baffling question
 107 Reagan son
 108 Waterproof overshoe
 110 No such Oscar film
 116 Wishing place
 119 Didn't go hungry
 120 Mideast rice dish
 121 Single step
 122 Creepy
 123 Zuyder or Tappan

- 124 Make a dele
 125 Before frutti
 126 Silklike synthetic
 127 Dadaism pioneer
 128 Was in the red
 129 Overly overweight
 130 Hippodrome

DOWN

- 1 Brazilian soccer star
 2 Salt Lake City collegians
 3 No such stigma
 4 Innsbruck's locale
 5 Foxy
 6 Refractive crystals
 7 Youngman of comedy
 8 Mother of Elizabeth I
 9 Goulash, e.g.
 10 These hear
 11 Feel aggrieved by
 12 Giving in (to)
 13 Appropriated
 14 Counterfeit coin
 15 Scatterbrained
 16 Sun-dried brick
 17 Part-man, part-goat
 21 Become weatherworn
 28 Do revisions
 29 Sian's river
 30 Great Dutch philosopher
 32 Humorous ending for buck
 35 Refs' colleagues
 36 Ancient mariner
 38 Sushi fish
 39 Exist
 40 Hurrahs, in hymns
 41 Chateau—, WW I battle site
 43 Partner of wear

- 44 — Wat (Cambodian ruin)
 46 Smoker's hazard
 48 No such novel
 49 Nigh
 50 Move edgewise
 52 Audi rival, abroad
 53 "— Entertain You" ("Gypsy" tune)
 59 Judge in the 1995 news
 61 Texas city, after El
 63 Sound repercussion
 64 Braggart
 65 Within the law
 66 Yalta conferee, 1945
 68 Blue: prefix
 69 More than dislikes
 71 Commandment negative
 72 — years (elderly)
 75 Entirely finished
 78 "A Doll's House" heroine
 80 Ply the needle
 82 Quaint London street
 84 Mixer for Scotch
 85 Algerian port
 88 Lessen
 90 Between Chiang and shek
 91 Ruffle
 92 Common Market currency
 98 Pancake à la Suzette
 100 Fixed the housetop
 101 Foot-soldiers' branch abbr.
 102 Spenser's "The — Queen"
 104 Famed New York hot
 105 Horse opera
 106 Use a broom
 108 Ways of walking
 109 Take an oath
 111 Robert De —
 112 Lobster's appendage
 113 Words in a ratio
 114 Ticket remnant
 115 Have status
 117 Animal friend of Androcles
 118 Singing Home
 122 The Renaissance, for one



Aladdin
had a
lamp.

You have

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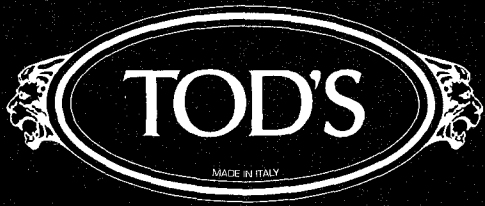
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